E
711
.6
M179

The McKinley Memorial

BROOKLYN EAGLE LIBRARY
OCTOBER, 1901

Class E 711

Book .6

.M179

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK

WILLIAM McKINLEY

The McKinley Memorial

Public Observances of All Religious Denominations. Tribute of Music, Poetry, and Eloquence. Life and Character of the Late President. Assassination and Funeral Services.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION

EAGLE BUILDING, BROOKLYN

Entered at the Brooklyn-New York Post Office as Second Class Matter. Vol. XVI., No. 11, of the Eagle Library, Serial No. 59, October, 1901. Yearly Subscription, One Dollar. Almanac Number, Twenty-five Cents.

E-1
.6
M79

Contents.

Preparatory 4
Life of President McKinley 5
Mr. McKinley's Church Relations 9
The Assassination and What Followed 10
Autopsy 11
The Pulpits of Brooklyn 12
"Lead Kindly Light" (Hymn) 22
Funeral Services 23
The Five Minute Halt 26
International Sympathy 28
Home Tributes 30
Memorial Services 34
"Nearer, My God, to Thee" (Hymn) 44
Life and Death of the Country's Chief Magistrate 45
"Sometime We'll Understand" (Hymn) 55
Eulogy by Stephen V. White 56
Tributes in Verse 59
President McKinley's Last Speech 60
McKinley's National Programme 61
Brooklyn Eagle Editorials:
Yellow Journalism and Yellow Oratory 62
Anarchy Must Go 62
The Nation's Three Tragic Ordeals 63
President's Case To-day 64
Enforcement of Existing Laws Enough 65
Plain Words Are Best 66
The President 66
McKinley in History 67
The President's Surgeons 68
The Stricken Wife 68
These Are Words of Life 69
The Procession Moves On 69
Meaning of His Life 70
England's Sympathy 71
President Theodore Roosevelt 72
President Theodore Roosevelt 73

By transfer
OCT 22 1919

Prefatory

WITHIN this publication will be found matter which will sub-divide itself into chapters concerning recent monumentally important and pathetically tragic events of historical and world-wide interest.

The matter concerns the cruel and unnatural murder of William McKinley, lately President of the United States, while in the act of meeting his fellow citizens on an occasion of hospitable greeting.

The shock felt by the country was immediate and awful. The surprise and grief of the world were instant and well nigh without parallel. The indignation of humanity was shown, with its sorrow, on a scale extraordinary for its magnitude, with a detail exquisite in its denotement, and with a sense of personal bereavement which signalized in the death of a President the loss of a friend.

Aside from the event, will be found in the following pages the unprecedented response of continents, governments, commonwealths, cities, towns, villages and the heart of mankind to the appeal made to pity and to grief. Those pages exhibit not only the perpetration of a wicked deed, not only the terror and sympathy of the human race, but the regnancy of the character of the martyr-President in the thoughts of men, and the regnancy of love for character everywhere in human hearts and lives.

Statements will be found of the memorial observances, which involved extraordinary mortuary honors, eloquent sermons and addresses touching on the life and character of the man commemorated, and the simple but impressive tributes to him not merely by the government, but by America and the world.

His history is finished. His service is ended. His fame on earth is as assured as his immortality in Heaven. The things which he did for his country were unique, imperishable and incomparable. But if his life was an extraordinary contribution to affairs, so did he by his faith, chivalry, tenderness and love in his dying hours, do more for religion, pure and undefiled, than the organizations of religion, by mere didactics or declarations or institutional energy, have themselves been able to do for it, for a long time, if ever before, in our history.

Life of President McKinley.

THE passing of William McKinley removes one of the most interesting and striking characters of the last half a century. He stood prominent before all nations and his death carried sorrow and regret into more homes throughout the world than that of any of his predecessors. He was more widely known than any President of the United States because of the world prominence given him, resulting in the enactment of the McKinley bill with its ramifications affecting the commercial interests of nearly every country on the globe, and because of the President's incumbency during the Spanish-American war and the change of policy of this nation in acquiring foreign territory, this policy having at once brought the United States to the front as a world power and carrying Mr. McKinley's name to the farthest corners of the globe as the champion of this new departure in American government. Mr. McKinley's benevolence and charity became world famed by reason of his consideration of and generosity toward the defeated Spanish kingdom and the overpowered Filipinos. His attitude in the Chinese war growing out of the Boxer uprisings gave him even wider fame and one of the remarkable incidents of the period following his death was the cable reports from China of the sorrow and sympathy in that country over his loss. The changed conditions of the last quarter of a century, the cable, expansion of American trade in the Old World countries, the better means of dissemination of news and the development of a more friendly and broader feeling between this nation and foreign governments and their peoples all contributed to the enlargement of the sphere of influence and fame of President McKinley. He easily had the distinction of being the best known and most respected of our Presidents among the peoples of other tongues. For many reasons his character and career have excited widespread interest throughout the world, and the story of his earnest and successful life is, no doubt, familiar to the households of the world nations.

Mr. McKinley was an Ohioan by birth, having been born at a small place called Niles in Trumbull County, January 29, 1843. He was, therefore, a little more than 58 years and 7 months old when he died Saturday morning, September 14, from the wound inflicted by the assassin, Leon Czolgosz, at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. At the age of 18 he joined the Federal Army in the Civil War, and in September, 1862, won the rank of second lieutenant, and shortly afterward became a first lieutenant. Later he was made a captain, his commission bearing date of July 25, 1864. His record in the Army was a splendid one, and his comrades pointed to it with great pride. He received the brevet rank of major from President Lincoln "for gallant services at the battles of Opequan, Fisher's Creek, and Cedar Hill." He was with Sheridan at Shenandoah, served on the staffs of Generals Hayes, Crook, Hancock and Carroll, and was mustered out of the service with his regiment July 26, 1865, after more than four years of continuous service.

His Great Political Career.

His political career began in 1869 and this marked the starting of one of the most remarkable and most successful public careers in the history of America. Mr. McKinley studied law after leaving the Army, was admitted to the bar in 1867 and opened an office in Canton. In 1869 he was nominated for prosecuting attorney of Stark County on the Union Republican ticket and was elected. In 1871 he was renominated and defeated. In 1876 he was nominated as the Republican candidate for Congress and was elected. His meteoric career in Congress is well known even in other lands.

He was re-elected to the Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Congresses, but late in the session of the Forty-eighth the Democratic House gave his seat to his contestant. In 1884 he was elected to the Forty-ninth Congress and re-elected to the Fiftieth and Fifty-first. In 1889 he became chairman of the committee on ways and means and had charge of the tariff bill which received his name. In 1890 he was defeated for re-election and the next year was elected Governor of Ohio. He was re-elected in 1893, retired from office January 1, 1896, on June 18 was nominated for President and elected November 3.

Mr. McKinley's great grandfather, David McKinley, enlisted three times in the Revolutionary War and served for nearly three years. William McKinley was of Scotch-Irish descent, and this with the Revolutionary record of his great-grandfather, gave him good fighting blood and good Scotch judgment. McKinley saw service as a soldier before he had passed the age when many boys leave their boyish irresponsibility behind them.

At the Poland Academy McKinley was prepared to enter college and at the age of 16 he was matriculated at Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa. Scarcely was he well started in his studies there, however, when he fell ill and was compelled to return home. When his health was restored he found himself thrown largely on his own resources.

McKinley in War.

Mr. McKinley's struggle for a college education was interrupted by the coming on of the war and he joined Company E of the Twenty-third Ohio Infantry Regiment which was organized at Poland. They were nearly all young men, but little, if any, older than McKinley. There were thousands of boys enlisted at the age of 18, and there was no particular distinction in McKinley's becoming a soldier at that age. But in the service as a soldier he did show courage and judgment which attracted attention. Before he was 21, at the battle of Antietam, as commissory sergeant, he did an unusual thing by serving the men who had gone into battle without breakfast with hot coffee on the battlefield where they were fighting. This was not laid down as a rule of duty, and McKinley acted on his judgment that men could not fight well with empty stomachs, and he loaded several wagons with hot coffee and, driving to the front, distributed it to the men while they were fighting. For this he was promoted.

President Lincoln breveted McKinley major for gallant conduct at Opequan and other battles. Lincoln was the kind of man who did not allow technicalities to stand in the way of his doing what he regarded as right, and he appreciated such service as that of McKinley. It was this freedom from the technicalities and formalities that surround a President, that made him the wisest ruler that could have commanded the destinies of the country in its supreme hour of peril.

Takes Up the Law.

Mr. McKinley's first ambition as a young man was to become an officer in the regular army, but from this he was dissuaded by his parents, his mother, whom he loved so devotedly, opposing the step vigorously. She desired her son William to become a Methodist minister, but he did not take to the idea, preferring a career in the law and in politics. He studied law with Judge Charles E. Glidden and, when admitted to the bar in 1867, he decided to take up his residence in Canton. He soon won a name for himself in that place and served two years as prosecuting attorney of Stark County, after which he settled down to the practice of his profession. It was at this period of his life that Mr. McKinley first attracted the attention of Mark Hanna, the two becoming friends shortly after their first meeting. He appeared for some coal mine strikers in a case in which Hanna had lawyers on the other side, and the two men clashed frequently during the first weeks of their acquaintance. This incident in Mr. McKinley's legal career established the fact that he was a lawyer of much ability and an advocate who was to be feared by the men who were able to employ great legal talent to defend them and their properties. Mr. Hanna, his partner, and his attorneys acknowledged McKinley's ability as a lawyer by afterward becoming his personal friends and warmest

political supporters. That trial gave McKinley the reputation of a defender of the rights of labor against corporate rights. He maintained that reputation in Congress and in the executive office of Ohio.

His Ohio Campaign.

Mr. McKinley opened his campaign for governor of Ohio at Niles, in 1891, and spoke from a stand erected in front of the house where he was born. The people from all over that part of Ohio gathered there to do him honor. In the crowd that assembled about the stand were many who had been boys in the same town with him and who had been his schoolmates and playfellows. McKinley had prepared an elaborate speech for this opening of the campaign. In it he sought to lay down the argument on which the Republican party would seek to recover the state from the Democrats, who then had the state administration. That speech was as important in the state campaign as was his letter of acceptance in one of his presidential campaigns. He had committed the speech to memory, so as to deliver it without manuscript. When he began his speech he was received with a wild demonstration suggestive of considerable hero worship in the old town of his birth. This was gratifying, as it would have been to any man. If it inspired some vanity it was quite natural.

Mr. McKinley was regarded as a fine public speaker in his younger days, when he stumped Stark County as the candidate for prosecuting attorney in 1869 and again in 1871. He went out of the district and spoke in other counties of Ohio in 1872, when Grant and Greeley were the candidates. He was one of the speakers in the big campaign between Hayes and Allen for governor in 1875, and in 1879 he was nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the district. It was a Republican district and he was elected. He was renominated in 1878, because the Republicans of Ohio followed the custom of giving a Congressman two terms. The Democrats carried Ohio in 1877 and the Democratic Legislature in 1878 gerrymandered McKinley's district to give it a Democratic majority. The Republican nomination was not worth fighting for and McKinley was nominated for a third time in 1880. He made a hard fight and was elected. That established him as one of the most popular Congressman in Ohio, and he never afterward had any opposition for the nomination, so that he remained in the House until 1890, when another Democratic gerrymander accomplished his defeat.

McKinley in Congress.

McKinley's attention to the tariff was not caused by the debates in Congress. According to his old law partner, Allen Carnes, he was impatient of war issues way back in 1872 and 1876, and then maintained that the one great issue in this country must be protection to American industries. He would discuss this question with Mr. Carnes and other intimates in his law office and argue that it was the issue to crowd out sectionalism, reunite the country, and make party divisions on principle and not on old memories and sectional lines. But he could not make the tariff a live issue in 1872 or 1876. It was not until General Garfield was elected President and McKinley was given his place on the committee on ways and means that he had the opportunity to discuss the tariff on the floor of Congress. He had served two terms in Congress before this and was well acquainted with legislation in a general way, but it was after he became a member of the committee on ways and means that McKinley began to be heard from in Congress. After that he became one of the tariff debaters on the floor of the House and was soon recognized as a leader among the protectionists. Judge Kelley of Pennsylvania, who had long been the Republican leader on this subject, said he knew of no young man upon whose shoulders he had rather see his mantle fall than upon McKinley's. He measured swords with Hewitt, Morrison and Mills, and in 1884 he had become so prominent as a protectionist that he was made chairman of the committee on platform at the national Republican convention. He was again chairman of this committee in 1888, and then so boldly declared the doctrine of protection that it was the leading issue in the campaign and the victory of that year called for a new tariff bill. McKinley became the chairman of the committee on ways and means and the McKinley bill became a law.

After that McKinley's name was the synonym for the great policy of protection to American industries.

McKinley's success as a politician was phenomenal, and the secret of his success was the straightforward manner in which he met all political questions. Whenever he announced himself as a candidate, he fought for himself, but when he was a supporter of some other candidate he made that man's cause his own. When he was first elected to Congress he worked with such zeal for the interests of the people he represented that there was no way of opposing him with them. When he came into the wider field of state and national politics he was frank and fearless in his friendship for the candidates he supported. He presided over the Republican state convention of Ohio in 1884, and assured the other leaders who wished to be delegates-at-large to the national convention that he would not be a candidate for either of these places.

His Loyalty to Sherman.

Mr. McKinley's loyalty to his friends and his unselfishness was shown in the Republican national convention of 1888. McKinley was pledged to Sherman, as he was four years before pledged to Blaine. But some of his own Ohio men saw that Sherman could not win, and they thought McKinley could. They were overheard discussing his chances, when McKinley walked into the room and told them it would never do. The Garfield incident could not be repeated. He would rather lose his right arm than have Ohio prove disloyal to John Sherman and use his name to do it. And he commanded them to not use his name, as he had a right to protect his own honor, and he considered that such use of his name would be a dishonor to it. He prevented the Ohio men from breaking from Sherman or using his name, but he could not prevent others from several other states from voting for him, though he rose in his place in the convention and said that no man who wished to honor him should vote for him. He requested that these ballots be withdrawn, because he could not sit silent in the convention and allow his name to be used in that way. It was then he made this speech:

"I am here as one of the chosen representatives of my state. I am here by resolution of the Republican state convention, passed without a single dissenting vote, commanding me to cast my vote for John Sherman for President and to use every worthy endeavor for his nomination. I accepted the trust because my heart and my judgment were in accord with the letter and spirit and purpose of that resolution. It has pleased certain delegates to cast their vote for me for President. I am not insensible to the honor they would do me, but in the presence of the duty resting upon me, I cannot remain silent with honor.

"I cannot consistently with the wish of the state whose credentials I bear and which has trusted me; I cannot with honorable fidelity to John Sherman; I cannot consistently with my own views of personal integrity, consent, or seem to consent, to permit my name to be used as a candidate before this convention. I would not respect myself if I should find it in my heart to do so, or permit to be done that which would ever be ground for any one to suspect that I wavered in my loyalty to Ohio or my devotion to the chief of her choice and the chief of mine. I do not request, I demand that no delegate who would not cast reflection upon me shall cast a ballot for me."

That ended it. There was no stampede. McKinley was the hero of the hour, and his heroism prevailed. The nomination was not forced upon him, neither could he secure it for Mr. Sherman.

Again, in 1892, McKinley's name was used, and again as chairman of the convention he protested against its use. But when he was a candidate for the nomination of 1896 he did not hesitate to let the people know it long before and his nomination was assured before the convention was held.

President McKinley's first administration was singularly successful in allaying distrust in all parts of the country where this existed, and in restoring the confidence of the South in the fairness of the national executive.

It was not long before the perplexities incident to the disturbed condition of things in Cuba began to make themselves felt, and there was a loud call for war from many sources. The President stood strongly against hostilities with Spain so long as peace could be preserved. When war came he favored the most aggressive prosecution of the struggle, and personally laid out the plans of both land and naval campaigns, though always with the greatest deference to the opinion of commanders in the field. The war ended and new troubles presented themselves in the Philippines. These were met firmly and plans were laid to end the Aguinaldo insurrection.

Then came the renomination of President McKinley and his re-election. Then came the serious illness of Mrs. McKinley, which absorbed much of the President's time, and more or less broke in upon his formerly robust health.

His course in the Philippine war and in the Chinese troubles is of more recent history and with which the general public is familiar. His second term as President began on March 4 last. He had served only about seven months of it when struck down by the bullet of the assassin.

His Fight for President.

Two or three years before the St. Louis convention assembled Governor McKinley's choice as the next Republican presidential nominee began to be clearly foreshadowed. His two successful campaigns in Ohio, his wide popularity and exceptional talents as an orator and a political leader marked him as the most available candidate with whom to make the approaching contest for the presidency. In the great states of New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois an organized ef-

fort was made by the party managers to stem the tide of sentiment toward McKinley, but by the spring of 1896 it was evident that Republican opinion, as a whole, ardently favored his selection as the head of the national ticket. At St. Louis he had more than a majority of the votes cast on the first ballot and was thereupon declared the unanimous choice of the convention. The nomination of Colonel William J. Bryan by the Democratic National Convention three weeks later gave the national campaign a novel and trying character. To meet the fierce and demagogical assaults of the new silver coalition, great courage, patience and energy were demanded, and the national canvass was soon converted into a duel of argument and oratory between the opposing candidates. In this contest Major McKinley displayed afresh all the great qualities as a debater and a leader which he had developed in a long, admirable public career. Meeting the Democratic attack on property and national credit, it was boldly checked, and after one of the most notable and stirring presidential campaigns on record, Republican efforts were rewarded with decisive success. Two hundred and seventy-one Republican electors were chosen, against 176 Democratic or fusion electors, and both houses of Congress were found to be Republican.

President McKinley began his first term of office on March 4, 1889. He found many complicated and urgent tasks ahead of him. His first care was to redeem the promise of the Republican party to repair the breaches in the protective tariff system and to insure the Treasury an ample revenue. Congress was called together in extraordinary session and after three months of effort the Dingley tariff law was passed. This ended the period of Treasury deficits and enabled the government to restore its credit and build up its gold reserve. The other complementary task—that of enacting the gold standard into law—was reserved for the closing years of the administration, being accomplished finally at the first session of the following Congress.

The history of President McKinley's first administration is, however, largely the history of the Spanish War and of the political issues and consequences of that conflict. Forced slowly into an attitude in which intervention in Cuba became a national duty, President McKinley reluctantly yielded to the necessity of appealing to force to accomplish American ends. Once engaged in war, however, no energy was spared in prosecuting it to a signal victory or weakness shown in facing the responsibilities thrust on the United States by its military triumph. The conclusion of the Treaty of Paris marked a new epoch in American history, and President McKinley's administration will take its final color in history from that far reaching event.

In June, 1900, President McKinley was renominated by acclamation by the Republican National Convention, held at Philadelphia, and, after another spirited but far less strenuous canvass against the same political rival, he was again triumphantly elected President, receiving 292 electoral votes against 155 for the Democratic nominee. Shortly after his second inauguration March 4, 1901—the President issued a public statement refusing absolutely to be considered a possible candidate for a third term.

McKinley at Home.

If President McKinley's public activities and achievements have been typical of the best Americanism, his home has been equally a typical American home. His visit to his sister, at Canton, just after the war decided the vocation he should pursue. For another reason it was a memorable and momentous visit. During it he met one of his sister's friends, a pretty schoolgirl, named Ida Saxton, the daughter of James Saxton, a well to do banker of Canton. A mere acquaintanceship was formed, and when he went to Albany to study law and she to a seminary at Media, Pa., to complete her education, they temporarily lost sight of each other. But a few years later, when he returned to Canton to open his little law office, and she came home from school, they met again. Acquaintance ripened into friendship, and friendship into love. It was ambitious for a struggling lawyer to seek the hand of one of the prettiest and richest girls in the town, who was already besieged by an army of suitors. But McKinley was not daunted by rivalry, and presently won his suit—the best, as he has often said, he ever won in all his life.

They were married on January 25, 1871, and their domestic life was singularly happy, despite the afflictions that came upon them. Two daughters were born to them, who both died in infancy. Since that time Mrs. McKinley has been an invalid, and her husband's devotion to her was as deeply affectionate as it was untiring.

Story of His First Term.

The story of Mr. McKinley's first term has been well told as follows:

The first administration of William McKinley was one of the most important in the life of the republic. Taking office in a time of general industrial depression, with the vexed questions of finance and tariff still under discussion and pressing for settlement, his assumption of his new duties was cause for anxiety on the part of those who had opposed the doctrines of the Republican party, and for the most sincere congratulations and enthusiastic hopefulness from his political associates and from those who, casting aside party ties, had supported the candidate standing for sound money and a protective tariff. Men often become great by embracing an opportunity presented for accomplishing beneficent results for a people. Opportunity and responsibility will draw out the best that is in a man if his character and preparation are of the right kind. Our great men have come from the people, and have been equal to great emergencies. American history is full of such examples. The highest places in the republic have been sought and won by those whose beginnings were the lowliest, and in times of national emergency the people have, with unerring judgment, made wise selections for their public servants. Following the Civil War came the days of reconstruction. Troublesome questions which are yet with us were then the cause of bitterness and discontent, but for several administrations the problems confronting the government of the United States were largely those of domestic affairs and did not call for wide acquaintance with international conditions, nor did they enlarge the field of statesmanship, as in the time of President Cleveland and his successor. International questions, like the adjustment of Samoan affairs, and now and then insistence upon redress for an American citizen maltreated or injured in his property rights, called for little more than the ordinary routine of international intercourse. During the latter part of Mr. Cleveland's second administration, however, the threatening conditions in the Island of Cuba gave intimation that the country would have to meet, at no distant date, questions designed to bring it into the arena of world politics, and requiring the attention of its ablest statesmen. The United States has been, since its foundation, a liberty loving nation. It was knit together more firmly as such by the great fraternal struggle of the 60s, and when the terrible four years' experience had passed the spirit of liberty emerged brighter and steadier, to become more and more the spirit of the nation.

The Cuban Question.

It was not our seeking that through abhorrence of conditions in Cuba we entered upon the conflict with Spain. During the latter part of Mr. Cleveland's administration he properly exerted every honorable resource to prevent war. His able Secretary of State seconded him in this patriotic American policy. But events, crowding one another rapidly, bade fair time and time again to sweep aside the conservatism with which the question was handled. This condition of great unrest and danger confronted William McKinley when he assumed the presidency on March 4, 1897. From the day he entered the White House he saw that it would take all the resources of the government to prevent war with Spain, and while he employed every resort of diplomacy and was frequently encouraged to hope that a peaceful solution of the problem would be found, the increasing difficulties experienced by Spain in Cuba brought the crisis constantly nearer. Public clamor breaks out unthinkingly at such times. It is not that the people are at heart unreasonable, for they are not. But they are generous in their sympathies, they are touched to the quick by needless suffering, by cruel oppression, by pillage, outrage and murder, and with the contrast between their own happy conditions and the unfortunate plight of their near neighbors constantly before them, it was not strange that the cry grew louder that a stop must be put to the warfare in Cuba and that the simple justice which the people of that island sought from their mother country must be speedily accorded to them or that to them must be given in some form the freedom for which in the past they had so frequently fought and died. A weak man in such a crisis would have been bewildered. Domestic matters of grave moment pressed upon every hand. There were unsettled the questions of tariff and finance, and scores of other subjects of internal policy required immediate attention, not only in justice to those whose suffrages had placed the administration in power, but for its own good name, that at the end of its term of office it might give a worthy account of its stewardship. A weak man would have accepted peace at any price, or prompt war at the behest of a clamoring public. It is well not to forget the temper of the public mind at this time. The press teemed with bitter denunciation of the Spanish tyranny in Cuba; the demand for instant recognition of independence or for intervention was emphatic; the halls of Congress rang with appeals to prejudice and partisan feeling, and then, when all this was at its height, came the terrible calamity in the harbor of Havana. A weak man would have taken the easy alternative and yielded with much show of reason to the almost universal cry for vengeance. No greater test has come to any public man in the history of this country than to the President during those days. Through it all the man in the White House kept his head.

A Typical American.

William McKinley was a typical American citizen. He stood for what is best in American life and character. He was without os-

tentation, simple in his tastes, deliberate in his speech, conservative in judgment, spotlessly pure in his private life, devoted to his home and his friends. There was no stain upon his integrity during all the years that he was under the searching light of public scrutiny. His devotion to his wife is one of the most beautiful and touching things in the lives of our public men. There was nothing erratic about him. He did not pose. He believed in harmony. He was a fighter, but not a vindictive one. He fought with sense. If he had an object to accomplish, he would accomplish it even though he may have had to sacrifice the small distinction of winning a personal victory. He kept faith. He fulfilled his promises. He believed in party obligation. He wanted a united party. He believed that such a party could best serve the great interests committed to its charge. He knew that we can ofttimes but approximate to our ideals and that it then becomes our duty to secure the best results obtainable. The Republican party under the leadership of William McKinley was more harmonious, more forceful, more dominant than at any time in its history. In his state and nation he had a united party. Could this have been the work of a weak man, as some of his opponents would have us believe? Is this the record of uncertainty? There were times during the Spanish-American war when William McKinley was a force of strength and power that brushed aside jealousies and littleness, that hurried forward great movements, that block the way of schemers and swept all before him. He dominated his administration, but, whether by force or gentle persuasiveness, he was the strong man at the helm.

Was a Plain Liver.

He was a plain liver. He smoked moderately, but did not use intoxicating liquors. He was clean of speech as he was of character. He was a model husband, a devoted son and brother, and in all the walks of life so carried himself as to leave the impress of a noble character. He was strong mentally and physically. He had no physical weakness. He walked with a decided and and energetic step. While his face had a certain pallor under excitement, it had habitually the fine glow of a man in rugged health. The President was frequently seen upon the streets of Washington. He was not hedged about by the usual pride and circumstance of rulers. He was the most reasonable of men, the most accommodating. No citizen was too lowly, no cause too poor to enlist his sympathy, but with all this he was a business man. He knew the value of time. His Cabinet officers were appointed for a purpose—to administer the affairs of their great departments. He required of them a strict account of stewardship. He did not interfere with them in the discharge of their onerous duties. He called them into consultation. He required a showing of their books.

A Beloved Citizen.

No man in the presidential office was ever more scrupulous in his conduct of the people's business; no man in that exalted office ever had a nicer sense of its proprieties. No man was ever nearer the hearts of the common people than William McKinley. American diplomacy in China has had in it no element of either militarism or imperialism, but it stands to-day as an example to the world of what plain speech and direct methods can accomplish in the intercourse of nations. It is but a link in the chain of the administrator's achievements. It appeals to all classes as a substantial advance of the republic in the pathway of progress and civilization. From the hour of the declaration of war with Spain America has taken her proper place among the nations. To-day she stands at the front, with no entangling alliances. With the destiny of the enfranchised in her keeping she undertakes the heavy burdens and responsibilities which come with growth and advancement. Ever alive to her material interests, she has yet kept steadily before her, clear as the polestar, the guiding principle of duty, and no amount of partisan rancor, no sort of cheap political argument, no din of sophistry and assurance, no weakling reserve will stand in the way of her enlightened progress and commercial supremacy. And because he had at heart the republic's best interests and with an eye single to her future greatness bent the energy of his administration to their achievement, while preserving the old ties and the old sentiments, abating nothing of devotion and adherence to the constitution, the Declaration of Independence and all the other great bulwarks of our national safety—because of this record William McKinley's name will go into the history of his country as one of the greatest and best beloved citizens.

The Outlook for September says of Mr. McKinley: "The first effect of any death as unexpected as that of President McKinley is to benumb the faculties; its second effect is to abate the passions and rebuke the prejudices which have made impossible sober judgment concerning the living. The fires of political campaigns are extinguished, their smoke is cleared away, and he who had been seen distorted in the lurid light of party passions appears somewhat as he will appear to posterity, when history records the unprejudiced judgment of mankind concerning him.

"When Mr. McKinley was inducted into office, the cruel despotism of Spain in Cuba, which a century of diplomacy had proved powerless to abate or even to ameliorate, was growing intolerable to the American people. The revelations of Weyler's policy of extermination and the destruction of the Maine combined to arouse a storm of moral indignation which was irresistible. A President can veto an act of Congress, but he cannot veto the concurrent demand of the people. How unanimous was the public sentiment is indicated by the congressional appropriation, without opposition, of $50,000,000 to prepare for war before the final declaration.

"In the war which ensued President McKinley was not only in name but in realty the commander-in-chief of the naval and military forces of the United States. It was under his direction that Admiral Dewey was assigned to the command of the Pacific Squadron and Admiral Sampson to the command of the Atlantic Squadron. It was under his orders that Dewey pursued the Spanish fleet into Manila Bay and destroyed it there, and that Sampson blockaded Cervera's fleet in Santiago and destroyed it when it attempted flight. We now look back with amusement on the panic which affected all our coast towns from Portland to Key West; but the panic was serious then; and now to belittle our opponent as a decrepit and imbecile power is but to discredit our national intelligence if not our national courage. It was the President, moreover, who, while the war was being carried on, conducted diplomatic negotiations so effectively as to secure the moral support of England without a formal alliance, and to prevent interference by France or Germany, from both of whom at one time interference was seriously apprehended. The war over, it was the President who directed the general course of negotiations which ended in a treaty with Spain, alike chivalrous toward her and honorable to ourselves. That America sent the Spanish soldiers home from Cuba at American expense, that she demanded no indemnity, that she paid Spain in cash for the money expended in permanent improvements in the Philippines, that she guaranteed to Spain the same trade privileges which she claimed for herself in the conquered archipelago, were due to the fact that President McKinley rightly interpreted the temper of the people, who had undertaken this war not for the subjugation, but for the emancipation, of the Spanish dependencies. In the subsequent war in the Philippines it was under the President's orders that the attempt of Aguinaldo to assume the sovereignty in an island which our Army and Navy had set free was resisted, and the archipelago was saved from an anarchy which threatened greater disasters than even Spanish despotism had inflicted upon it; it was on the President's recommendation that civil government was organized before the insurrection was fully over, and the Filipinos were thus assured of all the civil and religious rights enjoyed by Americans in American territories. Those who hold that the Spanish and Filipino wars were fought for territorial aggrandizement, inspired by ambition for political power and commercial enrichment, do right to hold Mr. McKinley responsible, for Mr. McKinley, more than any other citizen, embodied the American spirit, shaped the American policy and led the American people. Those who believe with the Outlook that the Spanish war was a nobly unselfish one, fought at self-sacrifice by one people for the emancipation of another, and that the Filipino war was a necessary and, therefore, just one, in order to insure a people newly emancipated by our arms from the despotism against falling under the bane of a despotism still more intolerable, ought to give President McKinley ungrudging praise for his ready recognition of the American mood and motive, and his able execution of the American purpose. It is true that much of the wisdom and strength of the President's administration were due to the men who were associated with him; but it is also true that only a wise and strong man is able to secure, in such a time, the co-operation with him of wise and strong men, or is willing to give them a free hand and a cordial support in their several departments. It is not one of the least indications of President McKinley's political ability that he has been able to secure a Cabinet certainly not surpassed and scarcely equaled by that of any President in many years past.

"The two criticisms most commonly made upon President McKinley, by the same critics, and sometimes in the same issue of the same paper, curiously contradict each other. These critics charged him with possessing a despotic temper, with seeking to build up an empire on the ruins of the republic, with endeavoring to create an excuse by wars abroad for an increase of an Army at home, which

could then be used to put down the workingmen that the capitalists might exploit both the old and the new territories of the nation without resistance. At the same time the same critics accused him of being without strength of will or tenacity of purpose, of having no mind of his own, of always having 'his ear to the ground,' of watching public sentiment and of going with it whithersoever its fitful and changing winds might carry him. Both cannot be true; neither is true.

"There are two theories of government, neither of which is carried out by any sound political thinker to its radical extreme, but toward one or the other of which all political thinkers tend. The first or paternal theory is that the best men in the nation should govern the rest as a father governs his children; these best men may be selected by a process of natural breeding, in which case we have an aristocratic government; they may be elected by the people, in which case we have a democratic government; but in either case the ruler, when chosen, whether by the one process or the other, rules. The other theory, that of self government, is that each man is to govern himself in matters that concern only himself, each locality to govern itself in all matters which concern the locality and the nation to govern only in those matters which are of national concern; but that, inasmuch as a nation of seventy million people cannot in mass meeting vote on detached questions of policy, as one or two hundred can in a town or district school meeting, they should delegate certain of their number, not to govern them, but to embody their spirit and to execute their purpose. This is the American principle, although it is, on the one hand, not understood by some Americans, and, on the other, is pushed to impossible conclusions by other Americans, who would abolish all qualifications for suffrage and admit to the mass meeting the ignorant, the incompetent and the vicious on equal terms with the intelligent, the capable and the virtuous.

"Mr. McKinley appears to us to have appreciated the American principle more fully and carried it out more rationally and consistently than any President since Abraham Lincoln, whom in this respect he resembled. It is not true that he has been weak of will or infirm of purpose, or has followed with vacillating policy the shifting comments of public opinion. He resisted successfully the increasing public demand for war against Spain, until it had been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the overwhelming majority of Americans that the emancipation of Cuba could not be achieved by diplomacy. He resisted the popular demand for the recognition of the Cuban Republic, a recognition which we all now see would have involved Cuba in hopeless bankruptcy and ourselves in serious international complications. In more than one instance he resisted public clamor for the removal of officials whom the people thought not equal to the responsibilities of their office, in some instances, in our judgment, resisted too long for the best interests of the country; for loyalty to his subordinates with him, as with Grant and Washington, was an element of nobility in his character which at times became an element of weakness in his administration."

Mr. McKinley's Church Relations.

THE REV. F. M. BRISTOL, HIS WASHINGTON PASTOR, TELLS THE STORY.

The Rev. F. M. Bristol, pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist Church in Washington, the place where the late President McKinley worshiped, wrote an article covering the religious character and conduct of his distinguished parishioner, which was published in the Boston Congregationalist, September 22, 1898. It is reproduced here as part of the record of the beloved President's life:

Mr. McKinley was not only a highly moral man; he was devout, religious, Christian, a firm believer in God and Christ and the Bible, as the best and greatest in our history have been. He was a thorough Methodist by training and choice; not a narrow sectarian, but, while true to his own church and her scheme of faith, he was most liberal toward all the religious schools, appreciating the loyalty of all the great churches and their providential place and mission in the nation's moral training and in the evangelization of the world.

The President was a faithful attendant upon the public worship of the Sabbath. Rarely, and then only under peculiar stress of circumstances, was he absent from his pew when the minister entered the pulpit. Every Sunday morning, rain or shine, a beautiful bouquet of flowers, gathered from the White House gardens or conservatory, was sent to the Metropolitan Church for the pulpit by order of the "first lady of the land." After the services these flowers were usually distributed in small bouquets among the sick of the vicinity.

The President was an earnest and devout participant in the thanksgiving services held in the Metropolitan Methodist Church at Washington (after the battle of Santiago), when, with a vast multitude, he was often moved to tears by the powerful emotions which the impressive occasion inspired. He was an earnest, sincere worshiper; in manner simple, unassuming and manly. He took an active part in all the services of the congregation, joining in the Apostles' Creed, the responsive reading of the Scripture, the Lord's Prayer and the singing of the hymns. He was rarely, if ever, absent from the monthly service of the Lord's Supper. It was his desire to be unnoticed as a worshiper, to have no more attention paid to him than to any other member of the congregation. It would, indeed, have been embarrassing, if not offensive, to him to have had the minister directly or indirectly make him the object of his remarks, or in any way call attention to him or emphasize the fact of his presence. In this he was one of the people, thoroughly democratic and brotherly. One special courtesy, however, the congregation always insisted upon extending the President. After the benediction had been pronounced by the pastor, the congregation remained standing until the President and those who might be with him had passed down the aisle and out of the audience room.

Mr. McKinley greatly enjoyed gospel preaching and had a warm place in his heart for the minister of Christ. No man was a more attentive, appreciative and helpful listener than he. Never did he take his keen but kindly eye from the preacher, but, following him closely from beginning to end, he honored him with an attention worthy of his sacred theme. He did not enjoy sensational preaching, and, although he appreciated a patriotic discourse in its place and season, he had too good taste and too profound a reverence for the sacred functions of the pulpit to be edified by political preaching. Some people would have called him old fashioned in his religious notions. I have heard him say, with a look of earnestness, "I like to hear the minister preach the plain, simple gospel —Christ and Him crucified."

When his official responsibilities were less numerous and weighty Mr. McKinley was an active worker in the church. I recently met in the East a prominent business man of Chicago, who remembered with pleasure the time when he was a member of the Sunday school in Canton, O., of which Mr. McKinley was the superintendent. In other prominent official capacities he served the church of his choice.

His early interest in Sunday school work was inspired by a love for the children, which has always been one of the noblest traits of his character. Perhaps no President has ever manifested greater fondness and respect for the American boys and girls than Mr. McKinley. Seldom did he or his beautiful wife appear at a door or window of the White House on a public occasion that they were not surrounded with a bevy of happy children. I have been present during the President's official hours, when he would receive Senators, Congressmen and others who had business with him. Often the visitor would be accompanied by a little boy, a son or friend. The President would invariably pay special attention to the lad, shaking his hand heartily and speaking a kindly word and manifesting an interest in him such as the boy could never forget.

One cannot have come in contact with this providential man without feeling that the controlling force in his character and life was righteousness. One noticed in him that robust conscientiousness which ever asks, "What is right?" and at any hazard of fortune, place or fame dares to maintain the right.

The Assassination and What Followed.

The shooting of William McKinley, President of the United States, by Leon Czolgosz, anarchist, on Friday, September 6, first electrified the entire world and then stirred its deepest sympathies. Far more indicative of the fellowship of nations than all the peace congresses ever held or projected, was the sincere sorrow manifested in every civilized quarter of the globe. President McKinley was shot down while the center of a patriotic American throng. Except inevitable political differences, the result of party ties, there was not a man, save one, in all the great exposition crowd who did not personally respect and admire the chief executive. That one exception, Leon Czolgosz, in an instant, on the afternoon of September 6, changed from an ignorant disciple of anarchy to the most notorious and despised criminal in the world.

The bullet, which a week later put an end to the life of President McKinley, was fired at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, while the President was holding a public reception inside the Temple of Music at the Pan-American grounds. Two bullets from a revolver, concealed in a handkerchief, entered his body. One struck the breast bone, glanced off and was easily extracted by the physicians. The other bullet entered the abdomen, penetrated the stomach and, as was afterward indicated by the autopsy, tore a portion of the upper part of the kidney. The President, although well guarded by secret service detectives, was fully exposed to such an attack as occurred. He stood at the edge of a raised dais and throngs of people crowded into the Temple of Music to see their Chief Executive, perchance to clasp his hand and then to fight their way out into the good natured crowd which every minute swelled and multiplied without.

One of the throng which surrounded the President shortly after 4 o'clock was a medium sized man of ordinary appearance, who was clothed almost wholly in black. He approached Mr. McKinley with outstretched hand, and those near by noticed that the hand which he extended was swathed in a bandage. When within about two feet of the President, just as the latter was about to give the friendly grasp, for which he was noted, the man suddenly raised his concealed hand and two sharp pistol shots rang out in quick succession. The bullets struck the President, as the assassin had intended, and the most cowardly crime ever committed in America was accomplished.

As the shots took effect, the President sank back into the arms of Detective Gerry, saying:

"Am I shot?"

Gerry unbuttoned the President's vest and seeing blood, replied:

"I fear that you are, Mr. President."

The noise of the revolver and the sight of the President sinking to the ground told the immense throng around the dais that the Chief Executive had been shot. Detective Ireland was barely two feet away from the assassin and quickly jumped upon him, bearing him to the ground. As the detective leaped forward, twenty other men sprang to his assistance and Czolgosz was instantly the center of a maddened throng. When he was pulled to his feet his face was cut and bleeding and his clothes showed the effect of his rough handling. Cries of rage arose on all sides.

"Lynch him! Lynch him!" were the shouts.

For fear the law would be forgotten in the anger of the people, a guard of police immediately surrounded the anarchist, and through a throng of excited men, well nigh beside themselves with indignation, he was taken to the Buffalo Police Headquarters.

"I am an anarchist, and I did my duty," was all he said at first as to why he had attempted to take the President's life. Later, in a confession to the police, he said that he had been induced, by attention to the writings of Emma Goldman, to decide that the present form of government in this country was all wrong, and he thought the best way to end it was by killing the President. He showed no signs of insanity, and did not seem in the least degree penitent for his action.

Meanwhile, President McKinley, remarkably calm—much more composed, in fact, than those of his immediate party—was carried to the Emergency Hospital, on the exposition grounds, and two hours after the shooting the physicians made their first attempt to find the second bullet. They were unsuccessful; the bullet was never found, even at the autopsy; and President McKinley was removed, early in the evening, to the residence of John G. Milburn, president of the exposition, in an automobile ambulance. Mr. Milburn's house is on Delaware avenue, and not far from the exposition grounds. There, and at that time on the evening of Friday, September 6, began the ordeal, the fight between life and death, which ended a week later in the triumph of the latter.

The very best medical and surgical skill in the country was immediately exercised in the President's behalf. At first he rallied and the doctors, while speaking conservatively, expressed the hope that the wounds would not prove fatal. It was announced officially that at least two days must be allowed to pass before any positive statements could be made, and then, if the President's condition grew no worse and signs of the dreaded peritonitis or blood poisoning were still absent, the physicians said they would feel justified in saying to the waiting nation that President McKinley had a good chance for ultimate recovery. With this assurance, and the bulletined reports that the President was resting easily after the operation, the people hoped and prayed that the President's life would be spared.

Toward noon on the day after the shooting, Mrs. McKinley was permitted to enter the sick room. It was said of her that she displayed quite as much fortitude as the President. She walked steadily over to his bedside and took his hand—the same hand which had tenderly cared for her when, in California last spring, she herself lay at the point of death. They said little, but their eyes seemed to read what each would say.

"We must bear up bravely," the President said; "it would be better for both of us."

There were tears in Mrs. McKinley's eyes as she bowed her head in assent. Soon afterward Dr. Rixey led her from the room.

This was but an incident in a week full of pathetic and dramatic events. The surgeons who operated on the President were in constant attendance with a corps of the most skilled nurses obtainable, and the sufferer was the recipient of every care which their skill and science could suggest or devise. During Sunday the bulletins were not encouraging in their wording, as the doctors did not consider the danger possible from blood poisoning to be past. No further attempt at probing for the second bullet was made, because the physicians agreed that it was of more importance that the President should recover from the shock of the first operation.

With the first notice of the shooting Vice President Roosevelt and the members of the President's Cabinet hastened to Buffalo, and with the doctors and the members of the President's family they awaited anxiously, yet hopefully, the developments in the case.

On Monday favorable symptoms appeared. The President was fully conscious and his mind was clear. An atmosphere of good cheer took the place of the sense of apprehension which had pervaded the mind of every watcher at the Milburn house. Vice President Roosevelt, Senator Hanna and others took the cue from the physicians and became optimistic in the extreme, and on Tuesday the optimism generally became even more pronounced in all quarters.

On Tuesday, September 10, Dr. McBurney announced that the President was practically out of danger; that his condition was so much improved that his recovery was assured. Messages of heartfelt congratulation began to pour in from every quarter of the globe. Kings, queens, emperors, presidents of other republics, nobility and civilians everywhere changed the tenor of their cablegrams to Washington and thanked God for sparing the life of William McKinley. In view of the impression created by the doctors—an impression eagerly received throughout the world—it was but natural that a general belief should be entertained that the President was certain to get well.

"The President's recovery is certain," said

Vice President Roosevelt; "all around him are convinced of it. I shall leave Buffalo this afternoon or this evening."

These were the words of Colonel Roosevelt on Tuesday. On Friday a travel-stained messenger sought him among the forests of the Adirondacks, miles away from any human habitation, and cried: "President McKinley is dying. Come back to Buffalo at once."

Over an untraversed path the Vice President left the wilderness and drove through a driving rainstorm to the nearest railway station. To him the portent of the news was appalling in its horror, but in view of the oft-repeated and printed statements that the President would surely recover it was not less so to the people everywhere throughout the United States.

The reversal of feeling which spread over the country was terrible in its effect when the true significance of the dread news was understood. The turning point, as the case is regarded now, was the news that the wound in the President's abdomen had been reopened in order that a shred of his coat, which the force of the bullet had forced into the flesh, might be removed. It was causing a slight irritation. The doctors belittled the significance of the operation, saying that its gravity was greatly magnified, but later, it was said, that the first evidence of the gangrene, which eventually undermined the entire stomach, was then found. Gradually, the President grew weaker. He had taken nourishment at the start and for several days without apparent difficulty, but now food of any sort disagreed with him, and the day before he died the doctors began to administer stimulants to revive the flagging action of the heart.

At 2:15 on the morning of Friday, September 14, the President breathed his last. Words of consolation to his wife were the last that passed his lips and they came after a gentle "goodby" to the American people, whom he loved so well and by whom he was affectionately regarded. The physicians had long since ceased to ply him with drugs and restoratives and all awaited the now inevitable end of a great and stainless life. The end came peacefully. Realizing that there was no hope, and summoning what consciousness and strength remained to him, William McKinley, President of the United States, whispered faintly to those about him:

"God's will be done—not ours."

Long before daylight on Saturday thousands of people in the United States knew that the President was dead. By early morning all were aware of it and the wiring of the sad news to the uttermost parts of the earth brought back nothing but messages of sympathy and sorrow. On Saturday an autopsy was held, at which it was announced that gangrene caused the President's death. There was no sign of peritonitis. The gangrene affected the stomach around the bullet, as well as the tissues around its further course. The heart was found to be sound, although its walls were very thin. That the heart had been greatly disturbed in its action was shown by the weak and rapid pulse of President McKinley all through the days prior to his death. It was out of all proportion to his temperature, which was entirely satisfactory. The following table, showing varying conditions of temperature, respiration and pulse, will illustrate the case in its progress from shortly after the shooting until the final hour:

	Temperature.	Pulse.	Respiration.
Normal for a man 58 years of age	98.6	78	16
Danger limit	104	130	30
September 6:			
7:00 P. M.	...	130	..
10:40 P. M.	100.4	124	..
September 7:			
1:00 A. M.	100.2	120	24
3:00 A. M.	101.6	110	24
6:00 A. M.	102	110	24
9:00 A. M.	102	116	24
12:00 M.	102	126	28
1:00 P. M.	102	136	28
3:30 P. M.	102.2	130	24
6:30 P. M.	102.5	130	29
September 8:			
3:30 A. M.	102.4	132	24
9:00 A. M.	102.8	132	24
12:00 M.	101	128	27
4:00 P. M.	101	128	28
9:00 P. M.	101.6	130	30
September 9:			
9:00 A. M.	100.8	122	28
3:00 P. M.	101	113	26
9:30 P. M.	101	112	27
September 10:			
7:00 A. M.	100.4	118	28
9:00 A. M.	99.8	104	26
3:20 P. M.	100	110	28
10:30 P. M.	100.6	114	28
September 11:			
6:00 A. M.	100.2	120	26
9:00 A. M.	100.2	116	..
3:30 P. M.	100.2	120	..
10:00 P. M.	100.4	120	..
September 12:			
9:00 A. M.	100.2	120	..
3:00 P. M.	100.2	126	..
Midnight	100.2	120	..
September 13:			
9:00 A. M.	99.8	128	..
2:30 P. M.	99.4	123	..

The Autopsy.

The following report of the autopsy was given out by the physicians:

"The bullet which struck over the breast bone did not pass through the skin and did little harm.

"The other bullet passed through both walls of the stomach near its lower border. Both holes were found to be perfectly closed by the stitches, but the tissue around each hole had become gangrenous.

"After passing through the stomach the bullet passed into the back walls of the abdomen, hitting and tearing the upper end of the kidney. This portion of the bullet track was also gangrenous, the gangrene involving the pancreas.

"The bullet has not yet been found.

"There was no sign of peritonitis or disease of other organs. The heart walls were very thin.

"There was no evidence of any attempt at repair on the part of nature and death resulted from the gangrene which affected the stomach around the bullet, as well as the tissues around the further course of the bullet.

"Death was unavoidable by any surgical or medical treatment and was the direct result of the bullet wound.

(Signed)

"HARVEY D. GAYLORD, M. D.
"HERMAN G. MATZINGER, M. D.
"P. M. RIXEY, M. D.
"MATTHEW D. MANN, M. D.
"HERMAN MYNTER, M. D.
"ROSWELL PARK, M. D.
"EUGENE WASDIN, M. D.
"CHARLES G. STOCKTON, M. D.
"EDW. G. JANEWAY, M. D.
"W. W. JOHNSON, M. D.
"W. P. KENDALL,
"Surgeon U. S. Army.
"CHARLES CARY, M. D.
"EDWARD L. MUNSON,
"Assistant Surgeon U. S. A.
"HERMANUS L. BAER, M. D."

Certificate of Death.

The coroners of Erie County issued the following certificate of death:

City of Buffalo,
Bureau of Vital Statistics,
County of Erie, State of New York.

Certificate and record of death of William McKinley:

I hereby certify that he died on the 14th day of September, 1901, about 2:15 o'clock A. M., and that to the best of my knowledge and belief the cause of death was as hereunder written:

Cause—Gangrene of both walls of the stomach and pancreas, following gunshot wound.

Witness my hand this 14th day of September, 1901. (Signatures)

H. R. GAYLORD, M. D.
H. G. MATZINGER, M. D.
JAMES F. WILSON, Coroner.

Date of death—September 14, 1901.

Age—58 years 7 months 15 days.

Color—White.

Single, married, etc.—Married.

Occupation—President of the United States.

Birthplace—Niles, O.

How long in United States, if foreign born .....

Father's name—William McKinley.

Father's birthplace—Pennsylvania, United States.

Mother's name—Nancy McKinley.

Mother's birthplace—Ohio, United States.

Place of death—1,168 Delaware avenue.

Last previous residence—Washington, D.C.

Direct cause of death—Gangrene of both walls of stomach and pancreas, following gunshot wound.

The Pulpits of Brooklyn.

DELIVERANCES OF LOCAL PASTORS ON THE ASSASSINATION AND EULOGIES ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM McKINLEY.

On Sunday, September 15, the day after the death of President McKinley, the pastors of the Brooklyn churches delivered sermons and addreses on his assassination, and made eulogies upon his life and character. A number of those tributes are here given.

ANARCHY.

Sermon by the Rev. David Gregg, D. D.

Dr. David Gregg, pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, returned to his pulpit Sunday, September 15, after his vacation. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed. In the evening there was a memorial service to the late President, with appropriate music by organ and choir, under the leadership of John Hyatt Brewer. Dr. Gregg delivered an address on "The Assassination of President McKinley," in which he said:

"My fellow citizens—We are in the midst of a great national crisis. We are suffering from a great shock. We are appalled and paralyzed by the commission of an unspeakable crime. We are face to face with an irreparable loss. It is a common sorrow that has drawn us together to this service tonight.

"And why have we come? We have come to seek the help of Almighty God. We have come to pray. We have come to reach after thoughts calculated to balance us in the hour of our staggered thinking. We have come to learn the lessons and duties of the hour. We have come to get courage and strength to lay hold of our future and to take up the principles and the ideals which have been shot into the dust of death by the assassin's ball.

"Are there balancing thoughts and present duties which can steady and comfort us and make us equal to the call of the hour? There are, and it is to see and secure these thoughts and duties that we have come together. This being the object of our meeting, there are two things which it is not necessary for me to do.

"First—it is not necessary for me to detail the horrible assassination which has taken from us our beloved President. You know it in all its particulars: The great American gathering in the Temple of Music at Buffalo; the deserved ovation which a great nation gave its great representative; the joy that overflowed everywhere; then the unexpected and dastardly act of a born coward; the murderous shot that was heard round the world; the consequent horror; the awful silence; then the awakening of the people to the dread reality; the instant cry of righteous indignation; the words of the vile anarchist: 'I am an anarchist; I have done my duty.' The prayer of the man of God for his assassin; 'May God forgive him'; then the universal and unanimous protest of the civilized world against the unprovoked and unforgivable crime of the twentieth century. You know the details. There is no need to rehearse them. Everything pertaining to the assassination is too recent.

"Second—It is not necessary for me to indulge in a eulogy upon him whom the assassin chose as his shining mark. William McKinley is his own eulogy. He stands forth as the peer of the other great Americans with whom assassination has linked his name—Lincoln and Garfield. The man who prays for his murderer, who, with forecast and treachery and in the garb of friendship fires the fatal shot, writes his own history and sets into the light his own immortal fame. In this case the sun makes its own rainbow. How many in this audience could pray as William McKinley prayed in the great crisis of his life, when face to face with death? How many could say of the assassin: 'Let no one harm him!' That was the true William McKinley, acting himself out instinctively and naturally and without forethought. I say that that man is his own eulogy, and this is what the whole world says. We are not ashamed of our martyred President. He is a fine product and exponent of our American life and principles.

"The duty of the hour is to enunciate and dwell upon the balancing thoughts and facts and duties which are calculated to stay and steady us in the present crisis, now when the worst has come to the worst. A first balancing fact is this:

"The American republic is not one man, but a nation of 75,000,000, the great majority of whom are of the William McKinley type. These millions made him President, because he represented them. Now if this be so then it is impossible to strike down the American republic by firing the assassin's ball into any one man. If the vile fraternity of assassins mean the death of our republic, they have a huge contract on their hands. Behind McKinley is Roosevelt and behind Roosevelt and in the goodly succession with him on the line of liberty and law is every true and loyal American citizen. The American republic must fall in some other way than by assassination.

"A second balancing fact is this: The American republic is the creation of God and God reigns supreme. It is because God has been leading us that our history has up to this point been one series of steps of progress. Look back over the line of the past. First there were the Pilgrim Fathers—the sifted wheat of the nations—the leaders of the Revolution who gave us the Declaration of Independence. Then there was the statesmen of the formative period, who gave us our Constitution. Then there were the men of the heroic period who carried us through our Civil War and established the unity of our nation. Is the God of the nation going to throw away all this progress? God has never acted like that. Never. As he looks at things the destiny and the leadership of our republic as a nation among nations is still in the future. He brought us through the assassination of Lincoln and into greater things than Lincoln ever saw, and He brought us through the assassination of Garfield and into greater things than Garfield ever saw, and He will bring us through this assassination and into greater things than McKinley ever saw. God is our refuge in this dark present, for God still reigns.

"There is a third sustaining fact which we should not lose sight of while in the midst of our grief. It is this: Our martyred President died as grandly and as heroically as he lived. No man could die better or more influentially. By his life he taught us how to live; by his death he has taught us how to die. Such a death as his means an eternal coronation. To say that he died as grandly as he lived is saying for him more than is at first thought apparent; for he lived grandly. Do not forget his service in the Grand Army of the Republic. Do not forget his life in the gubernatorial chair. Do not forget his leadership in Congress. Do not forget his great state papers and the national measures which he inaugurated and guided into legislative enactments. Do not forget his presidential administration, with the liberation of oppressed Cuba and its expansion of American territory and trade. Here we see William McKinley leading the American republic into a new and greater life and a new and greater destiny.

"I say that was grand living. His dying was just as grand. It was a triumph of Christian faith. It was a testimony to the saving grace of God. The greatest thing a man can do is to forgive. His dying act was the act of forgiveness. It was the Master over again. His last public address may be called his dying address. There was none greater in his life than it. It pulsates with great hopes for America's future and it is full of the visions of patriotic duties. It is full of firmness, but it is full of conciliation toward all men and all nations. He, under whose administration the North and the South were made one again, sought in this final address of his to make all nations one in the items of peace and good will. His last public words were this prayer, 'Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity and happiness and peace to all our neighbors and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.' That is equal to anything in the farewell address of George Washington, the Father of our Country, and with prayer on his lips William McKinley died. It is a comfort and a consolation when those whom we love and admire die grandly. Our martyred President died grandly.

"There is a fourth fact that balances us in our thinking and comforts us as we mourn

our loss. It is this: William McKinley is not yet done with the American republic. He has so built his life into it that he will go down into history with it. He will forever serve it as a holy and powerful interest. We overlook this sometimes, viz.: We as a nation are strong with the strength of those who have lived with us and have gone to their reward. The past is ours, and the grand men of the past are ours, and we are strong with their strength. In estimating us they are to be reckoned with.

"William McKinley, though gone from our vision, will be an influence in our republic like Daniel Webster. When history is fully written he will enter upon a new national career, a posthumous career, and will continue to make America great, just as Washington does and Lincoln does and Webster does. There is comfort in this.

"There is another fact that balances us in this hour of our trouble. It is this: This assassination of our beloved President brings us face to face as a nation with an urgent and a present duty. Our duty is to meet and emphatically settle the status and the doom of anarchy and anarchists on American soil. Anarchy shot William McKinley. Anarchy is the criminal. The assassin himself proves this: 'I am an anarchist and I have done my duty.'

"My fellow citizens, the time has come when we must be radical and thorough and prompt in doing our duty here and in guarding the men who represent us in office. Treason is in our midst and we must put it down, or else banish it. Traitors are in our midst and we must treat them in the only way that there is for treating traitors. We must do this, not as a mob, but by the execution of just and righteous enactments and by the due process of law. If we have not sufficient law covering the case of anarchy we must make sufficient law. And in handling this matter we must begin at the very starting point of anarchy. We must deal with anarchy as a sentiment and a belief and an expressed creed, and not wait until it becomes an overt act, a murder, an assassination. We must not wait until it shoots William McKinley; and we must not wait because there is no equivalent which we culled from it by way of redress for William McKinley's life. The execution of all the anarchists in a world would not be an equivalent.

"Do not tell me that we cannot deal with sentiment, belief, creed. Put the word treason before any deadly thing and we can deal with it; and if we are loyal as a nation we will. These things are realities; expressed sentiment is a reality; belief is a reality; creed is a reality. They are national realities, too. They are part of our national life. We wove them all in permanent form into what we call the Constitution of the United States. Our Constitution is sentiment. It is belief. It is creed, and to this sentiment, belief, creed, we require our citizens to swear an oath of allegiance. We can deal with sentiment and belief and creed, and we do. My point is this: If the Constitution of the United States itself is constitutional in dealing with sentiment and belief and creed, we, the citizens of the United States will be constitutional also when we deal with sentiment, belief and creed, and require that these shall be loyal to our republic and its laws and its institutions. Deal with the ism and in this way prevent the ist. Anarchy is essentially an assassin.

"To-night, standing by the murdered form of our bullet-pierced President, I indite it before the bar of the nations the great assassin of the twentieth century. Behold what it assassinates: It assassinates holy truth and principles; it assassinates holy laws; it assassinates holy institutions; it assassinates holy men; it assassinates holy words; it assassinates holy journalism.

"Not only has anarchy in our midst assassinated that which is best in our language; it has assassinated journalism, also, that greatest of modern powers. Yellow journalism is its weapon here. The duty of the hour is that we publicly execrate yellow journalism. Are you willing to do this? If so, you can do it. The people have it in their power to suppress this type of journalism. They can do it by religiously refusing to buy it. They can do it by the power of the one cent. The power of the one cent is omnipotent here. Let the one cent say 'I am for law and government; I am for decency; I am against sensationalism; I am for purity and truth; I am for the defense of character and life; I am on the side of good men and against these traducers; I shall never go to the support of yellow journalism.' Let the one cent which is paid for the vile sheet that comes out every hour of the day say this and act according to its declaration and journalism of this type will die in a week.

"I want to say this one word concerning anarchy and anarchists. I said it last week in the city of Boston and under the shadow of Faneuil Hall, and I repeat it here in the commercial metropolis of the nation: The American Republic has only three things that legitimately belong to anarchy and anarchists, and these three things are the insane asylum, the prison and the gallows. These three things let us consecrate to them and may the Almighty God put his blessing upon the consecration.

"Bear with two closing words: Let us pray God to continue the succession of good and great men in our republic. These are the strength of any nation. They mean perpetuity. They are better than guns and foils and armies. Elijah was the horses and chariots of Israel. Washington was the same in America. So was Lincoln, so was McKinley. Now that these are gone, we need their successors. Let us ask God for them. Especially at this time let us remember in our prayers our new President. Let us make him feel we trust him. The question is asked, 'Can Roosevelt carry the republic?' Be that answer yea or nay, I would answer it, yea, for he has succeeded in all that he has undertaken for his country and has been faithful in every trust committed to him. Be that answer yea or nay, this I have to say, the nation can carry Roosevelt. Let us tell him this, and let us tell him that we will carry him. Let us by our loyal words and expectations and deeds make him strong from the very start.

"Finally, let us renew our allegiance to America and Americanism. America and Americanism exist for the world. If it's to help and bless the world it must be true to itself. I am not ashamed to push Americanism to the front and call for allegiance to it."

A MARTYR OF DEMOCRACY.

Sermon by the Rev. Warren H. Wilson.

The Rev. Warren H. Wilson, pastor of the Arlington Avenue Presbyterian Church, preached on Sunday, September 15, on "A Martyr of Democracy." He took his text from Second Samuel, 1:19: "Thy glory, O Israel, is slain upon the high places; how are the mighty fallen!" Mr. Wilson said in the course of his sermon:

"William McKinley died a martyr. Innocent of any offense that would incite an avenger, blameless in life and pure, noble and devoted as a husband, winning to all men, he was for no personal reasons slain, but because he stood between us and disorder; because the government rested upon his shoulder, and he exercised the authority to which he was ordained of God; because in him the nation was embodied and could be assaulted. It is not the desire to praise which this day forgets all his errors of mildness, and thinks only of his spotless home, of the dignity of his hours of dying, of the unchallenged integrity of his administration under greater trusts than were reposed in any ruler before; but death is a clarifier of vision, and we see him, now that he has died, altogether without blame and uplifted as a sufferer for us all to a serene height of dignity and resignation.

"Thank God for William McKinley, a christian gentleman complete in life, exalted in death; a godly ruler, a worthy sacrifice, if only men think upon his martyrdom for them. May the mantle of his wisdom and the soft glove of his moderation, and the glass of his insight and farsight be given to his successor, by the providence of God. As for us, we pass from one Christian ruler to another, and we are not afraid."

A CURE FOR ANARCHY.

Sermon by the Rev. Robert J. Kent, D. D.

In the Lewis Avenue Congregational Church, Sunday, September 15, the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Robert J. Kent, instead of the sermon he had intended to preach, made an address on the assassination of the President, declaring that Christ is the cure for anarchism. Dr. Kent said:

"The sermon I intended to preach this morning I shall defer until next Sunday, and take the time now in voicing the grief and horror which, in common with right minded people everywhere, we feel over the death of our President. At the communion service last Sunday, when we prayed for his recovery, I said that the shot that struck him was felt by us all; for he was not only a man of splendid personal qualities, but he was the nation's chosen and beloved chief.

"We are appalled at the power possessed by one man, obscure, narrow minded and degraded, to affect so seriously the career of a man infinitely his superior, and to thwart the expressed will of a sovereign people. It was the nation's will, expressed according to the orderly forms of law, that this trained and tested and trusted leader should continue to shape its policies and guide its affairs. In his caution and conservatism the people of the United States found safety. They reposed confidence in his judgment, his long experience, his firm and noble character. In the fierce light of the Spanish War he stood forth as a man who loved mercy, who strove to do justice, and who walked with lowly reverence before God. He was not a perfect man, but he was the kind of man the people loved with warmer affection the better they came to know him. He believed in and practiced old fashioned virtues; his beautiful devotion to his wife gained for him a warm place in the hearts of the people; and he was the more readily trusted by them because it was evident that he himself trusted in God. In the new experiences through which the nation was passing, the people felt that in him they had a reliable pilot. Therefore, they called upon him to remain in the high office to which they had elected him four years before. No king ever reigned by a diviner right than did William McKinley hold his office, second to none on the earth in power, honor and responsibility; not because the oil of consecration had been poured on him from a sacred vessel by a priest of an established religion, but because the voice of the people in his election was the voice of God, who loves order, law and liberty.

"Obedient to that voice he continued to bear the heavy responsibilities of his great trust. And suddenly one man, a degraded, miserable wretch, opposes his will to the will of this sovereign people, and a noble life, an illustrious career, a splendid service is brought to a close. We are amazed at the power lodged in a single personality. The social organism is fearfully and wonderfully constructed. Such men as the assassin of the President are the dregs of society; but the dregs cannot be ignored; they are here with us, and possess a terrible power for evil.

"It was such a senseless murder. There was nothing to be gained by it toward the propagation of anarchistic principles. The pistol shots fired in Buffalo have killed a splendid man and a most admirable Chief Executive, but they have not shattered the foundations of government. They could not contribue toward the overthrow of law and order. It was wanton and wicked cruelty. Anarchism has succeeded in calling attention to itself, but only to make men loathe, and abhor, and hate it. Its ranks are not going to be recruited in that way. It makes more conspicuous the splendid contrast between itself and the orderly, established government it plots against. What a spectacle is presented to the world to-day! A cruel, red-handed assassin shielded from mob violence by the strong arm of the government whose illustrious and beloved head it struck down. If anarchism had its way for ten minutes, if for that period of time the forces of law

and order were paralyzed, there would not be left alive an anarchist that men could lay hands upon. Were it announced that the murderer of our President was to be set free, unguarded by the officers of the law, he would not proceed twenty feet before he would be pounded to death. It is the strong arm whose nerve he would sever that is protecting him. He is safe in his cell, he can sleep in security, he has food to eat, because of the strength and self-control of the government he hates and would overthrow. And this strength resides in the people's intelligent and reverent regard for law.

"It is natural to demand the extermination of anarchists, but it is not so easy to accomplish it. It will not be brought about quickly by anyone or a number of repressive measures. These mad dogs of society will continue to appear, as they have appeared for many years, in spite of stringent laws and ceaseless vigilance. As they appear they must be caught, caged and put out of the way. But this must be done according to law. Anarchism of one kind cannot be cured by anarchism of another kind. The fiendish lynchings in some parts of the country are not a cure for negro lust and violence; nor would the suggested methods of wreaking vengeance on the anarchists cure the disease. It would be a victory for lawlessness, and that is another name for anarchism. The evil must be remedied at its roots; and the roots of anarchism are a disregard of the sacredness of life and an utter lack of reverence for things essentially divine. The anarchist holds life cheap, his own as well as that of others; he scoffs at the institutions and principles of religion. The seat of anarchism is the heart; its seeds are false principles concerning God and man. The vast majority of men are not anarchists because they have been taught that life is sacred, that government is in its idea divine, and that there is a Supreme Being to whom we are responsible. The secret of our President's firmness and loftiness of character was his confidence in God, so beautifully and touchingly voiced in his repeating his favorite hymn as he was about to enter the other world, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee'; and the nearer this nation comes to God in the consciousness of the individual, the farther will it depart from anarchism. When Thomas Paine was about to publish his 'Age of Reason,' Benjamin Franklin advised him not to do so, telling him that he would not succeed in undermining the belief of men in the fundamental principles of religion, warning him against the odium he would bring upon himself, and declaring that if he should succeed in destroying men's faith in divine Providence he would be simply unchaining the tiger. If the world is as bad as it is with religion, he asked, what would it be without it? The kingdom of God is the antithesis of anarchism, as light is of darkness, as life is of death; and the safeguard against the one is the spread of the other. On one point let us make no mistake. President McKinley is reported to have said among his last words, 'It is God's way; God's will be done.' These words reveal to us the filial love and reverence for God he had, and we love him all the more for them. But the murder of our President was not the will of God, who tolerates many things utterly abhorrent to His nature and which in law and gospel He has eternally condemned. The will of God is revealed in the Scriptures and is as clear as the sun in the heavens. Jesus Christ is the living expression of the will of God and the distance between the example, spirit and teachings of Jesus and the propaganda of deed of anarchism is the distance between the East and the West. It is the will of God that men love one another, that they obey and pray for those in authority, that they labor even as they petition for the coming of the kingdom of God, which is the kingdom of truth and love. Christ in the heart is the radical and permanent cure; it is the effective preventive of anarchism. He came to destroy the works of the devil; but they can be destroyed only as men are brought into subjection to Christ.

"We are called upon to-day by this sad and terrible tragedy to consecrate ourselves more intelligently and with all our heart to the teaching of the eternal truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ. If the laws against these violent attacks upon government are not adequate let them be made so by careful legislation, and let the laws already on the statute book be promptly and faithfully executed. But let us not forget that the life will be beautiful when the heart is right, and that the sovereign remedy for the evils of the human heart is the truth of God revealed in His law and in the gospel of His Son. So let us labor and pray until every knee shall bow before Him and every tongue proclaim Him Lord."

THE NATION'S GRIEF.

Sermon by the Rev. W. A. Wasson.

An address was delivered Sunday, September 15, by the Rev. William Alexander Wasson, rector of St. George's Church, Gates and Marcy avenues, regarding the death of President McKinley, in the course of which he said:

"The people mourn, the whole nation is under the shadow of a great grief. We have been sorely smitten, our hearts are heavy. All our hopes have been shattered, and our President lies in the cold embrace of death, a victim of cruelty and treason. Truly, none of us liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself. We are bound together by ties of common sympathy and common interest. Joy and prosperity oftentimes separate us and weaken the sentiment of brotherhood, while sorrow and bereavement draw us close together. To-day this great nation of seventy millions of inhabitants is indeed one people. Partisanship has been suspended, sectional interests and class differences and social distinctions have been buried out of sight. Throughout the length and breadth of this great land, from the coast of Maine to the far off islands on the other side of the globe, there is but one heart and one mind.

"As with the individual, so with the nation, sorrow, loss, affliction brings out the best and truest sentiments. It purges away the dross and purifies and ennobles the character. The cynic tells us that human nature is altogether selfish. But it is not so. There is much in human nature that is noble and beautiful, much that is kind and unselfish. The bullet that penetrated the body of the President also penetrated the nation's heart. What touching sights have been witnessed during the past week. Crowds of men, women and children, rich and poor, laborers, merchants, clerks, professional men, standing before the bulletin boards, watching for the latest news from the President's sick room! What a study of human nature, and the best side of human nature, those upturned faces presented, now lightened up with hope and joy as some favorable message is posted, now expressing pain and anxiety at some unfavorable turn in the patient's condition. I tell you, my friends, we have no reason to fear for our country's future when we witness scenes such as these. The head may go wrong, we may make mistakes, but so long as the heart beats true in common love and sympathy all is well. The fight for life has been lost, but shall we say nothing has been gained? Has the terrible tragedy been an unmixed evil? I believe I anticipate your answer when I say, No. The design and the deed of the cowardly fiend who, Judas-like, struck down his unsuspecting victim under pretense of greeting him and paying him dutiful respect, this design and this deed were altogether evil, and nothing can be said in mitigation of its heinousness. And yet, casting our eyes back over the history of human events, and calling to mind the tragedies, the treasons and the monstrous crimes that have been perpetrated by man against man, we can see how all these evils, conceived and executed by wicked men, have, by God's providence and mercy, been made to work out some wise and beneficent end. And so we take heart, believing that in some way which we know not of, God will use this present sad event for our good and His glory. Aye, we may say with confidence and perfect conviction of truth that if good do not come out of this evil, the fault will be ours, not God's.

"And this thought leads us to see that the prayers that have ascended to the throne of divine grace during the past week, while not answered as we desired and hoped they might be, have by no means been in vain. God will answer them, aye, He is answering them even now in His own divine way. The Lord has not been deaf to our petitions. He has not cast His people away from His sight. He is still near to us as a nation; let us draw nearer to Him. His mighty arm is still stretched out to defend and bless us. If He chasten us and permit affliction to pierce our hearts, it is only because He loves us, even as a father loveth his own children. He doeth all things well. We see as through a glass darkly; His eye penetrates into the secret things of heaven and earth, of time and eternity. We stand, trembling and wondering and guessing; He is ever calm and serene and infinite. With us three score years and ten seem a long time; with Him a million ages is but like the twinkling of an eye. If, as a nation, we have been inclined to be proud and self sufficient, let these thoughts humble us. Let us learn to distinguish between the mortal and the immortal, between temporal things and things eternal. Let us learn to realize our frailty, our ignorance, our unworthiness, and let us bear in mind that all nations and peoples are but a drop in a bucket and are counted as the small dust of the balance in the sight of the Lord. And yet, weak and insignificant and sinful as we are, God has taught us to call Him our Father.

"The country has lost its President, and, while we mourn the loss, let us thank God for all our President was to us and for all the good he did in his day and generation. Let us thank God for the heroism and spirit of Christian resignation that he manifested in his last hours. We commend his soul to the loving protection of that Saviour in whom he so firmly trusted.

"The nation is secure. The foundations of justice, freedom and equality upon which it is based cannot be shaken by foe from without nor by treason within. That foundation has stood these hundred years through toil and tempest and civil strife, and it will stand unto the end. We face the future with strong courage and unshaken faith. The reins of government have fallen into the hands of a patriot and statesman, a man brave in war and wise in time of peace. We may rest assured that with such a mind and heart and will, the new President will lead the country in the ways of truth and peace. Long live Theodore Roosevelt! God bless the President of the United States. God bless our nation now and always."

SERVICES IN CHRIST CHURCH.

Christ Episcopal Church in the Eastern District is appropriately decorated in honor of the late President, and at each service yesterday the death of William McKinley was the theme of the sermon. The decorations of the church consist, on the outside, of broad bands of black and white material running from the center of the building above the main entrance to the sides, an American flag at half staff over the main door and festoons of white and black bunting around the main entrance. Within the church broad bands of white and black bunting meet over the chancel, running from center to the sides, and the lectern and pulpit were both draped. The rector, the Rev. Dr. James H. Darlington, preached at both services. At both services the proclamation of President Roosevelt and of Governor Odell were read, and it was announced that in accordance with the request in both, a memorial service would be held in the Church on Thursday evening next, at 8 o'clock. The music at both services yesterday was selected for the occasion. The hymns, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Lead, Kindly Light," "America" and "Brief Life Is Here Our Portion," were sung by the choir, and the organist, A. Campbell Weston played during the offertory Chopin's Funeral March.

THE GREAT CALAMITY.

Sermon by the Rev. R. B. Hull, D. D.

In the Greenwood Baptist Church, Seventh avenue and Sixth street, the pastor, the Rev. Dr. R. B. Hull, preached Sunday, September 15, on "The Great Calamity." He took for his text Psalms lxxiii:23: "Nevertheless, I am continually with thee; thou hast holden me by my right hand." He said:

"We are to-day under the shadow of a great calamity. During the early portion of last week we were exulting because we thought a noble life would be spared to us. So confident of recovery were those closest to the wounded President that a day of thanksgiving was appointed. Alas! the brightest hopes were changed to bitterest disappointment. In twenty-four hours joy was changed to grief, and those who had been smiling and radiant bowed their heads in a sorrow too deep for tears. With the more thoughtful it was not alone a sorrow for the death of a beloved executive; it was also sorrow for the humiliation of our country. Three times in one generation our Presidents have been slain by the assassin's bullet. O, the shame of it! Can it be that to place a man in the highest position in our nation is only to place him as a target for deluded anarchists? Must we hereafter have our Presidents surrounded by armed guards, so that Presidents shall appear as prisoners?

"We have been too confident and too trustful. We have extended a welcome to immigrants from the whole world, except the harmless Chinese, and some of these foreigners are the curse of our nation to-day. We believe in free speech and a free press, but who to-day will dare say that such speech as advocates murder and such a press as promotes it should be free? In our indignation, needing a President's death to arouse it, we now denounce the anarchist speech and the anarchist newspapers. Let us see to it that both are suppressed, and suppressed forever. We shall still believe in liberty, but we shall endeavor to teach the difference between liberty and license. Teach this to the anarchist press, and also to the assistant anarchist press. As Christian men and Christian citizens let your influence be felt against that so called yellow journalism which in some instances appears to be the foster parent of anarchy.

"A noble life has been offered as a sacrifice; let not that sacrifice be vain. William McKinley was unquestionably the most universally beloved President this country ever had. Other great Presidents were appreciated after death; he was appreciated and beloved while he lived. The great trio of Presidents will henceforth be Washington, Lincoln, McKinley.

"Washington founded our country, Lincoln saved it; McKinley placed it among the nations of the earth as a world power. McKinley did it, but God most surely directed it. God went before Dewey into Manila Bay and before Chaffee in China. God has brought the English speaking peoples together during McKinley's presidency into a unity such as they never knew before. To-day a deep and tender sympathy exists between the two great English speaking nations. King Edward and his people truly and lovingly suffer with us today. But our sad hearts query, why should we suffer thus at all. Here we meet the problem of the ages. Scholars tell us that the book of Job is the oldest book in the Bible and the whole theme of that noble book is, 'Why are the righteous afflicted?' This is the theme of the psalm from which the text is taken. This is the theme for which there will be no complete explanation till we consider events from the viewpoint of eternity. Our Saviour was made perfect through sufferlag and He said to His disciples, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation,' but He also added, 'but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' Now in this great calamity we, too, may be of good cheer.

"To us the great President has passed away, but a beautiful trusting death has shown us the source of his greatness and of his nobility of character. 'Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,' he murmurs as he sinks to unconsciousness under the surgeons' care. 'God's will be done, not ours,' he whispers with dying breath to the wife he so truly loved. 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' he says to the chill touch of heaven's dark winged messenger. And he was not there, for God took him.

"Shall we not, then, insist this morning with this Christian life and Christian death as the illustration of Bible truth that, however sad events may be, 'Nevertheless I am continually with thee.'

"Afflicted they may be, but God's people are dear to Him. The whole history of God's people, as written in the Bible as well as realized in later experience, shows this. Abraham was the friend of God, but he endured trials. Jacob was a prince of God, but in his sorrow he exclaims: 'All these things are against me.' They were not against him, but he was not able to see the culmination of the plan of God. We as Christians believing in the ruling and the overruling of God must believe that final good is to come out of this great calamity. We must accept the fact that God in wisdom said His work is done. Through far greater apparent dangers God had preserved him, but now in the midst of a happy, prosperous nation he was slain. Why should he suffer this now? Why should the nation be bereaved? There can be no definite answer given to these questions. We know God is infinite in love and

> "Never careless hand and vain
> Smites these cords of grief and pain.

"Our Lord Jesus was made perfect through suffering. It seems to be God's plan that blessing and salvation shall come through Gethsemane's crimson agony and Calvary's awful blackness. The disciple is not greater than his Lord and our Gethsemanes and Calvarys must be passed through, but as God lives we are sure of the abundant compensation at the end. The beloved President gone, his work done, what of the future? Let us thank God for President Roosevelt. A man full of youthful vigor and who never occupied a public position in which he did not do surpassing service. He is the brave, considerate colonel of the Rough Riders. He is the Secretary of the Navy, who organized the victories afterward so gloriously won. He is the Governor of this state, in efficiency second to none in the history of our commonwealth. What of him as a Christian? Listen to his words in an address at a meeting of the American Bible Society. He closed his address with these words:

"'If we read the Bible aright, we read a book which teaches us to go forth and do the work of the Lord; to do the work of the Lord in the world as we find it; to try to make things better in this world, even if only a little better, because we have lived in it. That kind of work can be done only by a man who is neither a weakling nor a coward; by the man who, in the fullest sense of the word, is a true Christian, like Great Heart, Bunyan's hero. We plead for a closer and wider and deeper study of the Bible, so that our people may be, in fact, as well as in theory, doers of the word and not hearers only.' Thank God, as Christians, that we have a man in President Roosevelt, who, with courageous yet subdued spirit, takes up the work of the beloved man who is not, for God took him."

TRIBUTE TO THE PRESIDENT.

Address by the Rev. J. C. Wilson.

Sunday morning, September 15, a larger number than usual were gathered in the South Congregational Church, in which the Stars and Stripes had been draped about the reading desk, with ferns and palms on either side. The opening hymn was the now historic one, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," affectingly rendered by the choir and congregation.

The associate pastor, the Rev. J. C. Wilson, conducted the service, which was one in memory of the late President. After reference to his manly and noble qualities, Mr. Wilson, continuing the thoughts of the previous Sunday upon the present state of society, referred to the great state of unrest pervading the business, social and religious conditions, showing that it was only through receiving Christ's spirit that these conditions could be changed; that Christ came not to take away the Roman tax, but to raise the people to a higher level. "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," was sung as a closing hymn.

The session of the Sunday school was resumed in the afternoon, more than usual being present, and the exercises taking the form of a memorial service, plants and flags being placed about the platform. After the reading of the Twenty-third Psalm and I John iii:1-12, addresses were given by the superintendent, William Mackey; the Rev. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Eaton, special emphasis being placed upon the fact that the late President was a Sunday school man and the influence the Sunday school had upon him in his early days in shaping his character and life. The hymns, "He Leadeth Me," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "The Sands of Time" and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," were sung by the school and at the close of the service fac similes of the last portrait of Mr. McKinley, with his final words, were distributed among the children.

DIED IN THE FEAR OF THE LORD.

Sermon by the Rev. S. D. McConnell, D. D.

The Rev. S. D. McConnell made a touching reference to the late President McKinley in his morning sermon in the Church of the Holy Trinity on Sunday, September 15. "The President," he said, "had died in the fear of God and in the love of man. He had left a legacy, a real legacy which would benefit all mankind." Before Dr. McConnell began his sermon "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was sung by the congregation. Dr. McConnell took for his text a part of the verse from Matthew vi:24:

There are two kinds of people, he said, those who denied themselves to follow the teachings of the Bible and those who discredited the teachings of Jesus Christ. Multitudes of the former had suffered, but they were happy in the thought that they had not been permanently defeated. On the other hand, multitudes had turned with scorn and sometimes rage from Christ's teachings and gone to the preachers and told them that they did not believe what they thought. By one it was hailed as the gospel of redemption; by the other, discredited and declared as the gospel of fraud. Never as at this time was there so much wealth and comfort. It was an age of accommodation. Never was there such an opportunity to gratify every desire. This was due to the enormous increase of wealth. There was a class which was made dissatisfied by the condition. They considered the whole world out of joint and were rebellious against everything. This sort of individual was angry and against the whole order of government. What was to be done with this rebellious man was a question yet to be decided. It was his opinion that matters could be relieved without going to the trouble of reversing the policy of giving free speech and freedom of the press which had been one of the fundamental principles since the government had been established.

Dr. McConnell spoke of the miserable assassin and then referred to President McKinley as a shining apostle of a noble church.

"The President died poor in the midst of plenty," he said, "without enemies, in the fear of God, in the love of man. He left a legacy which will benefit all mankind. He sought in his own fashion after the kingdom of God and tried earnestly to do his duty as a Christian being, influenced neither by the rich nor the poor. His life was a grand, noble one."

A DEGRADED PRESS.

Sermon by the Rev. Willard P. Harmon.

In the Central Congregational Church, on Sunday, September 15, the assistant pastor, the Rev. Willard P. Harmon, said, among other things:

"Our hearts are heavy this morning. The sore affliction which has come to us as a nation is keenly felt; the entire nation is mourning the sad death of President McKinley, for he was not only respected and admired, he was deeply loved; indeed, he had taken such a hold of our affections that to-day we feel a personal loss, and the insignificance of the cowardly criminal is almost lost in the enormity of his crime. No political issues or party ties divide us; ours is a sorrow in common; our President has been murdered by cruel and violent hands.

"But we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that we are proving that the statement is true regarding the nations as well as men, 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.' We are learning in the school of sorrow the inevitable result of permitting our fair country to become the home of Europe's moral outcasts, who come here with murder and anarchy in their hearts, and who use this land of freedom as a quiet place in which to plot the cowardly assassination of kings and presidents. We have but reaped according to our sowing; we have not set a sharp distinction between liberty and license, between worthy and unworthy immigrants. We actually harbor the anarchist, though we know that his hand, like Ishmael's, 'will be against every man.' Every man's hand and every nation's law ought to be against the common enemy, for anarchy is a constant menace. Of course, mere legislation cannot cure it, but its known advocates can be deported or denied admission just as paupers and known criminals are.

"But our hearts are moved by succeeding waves of emotion—righteous anger at the assassin, sympathy and prayer for Mrs. McKinley and the stricken family, and sincere grief at the loss which seems a personal one to each of us. 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness.' We think of him as being an illustration of his own statement, 'No currency in this world passes at such a premium anywhere as good Christian character.' Such a character, which we believe he possessed, is always the result of patient and vigorous self-discipline. While he was great in all the elements of his sturdy, manly nature, yet it was his victory over self which was the preparation for every other success. He had, indeed, great physical courage, which was born with him, and which was brilliantly displayed during the Civil War, notably at Antietam, but in addition he had also a deep moral courage that added a still brighter luster to his character. Cool and thoughtful in the time of physical danger, his chief thought was not of himself; like his Divine Example, he wished no harm to befall his murderer.

"Adversity never hardened him; prosperity did not change him; generosity ruled his large heart, while his personal life was ruled by simple devotion to duty, as expressed in the words, 'Let thine eyes look right on, . . . ponder the path of thy feet, . . . turn not to the right nor to the left.' Truly a man who thus lives and does right simply because it is right, living by the rule of duty, is following the standard of absolute and never failing success. We are reminded of Carlyle's answer to the question, 'who is a true man?' 'He who does the truth, and never holds a principle on which he is not prepared at any hour to act, and in any hour to risk the consequences of holding it.'

"We have been deeply touched by the unselfish devotion which the President constantly displayed toward his aged mother, and during these past few months, especially, toward his invalid wife. May the God of infinite love deal very tenderly with her in her grief and loneliness! His life reminds us that whether high or low, rich or poor, the really successful life is the useful life, lived not for self, but for others, for home, for the loved ones, for God, for humanity, and in such a life sympathy is always dominant—as was said of George Peabody because of his sympathetic kindnesses, 'no one was closer to the hearts of the people than he,' for a large heart weighs more than a great brain; and the past ten days have shown how close to the hearts of the people was their beloved President. He certainly used Sidney Smith's formula for securing happiness, 'make one person happy every day in the year.' You know who that one person was in his case, but his constant care and solicitude for her welfare resulted indirectly in developing in him those fine traits of character by which he will be chiefly remembered, for though he was the man under whose wise direction great issues were successfully met, and national problems worked out to a solution, yet it is safe to say that as a man of thorough character he will live in our memory.

"And now his course among us here is finished; but who can measure the good influence of his life? What bounds are there to the influence of an eminent man whose character is unselfish, tender, prayerful and humble? 'Sometimes the sun seems to hang for a brief hour in the horizon,' said Mr. Beecher once, 'just to show how glorious it can be; the day is done, the fervor of the shining is over, and the sun hangs golden, nay, redder than gold, in the west, making everything look unspeakably beautiful with the rich effulgence which it sheds on every side. So God seems to let some people, when their duty in this world is done, hang in the west that men may look upon them and see how beautiful they are.' As he tarried 'in the west,' during these last few days he revealed no new qualities; he continued to be patient, uncomplaining and prayerful; he displayed the same traits that he had ever since he as a lad made public profession of his faith in Jesus Christ. He showed confidence in and humble dependence upon God, and this characteristic was strong even to the very last, when he said, 'God's will be done.' Beneath the spell of sickness or in the midst of some great excitement the spirit of man sometimes reveals itself in the greatness of its consistency and conformity. His last hours were in conformity with his previous living; well doing and well dying differ in but one letter."

In the course of his sermon, the text of which was Exodus iv:2, "And the Lord said unto Moses, What is that in thine hand? And he said, a rod," Mr. Harmon said, regarding incitements to evil:

"Recently we have seen, with horror and sorrow, how the apparently trifling but really treasonable talk about a 'tyrant' and 'the rich growing richer while the poor grow poorer,' has resulted in murder and world-wide grief, for, like Moses' rod, the newspaper may become a savor of life unto life, through which shall be reached a life of peace in a land flowing with milk and honey; or, alas! and, oh, the shame and pity of it! it may veritably become a poisonous, crawling reptile, a savor of death unto death. No one can deny the great utility of the press or its enormous power for good. It is, perhaps, the great instrument of civilization and has done more than any other agency of human invention to instruct the world in the truth of the Bible, the teachings of science and the philosophy of history; yet the rod may be transformed into a viper. Think of the pernicious literature from a degraded press, spreading false views of life, inaccurate news, and the details of crime, all noxious seeds which take quick root and are altogether enervating to the manhood of the nation! This degradation of the press in certain quarters is one of the most lamentable facts of our time. Such a paper has become a serpent of most dangerous character and is doing more to inflame weak minds and destroy virile manhood than perhaps anything else. How shall we deal with the journal of such a character? By following Solomon's wise advice: 'Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away.' Let no one but some God-directed Moses reach forth his hand toward it and it will soon die of starvation and neglect."

MC KINLEY'S CHARACTER.

Sermon by the Rev. John F. Carson, D. D.

Central Presbyterian Church, draped in mourning in front of the organ loft and on the pulpit, was thoroughly filled Sunday morning, September 15, many persons standing throughout the service. A deep feeling was manifested by as tender an audience as ever listened to a sermon, and several times a great sob could be heard breaking over the audience. The pastor, the Rev. Dr. John F. Carson, preached on "The Assassination of President McKinley." He took his text from Acts xiii:36: "After he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

Dr. Carson began by saying that the brief sentence of the text was "the biography of a nation's king, the disclosure of the master secret of a strong character and a splendid career. It tells us at once the motive and the method of the man whose life it commemorates, and when it has done that it has revealed to us the man himself." Dr. Carson said the text emphasized only the central motive and the controlling method of David's life. To judge a man by the details of his life would be to misjudge him, as every man is much nobler than he sometimes seems to be, much better than some of his actions would suggest. A man is to be judged by his controlling idea and his ruling purpose. The text judged David in this righteous way, the preacher said. In analyzing this text Dr. C. T. Berry calls attention to three elements which it emphasizes, service, contemporaneousness and divine inspiration, said the man of the text served, and then made this application:

"Had Mr. Berry analyzed this text for a sermon on the character and career of William McKinley his analysis could not have been more fitting. President McKinley, gifted with genius, girt with power, surrounded by all that position could give, served the people. The notion sometimes prevails that the higher one's position the further he is removed from the burden of work. Not so if the man recognizes his obligation to God and to his fellows. Mr. McKinley recognized both, and in all his life he was the servant of the common weal. And he served his own generation. This was the conspicuous thing in the life of Mr. McKinley. He advocated the measure which for the time was the paramount issue. Now it is the protective tariff, again it is the gold standard, yet again it is the retention in peace of the territory won in war and his final standard as declared in his last public utterance was for deep fraternal relations with all the world and the play of a brotherly reciprocity with the people of our new possessions. Men sometimes accused him of fickleness and inconsistency. But he was living for the need of the present. His aim was to take occasion by the hand and translate it into beneficent achievement. He tried to understand the new conditions and duties of the day, to solve the present problems and to guide men and measures to right issues. And in all he sought to fulfill the divine will. In the earthly opportunity he recognized the heavenly obligation. And when the end drew near on yesterday morning the will of God, which had been the guide and inspiration of his life, became his choice in death. As he sank into unconsciousness he said to the loved ones by his couch: 'Goodby all; goodby. It is God's way; His will be done.' By the will of God he served his generation and by the will of God he fell on sleep. God did not do and He in no way inspired the dreadful deed of September 6. That was born in hell and inspired by Satan. But man and devil could not have done that deed until President McKinley's life work had been accomplished. 'After he had served his generation he fell on sleep.'

"This morning I have not a word to say concerning the abnormal being who committed the crime, nor about the abhorrent system of which he is the creature and the expression. The law will deal justly with

the assassin and the mature statesmanship of America will devise measures for the suppression and extinction of anarchy. Our whole thought this morning must center about that good man who has fallen a victim of one of the most atrocious crimes in the goodly succession of Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield.

"The death of President McKinley is more than a national calamity. It is a distinct personal loss to every American. He was more to us than a public official. He seemed a brother to every man. There was something so virtuous, so innocent, so strong in his manhood that his death touches those tenderer feelings which belong peculiarly to individual sorrow. The clash of personal ambitions and commercial rivalries and political antagonisms are all hushed as the nation gathers in the silent chamber of its fallen chief."

Dr. Carson gave a brief biography of Mr. McKinley, his humble birthplace, his sturdy ancestry, Scotch-Irish on his father's side, English and Scotch on his mother's side, with an admixture of German; paid tribute to his devout Methodist parents and their ambition to have their boy become a minister in that church; dwelt upon his career in the Army, rising from a private to a major, his work in Congress for fourteen years, as twice Governor of Ohio, his masterful guidance of the country as President, his help to distressed Cuba, and closed as follows:

"In analyzing the character of William McKinley four elements stand out prominently. The first is his personal integrity. Character is everything. Strength lies in the intrinsic man. Personality is the controlling force. 'The prophet Isaiah was philosopher as well as patriot when he said of Judah its manhood was more precious than its gold. Sparta boasted a commonwealth whose people rendered walls superfluous. Goldsmith spoke the truth when he said that it fared ill with a land "where wealth accumulates, but men decay." An English writer has told us that the richest heritage America received from God was not a continent rich with undeveloped resources, but her first hero, George Washington. The strength of a republic does not rest upon forests, farms or mines, but upon the elemental manhood of its constituents.' The best contribution of William McKinley to America was his own personality. That he was twice elected to the presidency was not due to the confidence that the nation had in his ability, great as it was, nor to its entire sympathy with his aims, but more than all else to the trust it reposed in him as a man. 'In him the elements of his character were so joined that his value was above all questions of coinage and tariff, of export and import, of trade and territorial expansion. Twice was he subjected to the fierce light that beats upon an executive career, but not by the most bitter of his political opponents was he ever charged with a dishonest act. In his life there were no normal lapses to be condoned, no doubtful financial transactions to be explained, no divergence of public advocacy and private opinion to be justified.' The thirty years of his political life have borne testimony to the purity of his aims and the honor of his acts. However men may differ about his political philosophy there is only one opinion about his personal character—that commands universal respect.

"The second thing that stands out in his life is his domestic fidelity. He was worshiped by his mother, he was idolized by his wife. The tenderness of his relations with his aged mother, the gentleness and love and devotion of his ministry to her in her dying hours, won the heart of the nation. One cannot well touch upon that which is in all our thoughts this morning—his constant and loving attention to his delicate life companion. Every moment, aside from his public duties, was given to her whom he promised to love, cherish and protect. 'Neither duty, nor ambition, nor passion ever alienated him from the wife of his youth. The love which he early plighted to his young bride never knew change or doubt or decay.' Characteristically his first word after he was shot was a prayer for his murderer; his second a tender message to his invalid wife. A new standard has been established for American home life; American husbandhood has been put on a higher plane by President McKinley's love, devotion, fidelity and unwearying attention to his invalid wife. His love for his brother and his sisters, his delight in having the voices with him in his home, all reveal a home life that has fascinated the thought and charmed the sentiment of the world.

"The third thing in his life that stands out conspicuously is his patriotic loyalty. To dwell on that would be to review his whole career. From the hour he shouldered the musket as a private to the moment when he was laid low by the assassin's bullet, his Americanism rang true. He was an American in all his aspiration and looked to the destiny and the influence of the United States with the calm confidence of a Jefferson or a John Adams. His administration has been in line with his broad conceptions and high ideals of American life. He was an American.

"The fourth thing that stands out prominently is his steadfast Christian faith. Perhaps of all the men who have occupied the Presidential office William McKinley was the most pronounced in his religious life. He was a man of prayer. He believed in the Bible and read it. He was a man of the church, a communicant and an office holder in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The religious element in Mr. McKinley's character was deep, earnest and sincere.

"Great in life, he was greater even in death. He was a happy man on Friday, September 6. In the morning he visited Niagara. In the afternoon he was at the Exposition to greet his fellow citizens. No foreboding of evil haunted him. No sign of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, confident, exulting; the next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless. By that wicked shot he was thrust at once from the full tide of this world's interests into the visible presence of death, and he did not quail. With a prayer upon his lips for the pardon of his assassin he was carried into the hospital. As he passed out of consciousness, because of the opiate administered prior to the operation, his physicians saw his lips move, leaned over and heard him repeat the prayer that expressed his faith: 'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' He rallied. There were hours and days of hope during which the patient sufferer revealed his thought and solicitude for others. But the end drew near. He recognized its approach. Above the hiss of the assassin's bullet, above the pleadings of a nation for his life, he heard the voice of God. In simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree: 'It is God's way. His will be done.' And in the last moments of his consciousness those about his bed heard his voice repeat the familiar hymn that shall ever be more sacred: 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' and in a little while the great spirit of William McKinley had passed from its tent of clay into that building of God, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

WORDS BY THE REV. E. E. KNAPP.

A large audience gathered in the Central Baptist Church in Adelphi street September 15 to hear the pastor, the Rev. Edward Everett Knapp. Before the sermon he pathetically pleaded for a divine blessing upon this great nation, whose ruler had been so foully stricken and taken away from us. For him the cares of state and the responsibilities of his position had come to an end. With it, the people, in their united grief, looked above for divine help in this hour of their trouble. He who had been content to do the little things as well as the great had passed away to a career of glory, lasting honor and eternal life. He also prayed earnestly for the stricken widow, that she might be sustained in her great grief; also that the inflamed passions of the people might be restrained at this critical time.

THE GREAT SORROW.

Sermon by the Rev. Alexander McGaffin.

A memorial service of the united congregations of the Church of the Pilgrims, the Reformed Church on the Heights, the First and Second Presbyterian Churches, was held in the Reformed Church Sunday morning, September 15. The address was delivered by the Rev. Alexander McGaffin, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church. He said:

"Christian men and women: In the providence of God we are here to-day burdened with a great sorrow and in the presence of what must be called, from our human point of view, a great disaster. Officially, it is an earth wide grief, and over land and sea the governments of the world have bowed their heads toward the home which holds the mortal remains of our illustrious and beloved dead, a sign of their lament for him and their respect for the great republic of the West. Racially, it is an Anglo-Saxon grief; and wherever the mother English tongue is spoken and the virile English race has camped, on mighty mainlands and storm swept islands of the sea, where our own and Britain's 'far flung battle line' extends and the flags of the Anglo-Saxon peoples wave 'over palm or pine' in token of liberty and peace, there will heart speak to heart of those who own one blood, one language, one history, one world duty, and thoughts of love and sad regret turn toward the bier where lies a great and noble chieftain of the race.

"Nationally, it is a genuine, deep and universal grief, for in the presence of this great calamity there is in this fair land to-day no faction or section, no North or South, no East or West, no Democrat or Republican, no rich or poor, no capitalist or proletariat; but one strong, united, stricken, indignant citizenship, bound heart and soul by the bonds of faith in the permanence of its government and of sorrowing respect for the honored and murdered man of its own free choice.

"Individually, it is a personal grief, this grief of ours to-day. Truly the treacherous hand struck through our leader at us, at just and stable government, at law and order and peace. But collective citizenship, government, law and order are abstract things, safe in the keeping of an intelligent and patriotic people. The blow aimed at these by the powers of lawlessness and lust was futile folly; and, though they never were endangered, they are safer yet to-day in the affections of an aroused and outraged nation. But, alas, while law and order reign on in our midst, and 'the government at Washington still lives,' he has gone who embodied all these things for us and stood in our stead, by our hands ordained the high priest of our political temple, to lead, to endure, to suffer and, if need be, to die. The hand that struck at him was false as hell, but fatal as death. I have no tears to shed over the attack of an insane pack of lawless men upon the majority of government and law. The majesty of government is lost in exasperation, in pity and love aroused by the pathetic spectacle of our unoffending, highminded, humane yet murdered, foully murdered, statesman and President, a victim of the lawless one's hatred of law and a sacrifice upon the altar of the beauties of good government and peace. No; I have no tears to shed, no exasperation or horror to express for anarchy's machinations against the political and social fabric. A free and enlightened people may be trusted to take good care of both government and anarchy. But I have deep sorrow in my heart for the agony and death of one whose youth was earnest and honest; who offered his life to his country upon the field of blood; who served long and faithfully in her state and national Legislatures; who guided her with jealous care and eager zeal to lead her straight along the path of peace with honor of war in necessity with justice and humaneness through hours of new opportunities and re-

sponsibilities most grave since Washington gave her a name and Lincoln saved her in her integrity from shame; who served his generation to the satisfaction of the vast majority of his countrymen and the admiration of the civilized world; who was a friend beloved, a husband both tender and true, and yet was murdered in the hour of his achievement. He has gone, William McKinley, President of these United States, gone when we had come to believe that the skill of science and the care of love would save him to his people; gone from the midst of many nations gathered in peaceful array to hear his words and to toil together in those human pursuits whose welfare ever held so large a share of his thought and interest; gone with the human word 'goodby,' and the divine word, 'God's will' upon his death-chilled lips; gone to a nobler assemblage than any of earth and to a greater reward than lay in the power of any people to bestow upon him. The country has lost a great citizen. Government has lost a wise statesman. Religion has lost a true friend and exemplar. The country will enshrine him in its memory as a model of citizenship; government will cherish him as a martyr and religion will enroll him among the great cloud of witnesses. No creed, no party can claim the man from us. As an American he belongs to us all without distinction of party; as a good man he belongs to the church universal without distinction of creed.

"Here in this house of God we look not so much at president and policy as at the Christian gentleman whose life story honors God; and we take thought with ourselves that at the last great, tremendous hour which must come to us all it will not be place or power, financial or intellectual might which will make men sad when we are gone or give us right to the company of the immortals, but goodness and faithfulness, love and friendliness, the ability to look the world with its richest rewards full eyed in the face and say without fear of reproach, as he did, 'Goodby,' and look heaven in the face and say without fear of judgment, as he did, 'God's will be done.' For the man who can thus feel and speak death has no great terror and judgment will bring no degradation. However sudden may be the summons, fidelity will leave us never unprepared; goodness, not greatness, will make us ever ready. May God sanctify this nation by this calamity. May it breed in every heart an intenser love of land and law and a deeper delight in the great realities of character which make William McKinley, though dead, speak more eloquently than ever he did by word to the hearts of a grieved and indignant people.

"Concerning the direct and indirect authors of this awful crime, the anarchist and anarchism which have defiled our free land, the self restraint of our people and press in their grief and horror is to be most highly commended. We upholders of law and order, we followers of the Crucified who said: 'Forgive them, for they know not what they do,' we will not become anarchists at heart and wish that law had turned or will turn from its prescribed, stern and relentless course. We will be no party to any attack upon the orderly processes of justice to thus change the criminal to martyr and ourselves wreck the very fabric at which the assassin struck. We cannot avoid the presence of these vain, misguided men in our midst, and we will not be harried into hysterical efforts for their suppression, which would give them an importance and influence in our land unwarranted by their power and numbers.

"We shall hope hereafter that our presidents shall not be unnecessarily democratic during their official life and will cease to mingle with promiscuous crowds upon the streets and station platforms; that reputable newspapers will see the grandeur of the office more and the supposed faults of the man less, and in their references to him, and his acts, will show that chaste restraint and decent respect which become great guides of public opinion. We shall hope that disreputable newspapers will be prohibited by law from cartooning, with shameless and conscious deceit, the chief magistrate of the nation, belittling him in the eyes of the unthinking crowd and handing him over to the hatred and violence of the lawless and discontented minority, which can ever find an empty-headed conceited fool to be its vainglorious instrument. We shall hope, too, that in the minds of the people the presidential office will be lifted to a place of such honor and regard as will save the man whom the people choose to fill it from the hasty judgments and acrimonious denunciations of the private citizen. But after we have done all this and whatever else is wise, we shall still be compelled to leave our ruler in the hands of God and pray, 'From wicked men and lawless acts, O, Lord, deliver him.' We shall hope on and hope ever that the benefits of good government, the light of increasing knowledge and the precepts of religion more and more commanding the affection and assent of the whole people will prevent the desecration of our political temple, will save us from a repetition of the horror and grief of this calamitous hour, and preserve us and our rulers in prosperity and peace. May God grant it, for His own name's sake. Amen."

A GOOD MAN.

Sermon by the Rev. Robert R. Meredith, D. D.

Services at the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church on September 15 were held in the Sunday school room, as the main audience room is undergoing repair and redecoration. The new pastor, the Rev. Dr. R. R. Meredith, presided, and it was announced that, in view of the calamity which had befallen the nation, the regular services of the morning would be changed somewhat to a memorial. Dr. Meredith read the Nineteenth Psalm, with a voice trembling with emotion, and expressing his appreciation of its wonderful bearing on just such an overwhelming sorrow as has enveloped the nation. He then offered prayer, in which, after an invocation to God, he said:

"Such an awful sorrow has come upon us. God help us not to let the cloud hide the sunshine of God's mercy in the past. Let us try to remember how he has helped the individual and the nation. We thank Thee, O God, that the noblest and grandest men that Thou didst ever make Thou hast given to this land as its rulers. We thank Thee for the wholesome and inspiring lessons of their lives. We thank Thee especially for the great and good man whose life has just ended. The man who as such was greater than the President; not that he was not a good President, but, better than all that, he was a good man. In the fierce white light of publicity, we thank Thee that no stain has been shown on either his private or his public character. We thank Thee for the work he has been enabled to do. Help us to realize our own responsibility as citizens; to remember that our personal thoughts and acts are too often reflected in the acts of others. Let each man accept his share of government and aid to make the whole purer and better. Let us live as our dead did, pure and clean lives before God and man, and not be dominated by partisanship when the county calls upon us for service. This nation bows before Thee to-day. Yes, it does. We are not cheering for our own prosperity. We bow our heads in the dust. How bitterly we feel toward the poor wretch who fired the fatal shot. Have we done our duty? Have we been careful when the same disregard of law touched the black man in the South, when he was burned over a slow fire? When he was deprived of his right to vote, given him at the high day of power? We just looked on because we did not personally suffer. What a shame! What a shame! Have mercy on us, oh, Lord. We pray for Thy blessing on that family, so bereaved. Especially comfort and bless that invalid wife, who has so strongly evidenced the constant and unconquerable sympathy and helpfulness of woman. Comfort her as only God can comfort her. How tenderly she was nursed by him who has gone. Bless the President. Help him to bear up under the responsibility which has been put upon him at the early age of 43. Help him to feel that he has the sympathy and support of the people. We thank Thee for what he is in body and mind and for his familiarity with public affairs. Strengthen and guide him. Bring to a better mind those who, coming from lands where they have been oppressed and have been perverted through their degradation. Lead them to know that in this land they have the right of self-help and uplifting. Hear us, we pray Thee, and bless our present sorrow to our future good."

Dr. Meredith then read I Corinthians xv, referring to the Resurrection, and at its close read the proclamation of President Roosevelt concerning the death and the purposed burial of the late President, closing with the suggestions for funeral services in all the places of divine worship next Thursday morning.

"This proclamation," said the doctor, "is all I shall read to you this morning. It is full of sympathy and suggestion. It expresses the sorrow that is in the hearts of the people of this country at this time. But it tells more. It says that our President is not dead. As Garfield, the martyred one, said in Wall street, when the news of Lincoln's assassination was announced there, 'The Lord reigneth and the government at Washington still lives.' This proclamation settles for us the duty of the hour. We will meet on Thursday in the main auditorium, and hold services appropriate to the day at 11 o'clock in the morning. I am not going to preach any sermon to-day. It would be as impossible for me to formulate the thoughts that have been in my mind as if it had been my own father who had died. If I could preach I would ask no stronger text than was on the lips of that noble man when dying at the age of 58, with all his honors thick upon him. Suddenly facing relentless death, without a shade of pallor, he said quietly, 'It is God's way; let His will be done.' No higher, grander, truer word is to be said. This was divine wisdom. The Lord is above death. Death is God's highway to life itself. Supposing that we knew nothing of Mr. McKinley, but that deathbed scene, how high must be our estimate of him. Remember that nothing was said there for the public ear, though in these times the public gets it. To us all this whole event is very strange. It is so mysterious and I am under such a strain that I may say the wrong thing, now. I have spoken publicly concerning the assassination of three presidents. Each was a man of the people and each gained his eminence by hard work. It is terrible to think that McKinley should have fallen by the hands of one who thought he was avenging the poor, when the man who was shot exemplified in himself the possibility of rising to higher conditions by honesty and application. This is given to the humblest, provided he has the raw material in him. It's a shame that Mr. McKinley should have suffered. He represented the very best element that has come into power in the evolution of our country's history. He was wise, patient, generous and loving. He was patriotic and God-fearing. He had not sought power by violence nor by trickery. There was no exercise of demagogery or the seeking to set class against class. He wrought with his hands in early life and his was the honor of bringing the United States out of provincialism into a stature of national grandeur. His was a benignant policy, with a personal quality that won the respect of the world for his country. Just then the mirror in which all this was reflected was shattered by a dastard's hand." Here the speaker paused overcome by his emotions. After a moment he resumed:

"I take my stand with Mr. McKinley. I'll believe in a God, though I cannot always understand Him. The anarchist is an atheist. The Lord is our dwelling place. Let us trust Him."

The services were interspersed with appropriate music, under direction of W. O. Wilkinson, organist, who opened the exercises with Chopin's "Funeral March." Fred Hoffman accompanying him on the violin. E. S. Swalm sang Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar," and the hymns chosen were "Yea, Tho' I Walk," by the quartet, Miss Hildegarde Hoffman, Miss Frida Olsen, George Jenkins and E. S. Swalm, and "Asleep in Jesus," sung by the congregation.

THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE.

Sermon by the Rev. Thomas B. McLeod, D. D.

Dr. Thomas B. McLeod, pastor of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, was in his pulpit Sunday, September 15, for the first time since vacation. Dr. McLeod, preceding his sermon, read President Roosevelt's proclamation, and commented upon it as follows:

"It is affecting and inspiring in this day of our unmitigated grief, to see how our new President recognizes and acknowledges the great gifts and beautiful character of his predecessor; recognizes and acknowledges our God as King of this nation; recognizes and acknowledges the efficacy of prayer, and thus manifests the spirit of a true Christian."

Dr. McLeod then said the portion of Scripture to which he desired to call attention was to be found in Matthew xxiv:44: "Be ye also ready." Dr. McLeod emphasized in a strong and practical sermon the need of readiness, to have a quick eye and a quick hand to see and to seize opportunity and a power of adaptation to the circumstances and situation which confront us. "It is not enough," he said, "to be willing to do; but we must be willing to do the thing most needed to be done, the thing that lies to our hand this hour. We are not to do as our fathers did long ago, or by the methods our fathers worked, but we are to be governed and animated by the spirit of our fathers. There were found men to uproot slavery, to emancipate the slave, to educate and uplift the freemen, but I say it reverently that there are some things which, if not done to-day, cannot be done to-morrow, either by God or man."

Dr. McLeod exhorted his hearers to be ready for service, ready for sacrifice, ready for emergencies, ready for death, defining what it means to be ready for death not as a ceaseless looking into the future, which would drive a man crazy, but preparations, going along with daily duties and prepared to meet death calmly. Continuing, he said:

"While our hearts are all sad and sore today as we are thinking of the great calamity which has befallen this country in the removal by violence of our beloved President, there are many lessons we can take to ourselves in the way he met and conquered the trying things which arose during his administration. His integrity, his perfect righteousness, the beautiful home life of the man whose career is so sadly ended will endure in the mind of every man and woman, husband and wife in the land, but to me the lesson of this man's life comes home in its preparedness, his readiness to serve the country in its legislative halls, on the battle field, in the White House. Well did he serve his country, leading people against the money heresy, championing the people of Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, standing in the breach when the clamor of tongues was in his ears, which would have caused weaker men to withdraw.

"He believed in righteousness. He was willing to do right. He was ready for sacrifice. How great a sacrifice he has made, even life itself. He was ready for emergencies when emergencies arose, ready for death when death came. His remarkable administration will go down in the annals of the nation. When he discovered that he must go his final words were, 'It is God's way; let God's will be done.' The lessons of this great man's life are his preparedness for duty, for service, for sacrifice, for emergencies, for death. 'Be ye also ready, for ye know not the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh.'

"What means the sudden taking away of this great man? He was a personal friend of every one of us, all loved him. Perhaps we have been putting our trust in him, trusting in princes instead of loving God. Perhaps God is bringing the nation to its knees. Whatever the reason, let us take the event to heart. It may be that as a people we have been too generous, translating liberty into license, giving the aegis of the flag of protection to men who deserve no protection. May be our politicians, through fear of loss of personal preferment, have not been brave enough to say to socialists, anarchists and nihilists: 'Thus far shall ye come and no farther!' In this land of liberty there is no room for the red hand of the assassin. It is time for us to awake to a renewed self-examination and consecration to righteousness and truth."

A VICARIOUS SACRIFICE.

Sermon by the Rev. Otho F. Bartholow, D. D.

Two large audiences listened on Sunday, September 15, to strong sermons by the Rev. Dr. O. F. Bartholow, pastor of Janes M. E. Church, Reid avenue and Monroe street. In both sermons reference was made to the death of Mr. McKinley, more especially in the evening, when several times there were loud sobs in the audience. Dr. Bartholow preached from I Thessalonians v:10: "Who died for us." He said among other things:

"These words describe the measure of God's love to us. Jesus Christ, His Son, died for us. He in His death represented the government, law and heart of God. Jesus Christ did nothing worthy of death. Indeed, no fault was found in Him. Jesus Christ did everything to endear Himself to the people, everything of service and sacrifice. Yet some among them were so blinded as to His position that they slew Him. Jesus Christ was brought to His death by the betrayal of one nearest to Him—Judas kissed Him. All this was vicarious sacrifice. It was endured for others. He died for us.

"It is not sacrilege, but our highest glory, to say that men and women, in this act or that act, in this life or that life, were like Christ. To-night we desire to draw a parallel and deduce a lesson. William McKinley's death comes to the American people, the peoples of the earth, as something awful and unspeakably terrible. It was no ordinary violent death. It was in the fullest and truest sense vicarious. He suffered for others. William McKinley died because he stood for government, law and order; in other words, the people, for it is our government, our law and order.

"William the Silent, Henry of Navarre, Abraham Lincoln, Garfield, Humbert of Italy, were assassinated for other reasons. The bullet that all of us would have received, the death that all of us would have died, could these anarchists, monsters, have their way, he received and he died. In this respect the death of our loved President was like Christ's—vicarious. William McKinley in his death stood for the same rule our Saviour stood for, a rule of service, brotherly kindness, of thoughtful and helpful consideration. No rulers of the earth now living, none who have lived in the past, have so stood. Kings and emperors rule by having men wait on them and serve them. The greater the number serving the greater the king.

"McKinley stood for this: 'But whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.' Even this intimate relation of our President as servant became an element in his undoing. The assassin approached him as a friend. He came, as others, with this attitude, 'He is my President.' Drawing still closer to the personality of the President, his analogies to his Saviour grow strong. His compassion for the wretched, wicked man who shot him, a compassion of word and look, like Christ with Judas and Peter; his care for his dear one, the darling of his earthly life—his wife—was like Christ's toward His mother, in her commitment to John; his words of prayer and faith, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' 'His will, not ours, be done,' are Christlike.

"There are lessons of import to be drawn from William McKinley's death. We must stand for law, government, order. The lack of the enforcement of law works infinite harm. Anarchy, license, passion, have no place among us. We must serve the state, live for the people. Discriminations, clear and abiding, must be made between liberty and license."

A LESSON TO BE LEARNED.

Sermon by the Rev. E. P. Ingersoll, D. D.

An eloquent tribute to the life and character of the dead President was paid Sunday morning, September 15, by the Rev. Dr. Edward Payson Ingersoll, pastor of Immanuel Congregational Church. He took his text from II Samuel iii:38: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a good man fallen this day in Israel?" Dr. Ingersoll said:

"Within a generation three of our Presidents have been martyred. Reverent men were they and true to their great trust. The third has just fallen and the nation—the civilized world—are in mourning. Stricken down by the assassin's bullet, the first thought and utterance of President McKinley was of tender anxiety for his wife, and his second one of shield for the ruffian who shot him. As the days went by and science, with all its modern skill and gentleness, was bending over the sufferer for his help, this prince among men had accepted the contest with heroic spirit, just as a good soldier goes into battle—self-forgetful. Day before yesterday science, which had stopped the funeral march of dissolution, gave its final help that he might breathe his goodbys. Tenderly, lovingly, the brave woman, who has shared his hopes and toils and honors, bent over him, receiving and giving the last tokens and words of earthly farewell. Sacred the love that blends the hearts of a true man and a true woman! Then came the other farewells. History gives no sweeter, grander departure. To God he murmured in prayer: 'Thy will be done.' And then slowly whispered, '"Nearer, My God, to Thee," is my constant prayer.' His last words, 'It is God's way! Goodby, all, goodby.' It was an apotheosis. Christian, not pagan. He was glorified—not deified.

"The hush of the Lord's Day is upon us. We have not come as an Easter Morn for our joyful aspirations heavenward are clouded with gloom and smitten with sorrow. Throughout our land, in unwonted numbers, the people have gone and are going up to the sanctuary with a reverent hope for light and comfort. The press has spoken like messengers from Heaven; rising to a degree of vision and prophecy, of counsel and comfort, that has never been surpassed. Most grandly and brightly they are cheering us to the struggle for peaceful and enduring liberty. Staggered, they have not fallen; stricken with grief, these 'bright warders of the land' have used their tears as lenses with which to bring nearer 'the promised day.' In this they have caught the spirit of our martyred President.

"To-day it is the turn of the pulpit to speak. We ought, perhaps, to take in more distinctly the divine—the Christian bearing of this terrible calamity. We are permitted also to emphasize some of the practical questions which belong to a noble national life, but so penetrated have the leaders of thought become with Christian ideals and principles that, almost to a man, when disaster or troubles 'come in like a flood' they rise to the thought and plea of the gospel minister. So should it be. So in holy league with all gospel preachers, freed from party and commercialism, may it ever be with the press of our land.

"William McKinley was a descendant of toilers—hand toilers. Like Lincoln and Garfield, his was the birthright not of wealth and ease, but of struggle. His heirloom was a chance to earn his way to influence and honor. Why should a hand toiler shoot him? Had he dishonored the ranks from which he came? By word, deed or spirit had he ever pushed them down or disdained them? He was never boisterous in his party life. Sincere, he was urgent, diligent, but always fair and candid. These qualities won for him advancement and renown. The higher he rose in positions of trust the clearer it became that he was equal to the trust, for every advancement in princely position revealed more clearly the great man, 'great man that has

fallen this day in Israel.' It was not the qualities of manhood which brought his death, for we have never had a Chief Magistrate who was more careful, generous and kindly.

"Alas! alas! the mistake of our nation! Some from an unwise philanthropy, many because of a carelessness which comes from indolence and indifference, multitudes from a blind eagerness for low wages and so of gain, but a large number under the lash and heat of party, have continued to throw wide our gates, chanting, 'We have room for all creation, don't feel alarmed.' China must stay out and physical lepers must stay out, but moral lepers, the depraved and offscouring of many lands, hated, despised, feared in their native land, have stealthily crept in upon us to degenerate our nation. Some of them are brainy, but denying God and hating all human restraint. Social and moral influences have failed. Is it not possible for us to frame and excute laws for our self-preservation? Let us screw our courage to the sticking place, guard our gates, make it treason to seek the life of our rulers. This enough? No! More diligently let us insist upon moral as well as intellectual education. 'That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace.' 'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.'

"Is there involved in this tragedy a great underlying principle, sometimes the only thing to which our sluggish human nature will arise and how? Yesterday I met a prominent banker of this city, who said to me: 'It is awful, awful!' and then tears came to his eyes and his utterance was choked. Presently he added in slow and serious tone, 'but I have been thinking that there are times when nothing but such a calamity as this will awaken us. Somebody we love and honor has to be sacrificed.' A grand, unselfish life has our departed chief led. Will his 'taking off' help us more than his life here? Lincoln's did. The assassination of William of Orange exalted and cemented the patriotism of the Netherlands. May it not be a lesson in that profoundest and most glorious fact of our Christianity, 'Christ died to make men free.' Ah! It ought not to have been. It need not have been if we had 'come unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.' May William McKinley live, not chiefly in history, but as a vital force in the spirit and aims of all the people. May his exalted and pure faith, his sublime devotion—home and national—pass like particles of iron into the blood of our higher life!

"Does not that thought suggest immortality? Shall an influence last longer than the character which has given it? Shall a signature endure longer than the mind and heart which prompted it? His bodily life was well nigh gone, but the last words of our statesman, hero, brother, were as balanced and loving as if he had been saying a 'good night.' He believed that 'his mortality was to be swallowed up of life.' That faith made his character and shaped his conduct. Because of the power that came from it we mourn for him, we honor his memory. The hope in which he lived and died is not worn out. We need no new gospel. 'The word of the Lord abideth forever.' It sweeps the horizon of time and of eternity. It stimulates, it cheers, it exalts, it purifies. Let us learn well the lesson of his life. It is a call to his countrymen, to the world, for a consecrated living. Consecrated not to pleasure, or ambition, or gold or any success below the stars. God does not brew a storm to waft a feather. He does not lash the ocean to drown a fly—neither does He stir the emotions and unselfish thoughts of a great nation simply to swell our hearts with grief. What He says to us now is well understood. Let us put it into lasting life.

"Twice in the life of William McKinley he swept back the tide of a national convention that seemed ready to nominate him for the presidency. His honor held him to another course. Plighted faith was to him a sacred thing. Afterward, twice, the nation bestowed its highest honors upon him.

"There comes one to the presidency now who sought in vain to stay the strong tide that was bearing him on to the vice presidency. In the prime of a balanced manhood, tested and proved by experiences that have revealed as they have exalted his manhood; meeting the larger duties and emergencies of his higher trusts with as clear vision and as consecrated decision as he met the lower, Theodore Roosevelt, soldier, statesman, patriot, husband, father, an exemplar of religion, with an abiding trust in the divine purpose and destiny of our nation, is now our President. We will give him our confidence. We believe he will be as obedient to the heavenly vision as was Alfred the Great, William of Orange, Lincoln and McKinley. 'Long live the President!' 'God save the state!'

"As the solemn obsequies of the week come let us not forget to pray for the brave woman who shared the life and love of the great man who has fallen. We are called to prayer as well as tears. And for our nation, which God planted and has protected and guided, let us send up our petition."

TO HIS MEMORY.

Poem by the Rev. D. H. Overton.

The Rev. Daniel H. Overton, pastor of Greene Avenue Presbyterian Church, was to have have preached Sunday evening, September 15, on "What Hinders," but owing to President McKinley's death he changed his subject to "The Will of God and the President's Death." In the course of the sermon he read an original poem, as follows:

A NATION WEEPS.

A nation weeps—a hush is on the world.
One of the nation's noblest sons has passed
Within the vail of sight and sense into
The great Beyond. The fatal shot fired by
A felon's hand has done its awful work
And doomed the great man to untimely death.
Neither the surgeons' skill nor countless
prayers
Of a united people—aye, of all
The praying world—have been enough to hold
Our hero with us for a longer time,
And for a finished work as President.

Hope rose almost to certainty during
The waiting week, only to sink again
Into despair and doubt at the week's close.
Now death has come—has come to one who
knew
No fear of death, but even when death's
mark
Was on him could with resignation and
With resolution say: "Goodby, goodby;
It is God's way. His will be done."
"It is God's way; His will be done"—we
should
Rejoice that those strong words were last
upon
His lips. They lift the nation up to God
In this sad hour of tragedy and loss,
And make it easier for us all to speak
The words that link such awful acts somehow
To God's economy and to His plans
And overruling purposes.

We had the rather say, "A demon did
The deed—a fiend incarnate in the form
Of man—an act as far removed from plan
Of God as lowest hell from highest heaven."
This, too, is true. We cannot understand.
We face anew the ancient mystery.
More fiendish act was never done than this,
Nor deed more worthy of a nation's wrath.
More wicked hands were never laid upon
The sovereign choice of people brave and
free.
And yet, upon the other hand, God rules.
And overrules even these fiendish acts
Of man to work His sovereign will.
So may the last words of our President
Enable us to say with him in faith:
"It is God's way; His will be done."

But what a heavy loss has come to this
Great land of ours! How steady was his
hand
Upon the helm of state; and with what care
And wisdom did he guide the nation through
The trying hours of war, and in the way
Of peace, into the port Prosperity.

And what a mighty man he was! As true
As steel, as strong as iron, as constant
As the northern star to right and to
The cause of righteousness in state
Or individual life.
We place him in the ranks with Washington
And Lincoln, confident he'll hold that place
Secure in after years when the full light
Of history shines upon his great career,
And to the homes of this fair land what
sweet.
True lessons has he taught, of faithfulness
And love, and fond devotion to a wife
Who in her ills has needed all his strength
Of sympathy and watchful, loving care.
But more. The nation mourns a Christian
man—
A man who in his daily life and work
Did not forget relationship to God;
Nor cease to pray that ruling over men
He might himself be ruled by God; and that
He might become a servant of God's sons,
Who, like His Son, ruled best by serving
most.

God bless this nation as she sadly weeps
And help her through her tears to say,
In words that hence will be immortalized:
"It is God's way; His will be done."

A LOYAL, DEVOTED MAN.

Sermon by the Rev. Henry C. Swentzel, D. D.

In St. Luke's Church, Clinton street, near Fulton, on Sunday, September 15, the rector, Rev. Dr. Henry C. Swentzel, preached on the death of Mr. McKinley and paid the dead President an earnest tribute. He took his text from Joshua xxiii:10-11, "One man of you shall chase a thousand, for the Lord your God he it is that fighteth for you as he hath promised you; take good heed therefore unto yourselves that ye love the Lord your God." Among other things Dr. Swentzel said:

"The exploits of Joshua were renowned in Hebrew story. On the day of his death, he pronounced a valedictory address in which he set forth ideas and principles which are true forever, and which deserve to be recognized by publicists and citizens as sound doctrine for individuals and for the body politic. Only the supremacy of righteousness can exalt a people. In the midst of our national grief, this is one of the towering lessons of the hour. An inexpressible comfort is to remember that our illustrious dead was, first of all, a man good, conscientious, generous, loyally devoted to the behests of whatever he believed to be his duty. Somehow the many believed in him. He inspired both confidence and affection. With pardonable pride we point to him as one of the very finest products of American institutions. Although he met the ordeal of two presidential campaigns, he emerged from the test without a scar or even the odor of the struggles. His integrity was appreciated the world round. His keen perceptions discovered the splendid doctrine that the sources of strength for our beloved country reside in things which are holy and divine. He had learned that the key to our national problems, and he knew them to be grave and colossal—is to be found in the sovereignty of

faith in the King of Kings and Lord of Lords which animated those who founded this republic and achieved its independence. Happily, this faith has been shared by the famous succession of our noble line of Presidents, from the immortal Washington all the way down, thank God, to him who only yesterday took the oath of office and assumed the seat of authority in obedience to the Constitution.

"The lamented McKinley was an eloquent exponent of all that is best in the United States. He was a model husband, a genial friend, a patriotic citizen and a faithful public servant. The time was when he was known as a politician, though he was that only in the higher sense of the term; but when he was elevated to the presidency he at once became a statesman, and his splendid ideal was to be the chief magistrate, not of a political party nor a geographical section, but of the whole country, North, South, East and West. He was not spoiled by the honors and dignities of his official station. The pomp of circumstance and the paraphernalia of power only accentuated and developed the religious conceptions which he carried with him when he first took his abode in the executive mansion in the American capital. When men ask whether or not the influence of religion is on the wane, he himself returns the answer, for when the first man in the land went to his death, he murmured the words of a devout Christian hymn, and he sought to comfort the grief of his heart-broken wife and his sobbing friends by saying: 'It is God's way; His will be done.'

"The pure gold goodness of such a man may well be extolled. His memory should be cherished as a part of our rich national heritage. He deserves a panegyric consonant with the high place which will be assigned to him in the annals of our country. But even more sacred than the magnificent memorial which he merits are the foundation truths which he held dear, both because they are of God and also because they are the hope of the republic and the surety of its destiny. Not our well drilled and courageous soldiery; not our navies floating majestically over every sea; not our rapid firing guns and smokeless powder; not our inexhaustible mines of coal and iron and silver and gold; not our countless acres, teeming with abundant harvests; not the hum of machinery in the busy mills nor the enterprise and hurry of the marts of trade and commerce; not schools and universities and libraries, but the teachings and sanctions of religion make the most efficient force for the battles of progress and the victories of peace. The ethical fiber of the people is the factor of largest moment. The eternal Son of Man blesses the home, the state and the church. He teaches righteousness and industry; He inculcates the virtues and habitudes and ambitions which make the noblest people and the best history; and He inspires the rule of fraternity and the expansion of democracy."

GOD AND THE NATION.

Sermon by the Rev. S. Giffard Nelson, Ph. D.

In the Baptist Church of the Redeemer, on Sunday morning, September 15, the Rev. Dr. S. Giffard Nelson preached on "Creation's God Our Confidence and Stay," from Jeremiah, 32:17: "Ah, Lord God! behold Thou hast made the heaven and the earth by Thy great power and Thy stretched out arm; and there is nothing too hard for Thee." In the course of his sermon he said:

"God is the confidence of our land in this hour. A dark pall has overspread it as the summer wanes. A prince and a great man has fallen in Israel. The foremost man of the land and the nation's chief magistrate has become a victim to the mad villainy of a degenerate creature to whom the country had given asylum. It is a time that calls for the ascendancy of calm faith and sober judgment. Anger and passion are distinctive of the barbarian. Thank God, exhibitions of it on the part of any considerable number of our citizens are rare indeed. Let us rather be admonished by this terrible tragedy, and, with what fortitude we can, inquire its significance. It proclaims the disquieting fact that so long as there is one ignorant, stealthy assassin abroad the life of no public man is safe. It is dreadful to think what one loathsome, degraded wretch may do. He may be so mean and vile that his breath itself would be contamination, and yet he may shake for a moment the fabric of government, strike down its head and plunge civilization in mourning. The worst human reptile is thus potent for illimitable mischief and disaster. Unhappily we have too many such. Not many, let us hope, who would imitate the dastardly assassin who slew our President; but too many who have lifted their voices against law and order, who scoff at courts and magistrates, who are anarchists in fact if not in name, who are destitute of the spirit of reverence, and who would invert the social relations and destroy the fundamental conditions on which stable governments have rested from the beginning.

"Realizing what even one of the worst of them is capable of, the question is, What is to be done with them? The problem concerns the whole people, but most of all does it concern the church. And why? Let us remember that the slayer of the President was not actuated by an idea. The hybrid thoughts that entered that vacuous brain could not possibly be spoken of as ideas. He was actuated by an emotion—hate. And against this education is no safeguard. Education can accomplish much, but it cannot and does not go into the interior of man's being and tame his malignant nature. There are educated men in plenty who are the victims of their own passions. The only thing that can change the heart is the grace of Him who made the heaven and the earth by His great power. Hence the call which this event makes upon the church for the evangelization of the debased within our borders."

MESSAGE FROM DR. LINDSAY PARKER.

St. Peter's P. E. Church held a service Sunday, September 15, in honor of the dead President. The sermon was preached by the assistant minister, the Rev. Percy T. Olton, from the words, "Thy will be done." The rector, the Rev. Dr. Lindsay Parker, sent a message from his country home and the audience stood while it was read by Mr. Olton. It is as follows:

"My beloved people: We bow together today in mingled grief and horror that our God fearing, noble and patriotic President has perished by the hand of the assassin. Our hearts go out in deepest sympathy to the frail and desolate widow of him who was ever loving and tender; and we hereby solemnly pledge ourselves before the God of nations to do our part as citizens of this great Republic to root out the crime and curse which has brought this awful bereavement upon us; and to secure legislation that will make attempts upon the life of our chief magistrate high treason and punishable by extreme penalty. I call upon you one and all to attend the memorial service next Sunday morning.

"LINDSAY PARKER."

SERVICE IN GRACE CHURCH.

The pulpit and lectern of Grace Church on the Heights Sunday, September 15, were draped with national flags bordered with crape in mourning for the death of the late President McKinley. The Rev. Paul F. Swett, the curate, officiated at the services, in the absence of the rector, the Rev. Dr. Frederick Burgess. Mr. Swett spoke of the cruel ending of President McKinley's life and the national impulse among the people to execute summary vengeance upon his murderer, but said that it will be far better from every point of view that the criminal should have a legal conviction and execution. Mr. Swett had omitted at its usual place the prayer for the President of the United States and said that he had done so because of his sense of the great responsibilities of the office and he desired the congregation to join with him later in that prayer with more than its accustomed earnestness.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years!

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

Funeral Services.

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES IN BUFFALO, WASHINGTON AND CANTON.

The funeral of William McKinley began at Buffalo on Sunday, September 15, and ended the following Thursday afternoon with the interment in the cemetery at Canton. From beginning to end, the funeral was remarkable for its lack of studied pomp. The sincere grief of the people on the route of the funeral train was far more significant than any dazzling display of military could have been, and the desire of thousands to take a last look at the face of the departed President was perhaps the most striking tribute of all.

On Sunday, after a brief religious service at the home of John G. Milburn on Delaware avenue, Buffalo, which was attended by the newly inaugurated President Roosevelt, members of the Cabinet and personal friends, the body of President McKinley was taken to the City Hall, where it lay in state until 10:30 P. M. It remained at the City Hall over night, and it is estimated that before the doors were closed to the people between 75,000 and 100,000 passed sorrowfully by the casket.

At 8:30 o'clock on Monday morning, the funeral train started from Buffalo for Washington, where the state funeral was held on Tuesday. The progress of the train, in the few states traversed was through avenues of bared heads at every village, town and city. In the make-up of the train were some of the same cars which had conveyed President and Mrs. McKinley through the West last spring, when state after state greeted the Chief Executive and his party with the most unbounded enthusiasm. Arriving at the capital city late at night, the body was slowly carried to its resting place. A dismal rain made the hour of coming doubly dreary and among the crowds, gathered at the curb, scarcely a whisper arose.

On Tuesday the body of the martyred President reposed in the rotunda of the great Capitol. There, as at Buffalo, thousands of people pressed eagerly forward to gaze for the last time upon the face of William McKinley. As on the night before, the crowds in the streets were hushed and all Washington was black with mourning. The profound silence of the dense multitude was the most striking and impressive feature of the movement of the funeral line from the White House to the Capitol. The notes of a bugle rang out and from the White House, a corps of Army and Navy officers moved out into the driveway. At the same instant the pallbearers issued from the wide doors of the executive mansion, bearing the casket. As the first of the bearers appeared, the full Marine band, stationed on Pennsylvania avenue, played softly the opening bars of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and with the notes of the late President's favorite hymn floating on the still air, many were unable to keep back the tears.

The funeral services at the Capitol were simple and beautiful. They were of the form prescribed by the Methodist Church, and consisted of two hymns, a prayer, an address and a benediction. When the noise occasioned by the seating of late comers had ceased, a hush fell upon the people and then the choir sang softly, "Lead, Kindly Light," Newman's inspiring anthem, while every one stood. At the conclusion of the hymn the Rev. Henry R. Naylor, presiding elder of the Washington M. E. Church, delivered the following invocation, the distinguished company listening with bowed heads:

Prayer by the Rev. Henry R. Naylor.

"O, Lord God, our Heavenly Father, a bereaved nation cometh to Thee in its deep sorrow. To whom can we go in such an hour as this but unto Thee? Thou only art able to comfort and support the afflicted.

"Death strikes down the tallest and best of men, and consequent changes are continually occurring among nations and communities. But we have been taught that Thou art the same, yesterday, to-day and forever; that with Thee there is no variableness nor the least shadow of turning. So, in the midst of our grief, we turn to Thee for help.

"We thank Thee, O Lord, that years ago Thou didst give to this nation a man whose loss we mourn to-day.

"We thank Thee for the pure and unselfish life he was enabled to live in the midst of so eventful an experience.

"We thank Thee for the faithful and distinguished services which he was enabled to render to Thee, to our country and to the world.

"We bless Thee for such a citizen, for such a law-maker, for such a governor, for such a President, for such a husband, for such a Christian example and for a friend.

"But, O Lord, we deplore our loss to-day; sincerely implore Thy sanctifying benediction. We pray Thee for that dear one who has been walking by his side through the years, sharing his triumphs and partaking of his sorrows. Give to her all needed sustenance, and the comfort her stricken heart so greatly craves. And under the shadow of this great calamity may she learn as never before the Fatherhood of God and the matchless character of His sustaining grace.

"And, O Lord, we sincerely pray for him upon whom the mantle of presidential authority has so suddenly and unexpectedly fallen. Help him to walk worthy the high vocation wherewith he has been called. He needs Thy guiding hand and Thine inspiring spirit continually. May he always present to the nation and to the world divinely illumined judgment, a brave heart and an unsullied character.

"Hear our prayer, O Lord, for the official family of the administration; those men who are associated with Thy servant, the President, in the administration of affairs of government. Guide them in all their deliberations to the nation's welfare and the glory of God.

"And now, Lord, we humbly pray for Thy blessing and consolation to come to all the people of our land and nation. Forgive our past shortcomings; our sins of omission as well as our sins of commission.

"Help us to make the Golden Rule the standard of our lives, that we may 'do unto others as we would have them do unto us,' and thus become, indeed, a people whose God is the Lord.

"These things we humbly ask in the name of Him who taught us, when we pray, to say: 'Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen."

As the pastor ceased, the voices of the choir again arose and the rich, pure soprano notes of Mrs. Thomas C. Noyes led the hymn "Sometime We'll Understand." At the conclusion of the hymn Bishop Edward G. Andrews of the Methodist Episcopal Church delivered the funeral oration. He stood at the head of the casket and spoke in sympathetic voice and with many evidences of deep emotion. The President had been his life long friend.

Bishop Andrews' Funeral Oration.

Bishop Andrews said:

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord, who of His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope of the resurrection of Christ from the dead to an inheritance uncorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us who are now, by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time.

"The services for the dead are fitly and almost of necessity services of religion and of immortal hope. In the presence of the shroud and the coffin and the narrow home, questions concerning intellectual quality, concerning public station, concerning great achievements, sink into comparative insignificance, and questions concerning character and man's relation to the Lord and giver of life—even the life eternal—emerge to our view and impress themselves upon us.

"Character abides. We bring nothing into this world; we can carry nothing out. We ourselves depart with all the accumulations of tendency and habit and quality which the years have given to us. We ask, therefore, even at the grave of the illustrious, not altogether what great achievement they had performed, and how they had commended themselves to the memory and affection or respect of the world, but chiefly of what sort they were; what the interior nature of the man was; what were his affinities. Were they with the good, the true, the noble? What his relation to the infinite Lord of the Universe and to the compassionate Saviour of

mankind; what his fitness for that great hereafter to which he had passed.

"And such great questions come to us with moment, even in the hour when we gather around the bier of those whom we profoundly respect and eulogize and whom we tenderly love. In the years to come, the days and the months that lie immediately before us will give full utterance as to the high statesmanship and great achievements of the illustrious man whom we mourn to-day. We shall not touch them to-day. The nation already has broken out in its grief and poured its tears, and is still pouring them, over the loss of a beloved man. It is well. But we ask this morning of what sort this man is, so that we may perhaps, knowing the moral and spiritual life that is past, be able to shape the far-withdrawn future. I think we must all concede that nature and training and—reverently be it said—the inspiration of the Almighty, conspired to conform a man admirable in his moral temper and aims.

"We none of us can doubt, I think, that even by nature he was eminently gifted. The kindly, calm and equitable temperament, the kindly and generous heart, the love of justice and right, and the tendency toward faith and loyalty to unseen powers and authorities —these things must have been with him from his childhood, from his infancy; but upon them supervened the training for which he was always thankful and of which even this great nation from sea to sea continually has taken note.

"It was an humble home in which he was born. Narrow conditions were around him; but faith in God had lifted that lowly roof, according to the statement of some great writer, up to the very heavens and permitted its inmates to behold the things eternal, immortal and divine, and he came under that training.

"It is a beautiful thing that to the end of his life he bent reverently before that mother whose example and teaching and prayer had so fashioned his mind and all his aims. The school came but briefly, and then came to him the church with a ministration of power. He accepted the truth which it taught. He believed in God and in Jesus Christ, through whom God was revealed. He accepted the divine law of the Scripture; he based his hope on Jesus Christ, the appointed and only Redeemer of men; and the church, beginning its operation upon his character at an early period of his life, continued even to its close to mold him. He waited attentively upon its ministrations.

"He gladly partook with his brethren of the symbols of mysterious passion and redeeming love of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was helpful in all of those beneficencies and activities; and from the church to the close of his life he received inspiration that lifted him above much of the trouble and weakness incident to our human nature, and blessings be to God, may we say, in the last and final hour, they enabled him confidently, tenderly to say, 'It is His will, not ours; let Thy will be done.'

"Such influences gave to us William McKinley. And what was he? A man of incorruptible personal and political integrity. I suppose no one ever attempted to approach him in the way of a bribe; and we remember, with great felicitation at this hour, for such an example to ourselves, that when great financial difficulties and perils encompassed him, he determined to deliver all he possessed to his creditors, that there should be no challenge of his perfect honesty in the matter. A man of immaculate purity, shall we say?

"No stain was upon his escutcheon; no syllable of suspicion that I ever heard was whispered against his character. He walked in perfect and noble self-control.

"Beyond that this man has somehow wrought in him—I suppose upon the foundations of a very happily constructed nature—a great and generous love for his fellow men. He believed in men. He had himself been brought up among the common people. He knew their labors, struggles, necessities.

"He loved them; but I think beyond that it was to the church and its teachings concerning the fatherhood of God and universal brotherhood of man that he was indebted for that habit of kindness, for that generosity of spirit, that was wrought into his very substance and became so that, though he was of all men most courteous, no one ever supposed but that courtesy was from the heart. It was spontaneous, unaffected, kindly, attractive, in a most eminent degree.

"His qualities gave him reputation, not in this land alone, but throughout the world, and made it posible for him to minister in the style in which he has within the last two or three years ministered to the welfare and peace of human kind. It was out of the profound depths of his moral and religious character that came the possibilities of that usefulness which we are all glad to attribute to him. And will such a man die? Is it posible that He who created, redeemed, transformed, uplifted, illumined such a man will permit him to fall into oblivion? The instincts of morality are in all good men. The divine word of the Scripture leaves us no room for doubt. 'I,' said one whom he trusted, 'am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'

"Lost to us, but not to his God; lost from earth, but entered heaven; lost from these labors and toils and perils, but entered into the everlasting peace and ever advancing progress. Blessed be God who gives us this hope in this hour of our calamity and enables us to triumph through Him who hath redeemed us.

"If there is a personal immortality before Him, let us also rejoice that there is an immortality and memory in the hearts of a large and ever growing people who through the ages to come, the generations that are yet to be, will look back upon this life, upon its nobility and purity and service to humanity and thank God for it.

"The years draw on when his name shall be counted among the illustrious of the earth. William of Orange is not dead. Cromwell is not dead. Washington lives in the hearts and lives of his country. Lincoln with his infinite sorrow lives to teach us and lead us. And McKinley shall summon all statesmen and all his countrymen to purer living, nobler aims, sweeter faith and immortal blessedness."

As the bishop concluded, every one in the vast rotunda rose and the choir, intoning the air, hundreds of voices joined in the grand old hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," It was an affecting moment. In the midst of the singing, Admiral Robley D. Evans, advancing with silent tread, placed a beautiful blue floral cross at the foot of the casket. The last notes died away softly and with uplifted hands, the Rev. Dr. W. H. Chapman, acting pastor of the Metropolitan Church, pronounced the benediction.

The funeral train bearing the remains of President McKinley, reached Canton, the town of his home, at noon on Wednesday, September 18. Again the tracks were lined with mourners throughout the route. The remains were lifted from the catafalque car and carried on the shoulders of the pall bearers through a narrow avenue formed by President Roosevelt and the members of the cabinet, to the waiting hearse. The surrounding soldiery were at present arms and bugles sounded taps. President Roosevelt and Cabinet then entered their carriages. They were followed by the guard of honor, headed by Admiral Dewey and General Miles in full uniform and the sad procession moved up Tenth street in the direction of the court house, where the body again lay in state.

Services in Canton.

The formal funeral services, which began at 1:30 on Thursday afternoon, were made brief at the request of the mourning family. In the First Methodist Episcopal Church, of which President McKinley was an honored and active member, the pastor, the Rev. Dr. C. E. Manchester preached a touching funeral sermon, broken occasionally by his own overpowering feeling or by the sob of some friend of the dead. Pastors of the other Canton churches also took part in the service. The Rev. O. B. Milligan of the First Presbyterian Church, offered the opening prayer. There were Scriptural readings by the Rev. John Hall and the Rev. E. P. Herbruck. A quartet sang "Beautiful Island of Somewhere," and "Lead, Kindly Light."

THE PRAYER.

The Rev. O. B. Milligan offered prayer as follows:

"O God, our God, our nation's God; Thou God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and God of all comforts: We have entered the courts of Thy house to-day with bowed and burdened hearts. In Thy inscrutable providence Thou hast permitted this great calamity to come upon us. Truly, Thy ways are in the deep, and Thy paths in the mighty waters. We bow in meekness before this exhibition of Thy sovereignty and own Thy right to do as Thou wilt in the armies of Heaven and amongst the sons of men.

"But, blessed be Thy name, Thy sovereignty over us is the sovereignty of love. Thou art our Father, and like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. Thou hast so revealed Thyself to us in Thy word, but especially in Jesus Christ, who was the brightness of Thy glory and the express image of Thy person. Therefore, O Lord, we can the more cheerfully submit to the doings of Thy hand and heart. We can say, with him whom we so deeply mourn, 'This is God's way; His will, not ours, be done.' And while we cannot understand Thy gracious purpose in this dispensation, help us, Lord, to wait in patient confidence, assured that Thou, who art Thine own interpreter, wilt reveal Thy thoughts of peace and purposes of mercy in this great mystery. In this spirit, help us to accept this providence, and still to trust Thee.

"We thank Thee, O Lord, for this life which has been taken so rudely from us. We thank Thee for Thy servant's endowments and achievements. We thank Thee for the sublime purposes for which Thou didst choose him in this world and for the splendid way in which, by Thy grace, these purposes were wrought out in his life. Adorned by Thee, we thank Thee for what he was himself, in his home, in society, in church, and state, and national relations. We bless Thee for the inspiration of his example, and we rejoice that, though dead, his influence for good will ever live among us. Blessed be Thy name, in the temple of American honor another is written among the immortals. Help us all, O Lord, to see in his life the divine possibilities of life and to strive for a like fidelity as we go forward to meet life's appointments.

"Vouchsafe, we pray Thee, all needful blessings to our nation in this season of sore bereavement. Thou knowest, O God, how this blow has struck every heart, how this sorrow pierces every soul. The nation is clothed in sackcloth and bowed with grief. Our land is full of mourning; our hearts are heavy with an inexpressible, an almost unendurable sorrow. Surely, Thou hast stricken us in Thy sore displeasure, for Thou dost not afflict willingly; Thou dost not delight in punishment. Oh, that Thou wouldst help us to search our hearts, to seek out even the hidden depths and springs of wickedness, to rid us of the devil, that the abundant favor of our God may be returned to us, and that the sublime things we hope for in our nation's future may be realized, and until we have discovered the evil and rooted it out, let not Thy goodness depart from us. In afflicting, O Lord, be merciful. Remember not our sins against us, and visit us in the plenitude of Thy grace.

"Vouchsafe, we pray Thee, the fulness of Thy grace to Thy servant who has so unexpectedly been inducted into the solemn responsibilities of the office of Chief Magistrate. May he be endowed with all needed gifts to administer the government to Thy glory and the welfare of this great people.

Give him Thy protection from secret foes and unworthy friends. Fill his heart with Thy fear, and give him the confidence and love of the nation.

"And now, O Lord, trustfully do we commit to Thy infinitely tender and gracious care her who has been most bitterly bereaved. Tender as are our hearts toward her in this sad hour; passing tender as was her husband's heart toward her as together they passed through all the scenes of joy and sorrow which were appointed them in life, O, may the heart of God be more tender still. Bind her round with the sufficient consolations of Thy presence and grace; and as, by faith, she leans upon the unseen arm of the Infinite, may she ever find Thee a present help in the time of need.

"Sanctify this dispensation to us all. May we hear in it the voice of the Eternal crying: 'All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever.' Help us that we may diligently improve this providence to our growth in grace and in the saving knowledge of our Lord, Jesus Christ. By thy grace, dear Lord, prepare us all for life's duties and trials, for the solemnities of death, and for a blessed immortality. These, and every other needed blessing, we plead for in the name of Him who taught us to pray.

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever. Amen."

Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

The Euterpean Ladies' Quartet rendered the hymn, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" in a manner most pathetic. The hymn is as follows:

Somewhere the sun is shining;
Somewhere the song birds dwell,
Hush, then, thy sad repining,
God lives and all is well.
Somewhere, Somewhere,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere,
Land of the true, where we live anew,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

Somewhere the load is lifted,
Close by an open gate,
Somewhere the clouds are rifted,
Somewhere the angels wait.
Somewhere, Somewhere,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere,
Land of the true, where we live anew,
Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

The Rev. C. E. Manchester's Sermon.

The Rev. C. E. Manchester delivered the following discourse:

Our President is dead. The silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the pitcher is broken at the fountain, the wheel broken at the cistern. The mourners go about the streets.

One voice is heard—a wail of sorrow from all the land, for "the beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places. How are the mighty fallen. I am distressed for thee, my brother. Very pleasant hast thou been unto me."

Our President is dead. We can hardly believe it. We had hoped and prayed, and it seemed that our hopes were to be realized and our prayers answered, when the emotion of joy was changed to one of grave apprehension. Still we waited, for we said, "It may be that God will be gracious and merciful to us." It seemed to us that it must be His will to spare the life of one so well beloved and so much needed. Thus, alternating between hope and fear, the weary hours passed on. Then came tidings of defeated science and of the failure of love and prayer to hold its object to the earth. We seemed to hear the faintly murmured words, "Goodby all, goodby. It is God's way. His will be done," and then, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." So, nestling nearer to his God, he passed out into unconsciousness, skirted the dark shores of the sea of death for a time, and then passed on to be at rest. His great heart had ceased to beat.

Our hearts are heavy with sorrow.
"A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love;
But he has gone where the redeemed are keeping
A festival above.

"The mourners throng the ways, and from the steeple
The funeral bells toll slow;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro.

"And saying, as they meet: 'Rejoice! another
Long waited for, is come,
The Saviour's heart is glad, a younger brother
Hath reached the Father's home.'"

The cause of this universal mourning is to be found in the man himself. The inspired penman's description of Jonathan, likening him unto the "Beauty of Israel," could not be more appropriately employed than in chanting the lament over our fallen chieftain. It does no violence to human speech, nor is it fulsome eulogy to speak thus of him, for who that has seen his stately bearing, his grace and manliness of demeanor, his kindliness of aspect, but gives assent to this description of him?

It was characteristic of our beloved President that men met him only to love him. They might, indeed, differ with him, but in the presence of such dignity of character and grace of manner none could fail to love the man. The people confided in him, believed in him. It was said of Lincoln that probably no man since the days of Washington was ever so deeply imbedded and enshrined in the hearts of the people, but it is true of McKinley in a larger sense. Industrial and social conditions are such that he was, even more than his predecessors, the friend of the whole people.

A touching scene was enacted in this church Sunday, September 15. The services had closed. The worshipers were going to their homes. Only a few lingered to discuss the sad event that brings us together to-day. Three men in working garb, of a foreign race and unfamiliar tongue, entered the room. They approached the altar, kneeling before it, and before his picture. Their lips moved as if in prayer, while tears furrowed their cheeks. They may have been thinking of their own King Humbert and of his untimely death. Their emotion was eloquent, eloquent beyond speech, and it bore testimony to their appreciation of manly friendship and of honest worth.

It is a glorious thing to be able to say in this presence, with our illustrious dead before us, that he never betrayed the confidence of his countrymen. Not for personal gain or pre-eminence would he mar the beauty of his soul. He kept it clean and white before God and man, and his hands were unsullied by bribes.

"His eyes looked right on, and his eyelids looked straight before him." He was sincere, plain and honest, just, benevolent and kind. He never disappointed those who believed in him, but measured up to every duty, and met every responsibility in life grandly and unflinchingly.

Not only was our President brave, heroic and honest; he was as gallant a knight as ever rode in the lists for his lady love in the days when knighthood was in flower. It is but a few weeks since the nation looked on with tear-dimmed eyes, as it saw with what tender, conjugal devotion he sat at the bedside of his beloved wife, when all feared that a fatal illness was upon her. No public clamor that he might show himself to the populace, no demand of social functions, was sufficient to draw the lover from the bedside of his wife. He watched and waited, while we all prayed and she lived. This sweet and tender story all the world knows, and the world knows that his whole life had run in the one groove of love. It was a strong arm that she leaned upon, and it never failed her. Her smile was more to him than the plaudits of the multitude, and for her greeting his acknowledgments of them must wait. After receiving the fatal wound, his first thought was that the terrible news might be broken gently to her. May God in this deep hour of sorrow comfort her. May His grace be greater than her anguish. May the widow's God be her God.

Another beauty in the character of our President, that was a chaplet of grace about his neck, was that he was a Christian. In the broadest, noblest sense of the word that was true. His confidence in God was strong and unwavering. It held him steady in many a storm where others were driven before the wind and tossed. He believed in the fatherhood of God, and in his sovereignty. His faith in the gospel of Christ was deep and abiding. He had no patience with any other theme of pulpit discourse. "Christ and Him crucified" was, to his mind, the only panacea for the world's disorders. He believed it to be the supreme duty of the Christian minister to preach the word. He said, "We do not look for great business men in the pulpit, but for great preachers."

It is well known that his godly mother had hoped for him that he would become a minister of the gospel, and that she believed it to be the highest vocation in life. It was not, however, his mother's faith that made him a Christian. He had gained in early life a personal knowledge of Jesus, which guided him in the performance of greater duties and vaster responsibilities than have been the lot of any other American President. He said at one time, while bearing heavy burdens, that he could not discharge the daily duties of his life but for the fact that he had faith in God.

William McKinley believed in prayer, in the beauty of it, in the potency of it. Its language was not unfamiliar to him and his public addresses not infrequently evinced the fact. It was perfectly consistent with his life-long convictions and his personal experiences, that he should say as the first critical moment after the assassination approached, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done"; and that he should declare at the last, "It is God's way; His will be done." He lived grandly; it was fitting that he should die grandly. And now that the majesty of death has touched and calmed him, we find that in his supreme moment he was still a conqueror.

My friends and countrymen, with what language shall I attempt to give expression to the deep horror of our souls as I speak of the cause of his death? When we consider the magnitude of the crime that has plunged the country and the world into unutterable grief, we are not surprised that one nationality after another has hastened to repudiate the dreadful deed. This gentle spirit, who hated no one, but to whom every man was a brother, was suddenly smitten by the cruel hand of an assassin, and that, too, while in the very act of extending a kind and generous greeting to one who approached him under the sacred guise of friendship.

Could the assailant have realized how awful was the act he was about to perform, how utterly heartless the deed, methinks he would have stayed his hand at the very threshold of it. In all the coming years, men will seek in vain to fathom the enormity of that crime. Had this man who fell been a despot, a tyrant, an oppressor, an insane frenzy to rid the world of him might have sought excuse, but it was the peoples' friend who fell when William McKinley received the fatal wound. Himself a son of toil, his sympathies were with the toilers. No one who has seen the matchless grace and perfect ease with which he greeted such, can ever doubt that his heart was in his open hand. Every heart-throb was for his countrymen. That his life should be sacrificed at such a time, just when there was abundant peace, when all the Americas were rejoicing together, is one of the inscrutable mysteries of Providence. Like many others it must be left for future revelations to explain.

In the midst of our sorrow we have much to console us. He lived to see his nation greater than ever before. All sectional lines are blotted out. There is no South, no North, no East, no West. Washington saw the beginning of our national life. Lincoln passed through the night of our history

and saw the dawn. McKinley beheld his country in the splendor of its noon. Truly he died in the fullness of his fame. With Paul he could say and with equal truthfulness, "I am now ready to be offered." The work assigned him had been well done. The nation was at peace. We had fairly entered upon an era of unparalleled prosperity. Our revenues were generous. Our standing among the nations was secure. Our President was safely enshrined in the affections of a united people. It was not at him that the fatal shot was fired, but at the government. His offering was vicarious. It was blood poured upon the altar of human liberty. In view of these things, we are not surprised to hear, from one who was present when this great soul passed away, that he never before saw a death so peaceful, or a dying man so crowned with grandeur.

Let us turn, now, to a brief consideration, of some of the lessons that we are to learn from this sad event.

The first one that will occur to us all is the old, old lesson that "in the midst of life we are in death."

"Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening." "He fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one place." Our President went forth in the fullness of his strength, in his manly beauty, and was suddenly smitten by the hand that brought death with it. None of us can tell what a day may bring forth. Let us therefore, remember that "no man liveth himself, and none of us dieth to himself." May each day's close see each day's duty done.

Another great lesson that we should heed is the vanity of mere earthly greatness. In the presence of the dread messenger how small are the trappings of wealth, and distinctions of rank and power. I beseech you, seek Him who said: "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." There is but one Saviour for the sin sick and the weary. I entreat you, find him, as our brother found him.

But our last words must be spoken. Little more than four years ago we bade him good bye as he went to assume the great responsibilities to which the nation had called him. His last words as he left us were, "Nothing could give me greater pleasure than this farewell greeting—this evidence of your friendship and sympathy, your good will, and, I am sure, the prayers of all the people with whom I have lived so long, and whose confidence and esteem are dearer to me than other earthly honors. To all of us the future is as a sealed book; but if I can, by official act or administration or utterance, in any degree add to the prosperity and unity of our beloved country, and the advancement and well being of our splendid citizenship, I will devote the best and most unselfish efforts of my life to that end. With this thought uppermost in my mind, I reluctantly take leave of my friends and neighbors, cherishing in my heart the sweetest memories and thoughts of my old home—my home now—and I trust, my home hereafter, so long as I live."

We hoped, with him, that when his work was done, freed from the burdens of his great office, crowned with the affections of a happy people, he might be permitted to close his earthly life in the home he loved.

He has, indeed, returned to us, but how? Borne to the strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and placed where he first began life's struggle, that the people might look and weep over so sad a home coming.

But it was a triumphal march. How vast the procession! The nation rose and stood with uncovered head. The people of the land are chief mourners. The nations of the earth weep with them. But, oh, what a victory! I do not ask you in the heat of public address, but in the calm moments of mature reflection, what other man ever had such high honors bestowed upon him, and by so many people? What pageant has equaled this that we look upon to-day? We gave him to the nation but a little more than four years ago. He went out with the light of morning upon his brow, but his task set, and the purpose to complete it. We take him back a mighty conqueror.

The churchyard where his children rest,
The quiet spot that suits him best;
There shall his grave be made,
And there his bones be laid.

And there his countrymen shall come,
With memory proud with pity dumb,
And strangers far and near,
For many and many a year;

For many a year and many an age,
While history on her ample page,
The virtues shall enroll
Of that paternal soul.

In the immense procession that followed the body to the cemetery, there were few dry eyes. The Grand Army comrades of Major McKinley led this imposing funeral parade, which consisted of militia, details of regulars from all branches of the service, fraternal, social and civic organizations, representatives of commercial bodies from all over the country, the governors of several states with their staffs, members of Congress and Mr. McKinley's successor, Theodore Roosevelt. At Woodlawn Cemetery, the services were conducted by the Rev. I. W. Joyce of Minneapolis and by Dr. Manchester. To await burial by the side of the two children, gone long before, President McKinley's body was reverently laid in the receiving vault. And so the last honors were paid to the man the nation loved.

The Five Minute Halt.

THE ANGELUS OF UNIVERSAL REVERENCE FOR THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM McKINLEY, PRESIDENT, MAN, CITIZEN AND CHRISTIAN.

Sorrow, sincere and heartfelt, at the death of President McKinley was evidenced throughout the world. From kings and emperors came prompt and personal condolences; from commercial bodies and organizations of highest standing came messages of true sympathy; prominent individuals contributed their words of regret at his loss, but more touching and more significant than all of these was the simultaneous and silent expression of over 70,000,000 Americans.

Strictly speaking, it was not an expression. With seeming contradiction it was a universal silence; the hush of sorrow which stills all sound when the body of a loved and respected friend is being borne away to the grave. All that was mortal of William McKinley was carried to Woodlawn Cemetery, in Canton, on the afternoon of Thursday, September 19. A distinguished company of mourners thronged the little city, but the throng was as nothing when compared with the greater band in every state and territory throughout the Union. Of all the impressive sights and incidents attached to the funeral of the late President that of the Five Minute Halt of traffic and industry will linger longest in the minds of countless thousands who saw or took part in it.

Absolutely unprecedented in this country, if not in the entire world, it illustrated more convincingly than any amount of eulogistic speech the true feeling which the people of the nation entertained for President McKinley. It also bore testimony to the firm bond of patriotic sentiment which links state with state and man with man. Everywhere in the United States and particularly in the larger cities the last mark of respect was paid to the dead at almost the same time. From 3:30 to 3:35, when the body of the late President was being carried out of the house at Canton, every train was halted, every car stopped, steamboats were checked in their progress, and men of every station in life bowed their uncovered heads. Congregations assembled in churches, and here and there, in open squares, where the people gathered during the memorable hour, the sound of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the late President's favorite hymn alone broke the solemn stillness.

It was an event that the people of New York will never forget. Brooklyn's share in the observance was quite as sincere and far-reaching. Foreigners, who happened to witness the silent demonstration must have gone away marveling. The American spirit had often been pictured to them, but never could they have imagined such an illustration of it as this. New York has its quiet moments at certain times every day, but it is the quietness of inactivity, the quietness of streets deserted. On the afternoon of the President's funeral it was the quietness of grief and deep feeling, a hush that came over the city at a moment when the streets were thronged with people, when the roadways were massed with vehicles, and trains were passing up and down on the elevated roads. Nothing like it had been before, but people forgot its novelty in a realization of its meaning.

Clocks all over town gave warning that the hour had come when the funeral procession was to set out, and it was the signal for the cessation of all activity. People stopped short wherever they happened to be, and if they resumed their ways again, it was slowly and instinctively on tiptoe. As the surface cars ceased moving, the passengers in them arose and stood with bared heads until the five minutes had passed. It was not only the motorman or the engineer who had been ordered to stop his car or his train at the given

time, and had to do it whether he willed or not—the cartman, the cabman, the truckman—in fact, every one who happened to be out on the street with his vehicle, stopped. He didn't have to. He had no orders to stop. But he did stop and remained silent, with everything and everybody else.

And it was not only in the streets of the city that this effective tribute was to be observed. As all traffic on land came to halt at 3:30 o'clock, so did all traffic on the water cease at that time. Ferryboats, wherever they happened to be, came to a stop. Pilots rang their signal bells the moment their watches showed them that the time for the universal display of sorrow and respect had come. Tugboats, sailboats, every craft that was either in the river or the bay stopped simultaneously, and from the Battery the sight of hundreds of boats drifting with the tide was such as no one who witnessed it had ever recollected seeing in the history of the port.

In Brooklyn the observance was general in every thoroughfare. The power was cut off from the electric wires promptly at 3:30 o'clock and every trolley car ceased in its noisy journey. Though one place was doubtless as good as another to observe the actual halt of traffic, the most notable scene was that which occurred in the neighborhood of the Borough Hall. The hands of the hall clock still lacked a minute of 3:30 when the cars on Fulton street halted. A Court street car was just entering on its southbound trip from beneath the elevated structure, but it stopped with the switch half caught. Instantly a hush came over the crowd with which the silence of a church would alone bear comparison. It was in reality a sanctuary in the open. Men and women stopped where they were. There was no talking and few moved. As the cars ceased their motion, men on the curb removed their hats in silence and stood uncovered. They could not have shown greater respect had they been on the inner line of people who saw President McKinley's body borne to the grave.

The stillness was by far the most impressive part of the brief incident. The closed office windows and store doors on all sides of the square gave to the scene a solemn setting which the bands of mourning everywhere displayed greatly enhanced. For once, the combination of city noises, the clang of trolley bells and the rattle of traffic was hushed and a country lane of a summer Sunday morning could not have been more silent. The occasional prattle of children, who did not realize the significance of the minute, fell from their lips with a volume of sound out of all proportion to the force of their voices. Several times during the unspoken service, the distant shouts of small boys could be heard, but from the steps of the Borough Hall it was impossible to locate the boys themselves. Some of them were easily two blocks distant.

For seven minutes instead of five, the cars and the populace remained stationery. Five minutes was the stated time but no one grew restless when it was exceeded. No one moved away until the signal, which was flashed all over the nation, was communicated to Brooklyn. The first break in the silence came from the Kings County elevated road. The sound of an engine's exhaust gradually grew louder and a train swung around the curve from Boerum place station. Half a minute later, the motormen on the trolley cars jumped to their stations, cranks in hand, and signalized the return of power of starting. Every car took up its interrupted journey at the same time and with the resumption of traffic, the crowds in the street continued their walk. From an observance which seemed at first to be a formality on the part of the railroads, Brooklyn witnessed an event as impressive as a sermon.

IN MEMORIAM.

* * * There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour.—Revelation viii:1.

O, holy Silence! Atmosphere of God!
To thee in tribute doth the Nation bow,
As through the land, the slowly moving train
Beareth the precious burden, silent now.

Thousands on thousands by the roadsides stand,
Heads bared and silent; never word nor sound
From man nor woman, nor from little child,
To break the silence, stricken, awed, profound.

Silent the voice of love and woe and grief,
Silent the tones of envious, ignorant hate;
Silent the slurs and sneers of petty minds,
Silent the critics—though, alas! too late.

The Nation bows in silence to God's will.
Dying, he said, "His will be done, not ours."
O, Silence! last, till God through thee shall speak,
And make of all the centuries but hours—

Till "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the chorus rise
From every nation, kindred, people, tongue;
Through all the world for which the Saviour died
May this appeal from shore to shore be sung.

And then the Church which He ordained shall rise
Upon the Rock His holy feet had trod,
The end and crown of all His earthly life—
Communion of the human heart with God.

S. J. A.

International Sympathy.

Announcement of the sad news was made to the ministers of the United Statesthroughout the world by Secretary of State John Hay in the following circular note:

Department of State,
Washington, September 14, 1901.

Sir—It is my painful duty to announce to you the death of William McKinley, President of the United States, in the City of Buffalo, at fifteen minutes past two in the morning of to-day, September 14.

Laid low by the act of assassin, the week long struggle to save his life has been watched with keen solicitude, not alone by the people of this country, who raised him from their own ranks to the high office he filled, but by the people of all friendly nations, whose messages of sympathy and hope, while hope was possible, have been most consolatory in this time of sore trial.

Now that the end has come I request you to be the medium of communicating the sad tidings to the government of the honored nation you so worthily represent, and to announce that, in obedience to the prescriptions of the Constitution the office of President has devolved upon Theodore Roosevelt, Vice President of the United States.

Accept, sir, the renewed assurance of my highest consideration. JOHN HAY.

The Quick Response.

From King Edward of England:

Most truly do I sympathize with you and the whole American nation at the loss of your distinguished and ever to be regretted President. EDWARD REX.

From the Archbishop of Canterbury:

I desire to express in behalf of the Church of England the deep grief with which we have heard of the death of the President. The loss of so great a ruler is a calamity to the whole world. The triumph of wickedness fills us with sorrow. Our prayer and goodwill will be an earnest for the American people.

From the Lord Mayor of London:

The citizens of London are profoundly moved and deeply affected at the sad intelligence of President McKinley's death. They had hoped that under Providence so valuable a life might be spared for the welfare of his country. In their name I beg to tender your excellency their heartfelt sympathy. I shall be grateful if you will convey this to Mrs. McKinley and the people of the United States. The eminent career and public services of President McKinley were widely appreciated here and will long be remembered by the English people, who, having themselves sustained the loss of a beloved sovereign this year, are able to sympathize keenly with the United States in the sudden removal of their distinguished President.

The Rev. Henry Scott Holland, precentor of St. Paul's Cathedral, London:

A great hope that once filled humanity lies slain. We once dreamed that the New World had awaked from the nightmare of evil memories and set out to live its free life unburdened and uncursed, but the new has like bitterness to work through as the old. We must face it calmly and patiently. Not that we may be driven into a fierce reaction by the sting of this insane crime does the poor man lie dead. With renewed humility and with severer resolution we must work together for a new order of social intercourse in which it will become impossible for passions which issue in such an outrage to exist.

From Sir Henry Irving:

May I add personally my deep grief to that of the people of this nation and of the nations of the earth for the loss of a great and good life, so ruthlessly snatched away in the fullness of love and honor.

The London Times:

He died as he lived, with simple, manly courage and unaffected piety, which mark the best men of his race.

The London Telegraph:

There was the same anxious look in the faces of Londoners yesterday as they wore when our late beloved Queen was fighting her battle with death. It was then that America stretched out her hand to us. To-day, in her hour of bitter trial, we return the grasp.

From London Chronicle:

This sympathy is intensified by a full realization of the calamity, until we are almost inclined to say that there is no precedent for such a display of emotion and fellow feeling on these particular lines. It is not impossible that the assassination of Mr. McKinley will advance that international comity of governments to which some political students look as the keynote of future peace and harmony.

From Westminster Gazette:

To us in this country the loss of President McKinley is a family bereavement. We have had our differences with the American people. We know full well how more true it becomes every day that they are our keenest and most dangerous trade competitors, but above and beyond the conflict of competition is the outstanding fact that they are our next of kin. We are linked by common ties that exist nowhere except with the United States. Just as Queen Victoria was sincerely mourned on the other side of the Atlantic, so now we claim a special right to share the sorrow and indignation which the American continent feels at the death of its President.

From Emperor William, Germany:

I am deeply affected by the news of the untimely death of President McKinley. I hasten to express the deepest and most heartfelt sympathy of the German people to the great American nation. Germany mourns with America for her noble son, who lost his life while he was fulfilling his duty to his country and people.

WILLIAM I. R.

Also a special dispatch to Mrs. McKinley:

Her Majesty the Empress and myself beg you to accept the expression of our most sincere sorrow in the loss which you have suffered by the death of your beloved husband, felled by the ruthless hand of a murderer. May the Lord, who granted you so many years of happiness at the side of the deceased, grant you strength to bear the heavy blow with which he has visited you.

WILLIAM I. R.

Emperor William ordered the German fleet assembled off Dantsic to half mast their flags and to hoist the Stars and Stripes at their maintops, and also ordered flags to be half masted on all German public buildings.

From the Berliner Neuste Nachrichten:

The German nation expresses to the American people sincere sympathy in the loss of a leader who was an out and out American, and who firmly undertook the realization of aims he deemed worth obtaining and corresponding with the wishes of a majority of the people.

From the Vienna, Austria, News Wiener Tageblatt:

The ocean is not wide enough to hold all the sympathy that is streaming from the Old World to the New.

From St. Petersburg, Russia, Boerse Gazette:

Mr. McKinley was one of the most popular figures in American history and one of the best representatives of American ideals. On account of the extraordinary purity of Mr. McKinley's character, the American people will find sympathy wherever civilized men dwell. Opinion in Europe regarding Pan-Americanism may possibly be divided, but it is comprehensible from the American point of view. Mr. McKinley died firmly believing that the work he had begun in domestic and foreign policy would find suitable instruments for its continuation.

From President Loubet, France, to Mrs. McKinley:

I learn with deep pain that his excellency Mr. McKinley has succumbed to the deplorable attempt on his life. I sympathize with you with all my heart in the calamity which thus strikes at your dearest affections and which bereaves the great American nation of a President so justly respected and loved.

From the Paris Gaulois:

The death of President McKinley will have a greater reverberation throughout Europe than had the disappearance of Garfield, Lincoln, or Carnot. He played a bigger part on the world's stage than any of his predecessors.

In conversation with a friend the Dowager Queen Margherita of Italy said:

Both of us know what it is to be kept from the bedsides of our dear ones, I by Humbert's instantaneous death, she by weak health. I cannot get her out of my mind. She is constantly in my thoughts and prayers.

From President Diaz, Mexico:

I have been deeply shocked by this crime. President McKinley was not a ruler of exclusive or aristocratic tendencies. He was a good friend of the people, a genuine democrat in the best sense of the word. With regard to Mexico, President McKinley had ever evidenced such friendly sentiments that his death will be mourned in this country hardly less keenly than in the United States.

Minister Wu forwarded to the State Department the following imperial edict trans-

mitted by the Privy Council and received by him:

By direction of her majesty, the Empress Dowager, this edict is issued by us:

The plenipotentiaries (Prince Ching and Viceroy Li) have memorialized the throne by telegraph that they have received a note from the United States Minister at Peking, conveying the sad intelligence of the death of the President of the United States.

It is with unspeakable sorrow and consternation that his majesty and ourself have heard the distressing news. The late President always gave manifestations of sincere friendship, and during the events of last year he pursued a policy marked by a high sense of justice.

Wu Ting Fang is hereby instructed to convey to the United States government this message of our sincere condolence. Respect this.

The Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, has sent a dispatch to the Secretary of State upon the death of President McKinley as follows:

I have learned with emotion the tragic death of Mr. McKinley. I beg to express to you the deep share I take in the sorrow caused by this event.

Other messages received read as follows:

From Mr. Jackson, United States Consul at Patras:

From Prefect Achaia and Mayor Patras: The loss of the Philhellenic American President is to Greece almost a heart wound.

From Ambassador Tower at St. Petersburg, under date of September 17:

A solemn memorial service will be held under direction of this embassy Thursday, September 19, attended by imperial Russian dignitaries, the diplomatic corps and all Americans in St. Petersburg.

From Minister Swenson at Copenhagen, under date of September 16:

The Crown Prince called to-day to express his own and the King's condolence. The King of Greece personally, and Empress Dowager of Russia, through their minister, request me to convey sympathy to Mrs. McKinley, the government and people.

From Prince Devawongse, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Siam:

His Majesty was deeply grieved to hear of the death of President McKinley, and commanded me to express to the American nation his profound sympathy and that of his government at this irreparable loss.

From Count von Buelow, Imperial Chancellor, Berlin:

Most deeply grieved that medical skill was unable to save the precious life of your President. I take with all my heart the most sincere part in the deep mourning which has befallen at this time the American nation and their government.

From the President of Paraguay:

The government and people of Paraguay join in the great American mourning.

From the Russian Charge d'Affaires, at Narragansett, R. I.:

Prince Obolensky, acting Imperial Minister, profoundly afflicted by the sad news of the demise of President McKinley, desires me to transmit to the federal government the expression of the very keen and sincere sympathy of the Imperial Government in the great calamity which has befallen the government and the people of the United States.

From the Austro-Hungarian Charge d'Affaires:

I am charged, on the occasion of the tragic death of President McKinley, to convey to the federal government the warmest sympathy of His Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty.

From the Peruvian Minister of Foreign Affairs:

Profoundly moved by the sorrowful news of the death of the illustrious President McKinley, I hasten to transmit to your excellency, in the name of my government and in my own, the earnest expression of our condolence.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY SERVICE.

London, September. 20—By command of King Edward a memorial service in honor of the late President McKinley was held in Westminster Abbey and was attended by many Americans and Englishmen of distinction. The Lord Steward of the household, Lord Pembroke, represented the king; Colonel Alfred M. Egerton represented the Duke and Duchess of Connaught; Major James E. Martin represented the Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. The secretary for war, William St. John Brodrick, and the under secretary of the Foreign Office, Lord Granborne, were present, and other cabinet ministers were represented.

The British Ambassador to the United States, Lord Pauncefote; the Russian Ambassador to Great Britain, M. de Staal; the Danish Minister, M. de Bille, and the Turkish Ambassador, Costaki Anthopulo Pacha, were also present, with members of all the legations, including the Consul General of Monaco.

Lord Rosebery, the Lord Chief Justice, Baron Alverstone; Baron Revelstoke, Baron Mount-Stephen, Sir William and Lady Vernon-Harcourt and the agents general of twenty British colonies were there.

Among the Americans who attended the service were Hon. Levi P. Morton, formerly Vice President of the United States; Judge Lambert Tree, formerly United States minister to Belgium; Charles Francis Adams, Bishop Hurst of Washington and Bishop Hartzell of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Africa.

Occupying a front pew under the lectern were Bishops Arnett, Gaines, Lee, Tyree and Derrick of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Beyond, in reserved seats, were 2,000 or 3,000 other persons.

The service, which was fully choral, was of extreme beauty. The office for the dead was used, with the prayer of committal omitted. Tschaikowsky's and Chopin's funeral marches preceded the service. The congregation sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," with the melody commonly used in England.

As a mark of respect for the late President all the exchanges in the kingdom were closed. The Government buildings here and elsewhere had their flags at half-staff and the Glasgow exhibition was closed during the service. The American and Canadian stores were draped with black.

A stately service, similar in most respects to that held in memory of Queen Victoria, on the day of her burial, was conducted in St. Paul's Cathedral, out of respect to the memory of the late President McKinley, and was attended by 6,000 persons. Dean Gregory and fourteen other clergymen were engaged in the service. The archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Rev. Frederick Temple, leaning feebly on the arm of one of the clergy, pronounced the benediction.

Home Tributes.

The Hon. Willlam J. Bryan:

It is inexpressibly sad. His life was remarkable and his character above reproach. His personal qualities were such that he had no enemies. The blow aimed at him is at his government and is felt by all.

The Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson:

President McKinley's creed in axiom was, "There is nothing so kingly as kindness." Blameless and tender in private life, he was patriotic in all his impulses, of personal integrity never questioned, and faithful in the discharge of public duties. He will live in the grateful remembrance of his countrymen.

Former United States Senator David B. Hill:

Every good citizen laments the death of President McKinley. Death by assassination is always terrible, and the country is to-day staggering under the severe shock. The President deserved to live. He was just entering upon a career of usefulness greater than he had ever known before. As an official he was distinguished as safe and conservative, always ready to respect the popular will. He was a model citizen in all his relations in life. He cherished no animosities, and well understood and observed the amenities which should always accompany political differences in a free country like ours.

Archbishop John Ireland, St. Paul, Minn:

The nation mourns; well may she mourn. She has lost her Chief Magistrate, whom she loved so dearly, in whom she so willingly reposed her pride. William McKinley is now dead; his memory will live down the ages as that of one of the most worthy to have been the President of the Republic of the United States. I knew him closely, I esteemed him, I liked him. He was the true man, pure of morals, generous minded, conscientious, religious. He was the noble citizen, proud of being a son of the people, brave in the battlefield amid his country's peril, zealous of its glory, unswervingly loyal to its honor and its interests. He was the typical President of the Republic.

Bishop William Lawrence, Massachusetts:

President McKinley represented the best type of American citizenship in his amiable, forceful and pure character. The nation mourns the death of her Chief Magistrate. The American people mourn one whose influence has touched their homes, kindled a finer patriotism and gained their warm affections.

The Rev. W. R. Huntington, Grace Church, New York:

Think of those words of our departed President, when, after being shot, though realizing that he was entering the Valley of Death, he said, to protect his enemy from mob violence, "Let no one touch him." That was not only an exhibition of compassion, but a respect for law. That spirit is the sole safeguard of our civil life.

From Mr. Andrew Carnegie:

President McKinley passes into his place in history as one of the greatest rulers of men through their affections, and beloved by his countrymen, and he stands forever with Lincoln and Garfield in the temple of martyrs, wearing like them the holy crown of sacrifice for the republic. Our first duty in this crisis is to give to his successor under the Constitution our loyal support, in the hope and belief that power will impress him, as it has many great characters known to history, and keep him in the path of his good and great predecessor.

The Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, Boston:

Like the shot fired at Concord it has been heard around the world. It is the signal gun to the nations of the world to wipe anarchy and anarchists from the face of the earth. McKinley is dead, but his sprit lives. Into the soul of every American that spirit became in words of living fire this resolve: That law and order must prevail, and that a government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., Boston:

Such a life as thus described is to be a lesson, an incentive for centuries, to our nation. The history of such a life from year to year will make it a better and a better nation. It gives to us the best training for the bringing up of good citizens—the best training and the most attractive training.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Boston:

Grit is a good thing when mixed with grace. The politician should be as reliable as a clergyman. I know of no character in this country that was finer, sweeter, purer or more thoroughly right than President McKinley. He was never known to 'pitch into' any one, as the saying goes, and his tender solicitude for Mrs. McKinley, even when he discovered that he was shot, asking those about him not to tell her of the deed, shows the grandeur of his character. In the schools we have exhorted girls to grow up to be good wives like Mrs. McKinley, but why not exhort the boys to grow up to be good husbands like President McKinley? Boys should be trained to be good husbands as well as girls trained to be good wives. President McKinley loved his wife as Christ loved the church.

Governor Nash's Proclamation.

The proclamation of Governor Nash of Ohio was as follows:

To the People of Ohio—With great sorrow I announce to you that William McKinley, President of the United States, is dead.

His whole life was dedicated to patriotic public service. As a boy he was a brave and loyal soldier of the Union. Fourteen years in the Congress of the United States were marked in the framing and advocacy by him of laws most wise and beneficial to the country.

During four years as Governor of Ohio he earned and received our love and affection. It was, however, as President of the United States that his devotion to the country shows in its greatest brilliancy and his very eminent ability became most marked. His work as the nation's chief executive was of such a character that it will live and bless the republic for all time, and will be his most enduring monument. His neverceasing kindness and affection to an invalid wife have endeared him to every man, woman and child in our land.

Your hearts are filled with intense grief. I ask you to manifest this by displaying upon your homes and places of business the usual evidences of mourning, and upon the day of his funeral by honoring his memory in every possible and appropriate manner. Pray, also, that God may shield our beloved and stricken country from harm on account of this great affliction and ever keep us in His gracious care.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto affixed my name and the great seal of the State of Ohio, this 14th day of September, A. D. 1901. GEORGE K. NASH.

By the Governor.

Lewis C. Laylin, Secretary of State.

Chauncey M. Depew.

The tribute of the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew was as follows:

The President dead this morning, the Vice President taking the oath and assuming the duties of President this afternoon, was an impressive lesson that men may die but the republic lives forever. Never was the idiocy of assassination as a means of subverting government more clearly demonstrated. It is only a step from the Milburn house, where McKinley bade his pathetic farewell to his wife and countrymen, to the Wilcox house, where Roosevelt was inaugurated. The Cabinet and those privileged to witness the ceremony left the house of mourning and in a few minutes were listening to the oath which transferred the powers of the great office to the young, vigorous, healthy and confident grasp of Theodore Roosevelt. The ceremony was simple and impressive. A lawyer's library, Cabinet ministers, judges, senators, in number less than a dozen, dressed as they had come from distant homes upon a sudden call. The Secretary of War, his voice choking with suppressed emotion, utters slowly the opinion of the Cabinet that vast public interests demand that the Vice President at once assume the government. The Vice President, raising his hand, repeats with emphasis the oath as it is read by Judge Hazel, and we are in the presence of the ruler of the most powerful nation in the world. A moment's pause, and then, with unusual emphasis and solemnity, the President gives the pledge to carry out the policy of McKinley for the "peace, prosperity and honor of the country." In the feeling of relief and satisfaction of that little circle which to-morrow will be the sentiment of the nation, was the belief that a monstrous crime against humanity and our country could be left to the judgment and penalties of the law, but the beneficent evolution of our progress and prosperity would receive neither check nor injury.

Hon. Thomas C. Platt.

United States Senator Thomas C. Platt said:

In President McKinley's death the country has sustained a distinct and overwhelming loss and those who have been associated with him in his administration, both in the advisory and in the legislative capacity, feel a most poignant sorrow. During the past four years and a half I have become greatly impressed by his admirable personality and my respect and regard for him as a President and as a man were becoming more intense with the passage of time and the occurrence of opportunities for contact with him. His national spirit was patriotic and tolerant in the extreme. He has created a place in the affections of the people seldom acquired by presidents or kings and his untimely demise

leaves us all crushed under a burden of grief and sorrow.

Congress must at an early date deal with the problem of prevention of such atrocious crimes in the future and, in the event of their occurrence, of adequate punishment of the criminals.

Secretary John D. Long.

From eulogy by Secretary of the Navy John D. Long:

President McKinley, of blessed life, is now, and, more and more as time goes on, will be, of blessed memory. The asperities which afflict a public servant during his official career will quickly be forgotten, and the calm, just verdict of history will pronounce him a man of ideally pure, true character, a patriot of single and disinterested devotion to his country and a statesman unexcelled for tact, prudence and practical competency. His domestic life is one of the precious sanctities of American sentiment.

As an executive his administration has been a series of remarkable achievements. It has been attended by great military successes; by an abounding prosperity. It has put out the last embers of sectional bitterness. It has been marked by appointments of high character and especial fitness to places of great trust. The tone of the public official, the efficiency of the civil service, the integrity and fidelity of all departments and branches of the executive government were never so high as to-day.

President McKinley leaves an unblemished record in public and private life, and a record not merely free from blemish, but bright with good deeds done, with great services rendered.

Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge.

From United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, now in Paris:

We all had this week such strong and well founded hopes that the President would recover that the news of his death comes with an additional pang. It is a terrible tragedy, a national sorrow and a loss which is hard to think of or bear. President McKinley was the leader and chief in a momentous period of his country's history, and he rose fully to the great situation. His policies have become the policies of the United States. When the history of his time is written he will stand forth as the great figure in the years which have been so crowded with events. He gained the entire confidence of the nation by his patriotism, wisdom and ability, just as he won its love by his kindness and goodness to all men. This is not the time, especially for those whose personal sorrow mingles with that of the public at his loss, to say more. We all bow our heads with grief, and are grateful for the sympathy other nations offer us so strongly. Deeply conscious of our loss, and with our hearts full of sadness and sorrow for her to whom President McKinley gave such beautiful and unselfish devotion, the sympathy of all Americans goes out to the Vice President, called so suddenly and so painfully to take the place of one who was his friend as well as his associate, and with whose well considered policies and patriotic purposes he is in such complete accord. Words at such a moment are vain. It is a tragic end of a great career. Murder cut short a brilliant and beneficent life. It is a national loss and a profound sorrow. It is all inexpressibly sad.

Secretary Lyman J. Gage.

Secretary of the Treasury Lyman J. Gage issued the following announcement of President McKinley's death:

It has been thought proper to make sad but official announcement in this issue of treasury decisions of the tragic death of William McKinley, twenty-fifth President of the United States, and to give some expression of that tribute which his character and deeds compel.

It needed not the shadow of death to make the figure of the late President loom large in the estimate of mankind.

The republic he loved he lived to broaden and unify as no previous President had done. Under his prudent and farseeing statesmanship it took exalted place in the community of nations.

From his place as private citizen, on through many and increasing honors, to his final post as ruler of his people, he remained true to the highest ideals.

By the people of the nation at large and by the world he was known and will live in grateful annals as a gentleman of noble heart, an affectionate husband, a sturdy friend and a faithful and illustrious President.

In a long public life ever open to his fellows nothing was ever found, even by intemperate partisan zeal, that would cast a shade upon his character.

The kindly and unselfish tributes which his colleagues knew and loved the public felt, and now men of every faith and following join in reverent acknowledgment of these distinctive virtues and abilities that lift him among the truly great of all ages.

The passing of Presidents and kings usually evokes tributes of praise, but in William McKinley's life there was an element that made him more than ruler, and which, in the hour of his death, is above the tribute of speech and tears.

The ordinary tributes paid to the memory of the great when they pass from earth utterly fail to satisfy the mind in an attempted application of them to our dead President.

Hon. Joseph B. Foraker.

United States Senator Joseph B. Foraker delivered the following eulogy at services held in Cincinnati:

President McKinley died proud of his work and in the just expectation that time will vindicate his wisdom, his purpose and his labors—and it will.

What he was not permitted to finish will be taken up by other hands, and, when the complete, crowning triumph comes, it will rest upon the foundations he has laid.

His great loss to the country will not be in connection with policies now in process of solution, but rather in connection with new questions. What he has marked out and put the impress of his great name upon will receive the unquestioned support of his own party and the great majority of the American people.

He had so gained the confidence of his followers and the whole country in his leadership that practically all differences of opinion on new propositions would have yielded to his judgment.

The progress of events will not stop. New questions will arise—are arising—have arisen. With his calm, clear judgment and foresight he saw and appreciated all this. His last speech was a testimonial to this fact. It was in many respects the ablest, most thoughtful and the most statesmanlike utterance he ever made. It was the triumphant sequel to his long years of sturdy battle for a protective tariff; a complete vindication of all his predictions in that behalf, and, at the same time, a fitting farewell to the American people whom he had served so well.

Who can exaggerate the gratification he must have experienced in pointing out the immeasurable prosperity that has resulted from the energizing effects of the policies he had done so much to sustain?

Dwelling upon the fact that we had now reached a point in the development of our industries where we are not only able to supply our home markets, but are producing a large and constantly increasing surplus, for which we must find markets abroad, he reminded us that, if we would secure these markets and continue these happy conditions, we must not only maintain cordial relations with other nations, but must establish such reciprocal relations of trade as will enable them to sell as well as to buy, and that in this great work we should utilize the protective elements of existing duties where it is no longer needed for purposes of protection.

Over the details there will doubtless be differences of opinion, but as to the general proposition, his words will live after him to speak with decisive authority.

But he no longer belongs to us alone. We long ago gave him to the nation, and the nation has given him to the world. There is no place in all Christendom where his name is not spoken with admiration and cherished with affection.

The whole world mourns with us and pays tribute to his memory; not because of his public services, for they were rendered for America, but for the gentleness of his nature and the nobility of his character. In these respects he is without a rival since Sir Philip Sidney.

He was of splendid presence, of pleasing personality and of polished and graceful address. There was no court in Europe where his manner and deportment would not have commanded the highest respect, and yet it was all so natural and free from simulation or affectation that he was always, without any sacrifice of dignity or change of manner, familiarly at home with Abraham Lincoln's common people of America.

He loved his countrymen and was never so happy as when in their midst. From them he constantly gathered suggestions and ideas and wisdom. The cares of state were never so exacting that he could not give consideration to the humblest, and his mind was never so troubled that his heart was not full of mercy.

As a public speaker he had few equals. His voice was of pleasing tone and unusual carrying power. He had it under complete control. He could adapt it perfectly to any audience or any subject. It was always in tune with the occasion. From one end of the land to the other he was constantly in demand for public addresses. He responded to more such calls probably than any other orator of his time. Most of his speeches were of a political character, yet he made many addresses on other subjects; but no matter when or where or on what subject he spoke, he never dealt in offensive personalities. He drove home his points and routed his antagonist with merciless logic, but never in any other way wounded his sensibilities.

No language can adequately tell of his devoted love and tender affection for the invalid partner of all his joys and sorrows. Amidst his many honors and trying duties she ever reigned supreme in his affections. The story of this love has gone to the ends of the earth, and is written in the hearts of all mankind everywhere. It is full of tenderness, full of pathos, full of honor. It will be repeated and cherished as long as the name of William McKinley shall live.

It was these great qualities of the heart that gave him the place he holds in the affections of other peoples. They claim him for humanity's sake because they find in him an expression of their highest aspiration. By common consent, he honored the whole human race, and all the race will honor him. But he was more than gentle. He was thoroughly religious and too religious to be guilty of any bigotry.

His broad, comprehensive views of man and his duty in his relations to God enabled him to have charity and respect for all who differed from his belief. His faith solaced him in life and did not fail him when the supreme test came. When he realized the work of the assassin, his first utterance was a prayer that God would forgive the crime. As he surrendered himself to unconsciousness, from which he might never awake, that surgery could do its work, he gently breathed the Lord's prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done."

And when the dread hour of dissolution overtook him and the last touching farewell had been spoken, he sank to rest murmuring, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

This was his last triumph and his greatest. His whole life was given to humanity, but in his death we find his most priceless legacy.

The touching story of that deathbed scene will rest on generations yet unborn like a soothing benediction. Such Christian fortitude and resignation give us a clearer conception of what was in the apostle's mind when he exclaimed, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

The Hon. George F. Hoar.

United States Senator George F. Hoar, at services held in Worcester, Mass., said:

"The voice of love and sorrow to-day in

not that which cometh from the lips. Silence, the inward prayer, the quivering lip, the tears of women and of bearded men, have been the token of affection. This is the third time within the memory of men not yet old that the head of the republic has been stricken by the assassin. Each was a man of the people. Each had risen by sheer force of excellence from the humblest beginning. The life of each was proof that in our great country men rise from the lowest to the highest places by virtue only of the upward gravitation of manly character.

"The stroke every time was at liberty, not at despotism. In the great strife of the ages between equality and despotism, between manhood and privilege, between justice and oppression, these men were on the side of humanity. If there were any on earth who ought to have prayed and striven that the life of Lincoln, or Garfield, or McKinley should be spared, and their aspirations fulfilled, it was the men who struck them down. The man who murdered McKinley was a Pole, of a race whose country had been parted among the despots, but who had found here the door open to freedom and equality, to comfort and prosperity. At the moment of the crime, this humble citizen was welcomed to join hands as equal with the Chief Magistrate. This was a blow at the principle of human equality itself, as it was recognized by the leader of a great people, on a great public occasion. If there be anything of reason or of hope in the wild delirium of these conspirators, crimes like this are the sure way to baffle it. The supreme and utter folly of the crime would move us to laughter were it not for the terrible tragedy. What has ever been or ever can be gained by these crimes? Eight strong men were ready in turn to take the helm of state. The anarchist must slay 75,000,000 Americans before he can overthrow the republic or the doctrines on which the republic is builded.

"We shall, I hope, in due time, soberly, when the tempest of grief has passed by, find means for additional security against the repetition of a crime like this. We shall go as far as we can, without sacrificing constitutional liberty, to repress the utterance of doctrine which in effect is nothing but counseling murder. We shall, also, I hope, learn to moderate the bitterness of political strife and to avoid savage attack on the motive and character of men in high places, a fault which, already disappearing from ordinary controversy, seems to linger still among our scholars and men of letters. Is it strange that a Pole, bred to regard government as crime, should have failed to learn that here government and liberty are inseparable, when there comes from the college hall, from the scholar's desk, and sometimes from press and pulpit, the constant preaching that the country is base, and that the rulers of the republic are corrupt and wicked? Good men, and patriotic men, are not all of them free from censure in this matter. The man who is the most positive and most intolerant is the surest to be wrong. The moral is, not that we should abate our zeal for justice and righteousness or our condemnation of wrong, but only that we should abate in the severity of our judgment of the motives of men from whom we differ. These bitter and uncharitable critics, especially if they speak from places which seem to give them authority, if their arrows be feathered with the graces of speech and of culture, also serve to arm and equip other men more dangerous than themselves. It is they who are behind the anarchist.

"But this hour is devoted to the memory of the dead. I can only repeat now what I thank God it was given me to say while he lived, that he was our best beloved President, save only Washington and Lincoln. The tributes to the excellence of President McKinley do not come from personal or political friendship alone, and are not born of present sorrow. Men who differed from him in opinion most widely on the great questions of the time loved and honored him if only they knew him. The belief that President McKinley lacked intellectual power, or firmness, or strength of will, long ago disappeared, as his countrymen came to know him better. I do not believe there is a stronger personal force left on earth than that veiled by his quiet and gracious manner. Those who denied his absolute integrity and patriotism and desire for justice and liberty will as surely change their minds.

"Is there in history or in poetry the story of a knightlier chivalry than that of this man's devotion to the wife of his youth? In the foremost household of the republic has been the foremost example of that household virtue, the love of husband and wife, which is the one best thing man has gained so far in the uncounted years of his evolution He was a man of a simple, lofty, quiet courage, as became an American citizen and soldier. He might have avoided this fate. There were never wanting counselors to bid him surround himself with guards, or shut out the people from his presence, or keep away from the places where they were gathered. But he would take no heed of such warning. He liked better to trust himself to the affections of his countrymen. He was thinking ever of their safety, not of his own. He would rather win his enemies than intimidate them.

"Ah, my friends, if we have given to us in this world a divine pattern and are commanded to imitate the divine example, surely there can be no presumption or blasphemy in saying that men have sometimes attained unto it. If the spirit of Him who said in His dying hour: 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do,' who, if the cup were not to pass from Him, submitted His own will to his Father's, and commended. in dying, His spirit to the spirit that made it, ever hath been manifested in the conduct of any human being, it was found in that of McKinley. We will place him in our Valhalla. He was a favorite of the people. He was a leader of men. He knew the people that he ruled. His power was of the sunshine, not of the tempest. Whether the great measures with which his name is inseparably connected were wise or unwise, righteous or unrighteous, must be settled by later and more deliberate verdict than ours. History will declare, I think, that he believed them right and wise; that he loved his countrymen and loved liberty. Peace to his ashes. The benedictions of millions of Americans are falling now upon his new made grave."

The Hon. Grover Cleveland.

Former President of the United States Grover Cleveland said to the students in Princeton:

To-day the grave closes over the man who was but lately chosen by the people of the United States to represent their sovereignty, to protect and defend their constitution, to faithfully execute the laws made for their welfare and to safely keep and uphold the integrity of the republic. His term is closed —not by the lapse of time, but by the tragedy of assassination. He passes from the sight of the public—not joyfully bearing the wreaths and garlands of his countrymen's approving acclaim, but amid the sobs and tears of a mourning nation. He has gone to his home—not the habitation of earthly peace and quiet, bright domestic joy and comfort, but to the dark and narrow house appointed for all the sons of men, there to rest until the morning light of the resurrection shall gleam in the East.

The whole nation loved their late President. His kindly disposition and affectionate traits, his amiable consideration for all about him will long remain in the hearts of his countrymen. He loved them in return with such patriotism and unselfishness that in this hour of their grief and humiliation he would say to them, "It is God's will; I am content. If there is a lesson in my life or death, let it be taught to those who still live and have the destiny of their country in their keeping." Let us, then, as our dead is buried out of our sight, seek for the lessons and admonitions that are suggested by the life and death that constitutes our theme.

First in my mind are the lessons to be learned by the young men who make up the student body of our university. These lessons are not obscure nor difficult. They teach the value of study and mental training, but they teach much more impressively that the road to usefulness and to the only success worth having will be missed or lost, except it is sought and kept by the light of those qualities of heart which it is sometimes supposed may safely be neglected in university surroundings. This is a great mistake. Study, and study hard. But never let the thought enter your mind that study alone or the greatest accumulation of learning alone will lead you to the heights of usefulness and success.

The man who is universally mourned today acquired the highest distinction which his great country can confer on any man; and he lived a useful life. He was not deficient in education; but with all you will hear of his grand career and his services to his country and his fellow citizens, you will never hear that either the high place he reached or what he accomplished was due entirely to his education. But you will instead constantly hear, as accounting for his great success, that he was obedient and affectionate as a son, patriotic and faithful as a soldier, honest and upright as a citizen, tender and dutiful as a husband, and truthful, generous, unselfish, moral and clean in every relation of life.

He never thought any of these things too weak for his manhood. Make no mistake. He was a most distinguished man—a great man—a useful man—who became distinguished, great and useful because he had and retained unimpaired qualities of heart which I fear university students sometimes feel like keeping in the background or abandoning.

There is a most serious lesson for all of us in the tragedy of our late President's death. The shock of it is so great that it is hard for us at this time to read the lesson calmly. We can hardly fail to see, however, behind the bloody deed of the assassin, horrible figures and forces from which it will not do to turn away. If we are to escape further attack upon our peace and security, we must boldly and constantly grapple with the monster anarchy. It is not a thing that we can safely leave to be dealt with by party or partisanship. Nothing can guarantee us against its menace except the teachings and practice of the best citizenship, the exposure of the ends and aims of the gospel of discontent and hatred of social order, and the brave enactment and execution of repressive laws.

Our universities and colleges cannot refuse to join in the battle against the tendencies of anarchy. Their help in discouraging and warning against the relationship between vicious counsel and deeds of blood, and their steadying influence upon the elements of unrest, cannot fail to be of inestimable value.

By the memory of our murdered president, let us strive to cultivate and preserve the qualities that made him great and useful, and let us determine to meet the call of patriotic duty in every time of our country's danger or need.

Mr. Cleveland's Address at the Public Services.

The Hon. Grover Cleveland, who met with the people at a public memorial service in the First Church, Princeton, in the afternoon, delivered the following address:

My friends—I cannot refrain from saying a word this afternoon, but it must be only a word. The death of our lamented President and the solemnities that followed it have especially touched me. I not only sustain my full share of the grief which is common to all my fellow-citizens, but it seems to me that I have been brought within a more inner circle of relationship to these things exclusively my own. I recall with sharp distinctness when our dead President came from his home to receive on a surrender from my own hands the great office to which he had been elected. I remember the pleasant social meetings we had together and the technical formalities that passed between us at the time; and I remember how through it all the incoming President in his amiable manner manifested his serious appreciation of the responsibilities he was about to assume. An incident, which is interesting now, occurred on our way to the Capitol, where he was to take the oath of office. As we sat side by side amid the cheers of many thousands of his rejoicing fellow-citizens and friends, while he acknowledged these hearty greetings in the most friendly manner, he wore

the sober expression that plainly showed his thoughts were on the solemn things that awaited him. I shall never forget his manner when he turned to me and said: "What an impressive thing it is to assume tremendous responsibilites." I have always thought since, that I was in possession of the key to his manner of administration.

I recall our parting at the White House on our return there from the inauguration ceremonies and the exchange of hearty good wishes for each other—he, the President, and I, the private citizen. As I held the hand and wished for him the greatest possible measure of success, I added: "And I hope, Mr. President, when your term ends you will not have all the reasons that I now have to welcome retirement."

Hardly more than forty-eight hours ago I went to Washington again and, for the first time since I went with Mr. McKinley, I again visited the Capitol building. Again my presence was related to him, but my way there was lined with quiet, sad, weeping men and women, and when I arrived I stood by his coffin. He had met the responsibilities he so keenly realized when we went there together. The manner in which he had met and borne them had been known to God and approved by his fellow countrymen, and his accounts had been submitted to God for final audit. As the incidents of the time when I saw him assume these responsibilities crowded into my mind, the thought came upon me with tremendous impressiveness that I had seen and been related in a most intimate way to the beginning of a distinguishing presidential career of which the end was before me in death—death with honor and death without fear of the judgment seat of God. What is there left behind for our people by the President we mourn? He has left us a priceless gift in his example of a useful and pure life, of his fidelity to public trust, and his demonstration of the value of the kindly virtues that not only ennoble mankind, but lead to success. It is for us who remain to enforce this example and make it a saving influence for good in all our progress as a nation and in every vicissitude that awaits our future.

We are in church to-day; and the churches throughout the land are open to memorial services. These services should be but the beginning of more strenuous exertions on the part of our churches to arouse our people to their obligations in the fulfillment of every civic duty and to the enforcement of the fact that the laws of God, if kept and obeyed, are sufficient for all our needs and vicissitudes. God still lives and reigns, and He will not turn His face from us, who have always been objects of His kindness and love.

Cardinal James Gibbons.

Cardinal Gibbons made the following address at services held at the Cathedral in Baltimore, Md.:

"It has been my melancholy experience in the course of my sacred ministry to be startled by the assassination of three Presidents of the United States. Abraham Lincoln was shot in 1865, James A. Garfield was mortally wounded in 1881 and William McKinley received a fatal wound on the sixth day of September. Mr. Lincoln was shot in a theater, Mr. Garfield was shot while about to take a train to enjoy a needed vacation, and our late beloved President fell by the hand of an assassin while lending the prestige of his name and influence to the success of a national exposition.

"In the annals of crime it is difficult to find an instance of murder so atrocious, so wanton and meaningless as the assassination of Mr. McKinley. Some reason or pretext has been usually assigned for the sudden taking away of earthly rulers. Belshazzar, the impious King of Chaldea, spent his last night in reveling and drunkenness and profanity. He was suddenly struck dead by the hand of the Lord.

"How different was the life of our chief magistrate. No court in Europe or in the civilized world was more conspicuous for moral rectitude and purity, or more free from the breath of scandal than the official home of President McKinley. He would have adorned any court in Christendom by his civic virtures.

"Brutus plunged his dagger into the heart of Caesar because of his overweening ambition. Whatever may have been the errors of judgment on the part of our late President (and who is free from them?) no man can honestly charge him with tyranny or official corruption.

"The Redeemer of mankind was betrayed by the universal symbol of love. If I may reverently make the comparison, the President was betrayed by the universal emblem of friendship. Christ said to Judas, 'Friend, betrayest thou the son of man with a kiss?' The President could have said to his slayer, 'Betrayest thou the head of the nation with the grasp of the hand?' He was struck down surrounded by a host of his fellow citizens, every one of whom would have gladly risked his life in defense of his beloved chieftain.

"Few presidents were better equipped than Mr. McKinley for the exalted position which he filled. When a mere youth he entered the Union army as a private soldier during the Civil War, and was promoted for gallant service on the field of battle to the rank of major. He served his country for about fourteen years in the halls of Congress, and toward the close of his term he became one of the most conspicuous figures in that body. He afterward served his state as governor.

"As President he was thoroughly conversant with the duties of his office, and could enter into its most minute details. His characteristic virtues were courtesy and politeness, patience and forbearance, and masterly self control under very trying circumstances. When unable to grant a favor he had the rare and happy talent to disappoint the applicant without offending him.

"The domestic virtues of Mr. McKinley were worthy of all praise. He was a model husband. Amid the pressing and engrossing duties of his official life he would from time to time snath a few moments to devote to the invalid and loving partner of his joys and sorrows. O, what a change has come over this afflicted woman! Yesterday she was the first woman of the land, to-day she is a disconsolate and broken hearted widow. Let us beseech Him, who comforted the widow of Nain that He console this woman in her hour of desolation.

"It is a sad reflection that some fanatic or miscreant has it in his power to take the life of the head of the nation, and to throw the whole country into mourning. It was, no doubt, this thought that inspired some writers within the last few days to advise that the President should henceforth abstain from public receptions and handshaking, and that greater protection should be given to his person.

"You might have surrounded him with cohorts, defended with bayonets, and have him followed by argus eyed detectives, and yet he will not be proof against the stroke of the assassin. Are not the crowned heads of Europe usually attended by military forces, and yet how many of them have perished at the hand of some criminal? No. Let the President continue to move among his people and take them by the hand. The strongest shield of our Chief Magistrate is the love and devotion of his fellow citizens. The most effective way to stop such crimes is to inspire the rising generation with greater reverence for the constituted authorities and a greater horror for any insult or injury to their person. All seditious language should be suppressed. Incendiary speech is too often an incentive to criminal acts on the part of many to whom the transition from words to deeds is easy.

"Let it be understood once for all that the authorities are determined to crush the serpent of anarchy whenever it lifts it venomous head.

"We have prayed for the President's life but it did not please God to grant our petition. Let no one infer from this that our prayers were in vain. No fervent prayer ascending to the throne of heaven remains unanswered. Let no one say what a woman remarked to me on the occasion of President Garfield's death. 'I have prayed,' she said, 'for the President's life. My family have prayed for him, our congregation prayed for him, the city prayed for him, the state prayed for him, the nation prayed for him, and yet he died. What, then, is the use of prayer?' God answers our petitions, either directly or indirectly. If He does not grant us what we ask, He gives us something equivalent or better. If He has not saved the life of the President, He preserves the life of the nation, which is of more importance than the life of an indivdual. He has infused into the hearts of the American people a greater reverence for the head of the nation, and a greater abhorrence of assassination. He has intensified and energized our love of country and our devotion to our political institutions.

"What a beautiful spectacle to behold prayers ascending from tens of thousands of temples throughout the land to the throne of mercy! Is not this universal uplifting of minds and hearts to God a sublime profession of our faith and trust in Him? Is not this national appeal to heaven a most eloquent recognition of God's superintending providence over us? And such earnest and united prayers will not fail to draw down upon us the blessings of the Almighty.

"The President is dead! Long live the President! William McKinley has passed away, honored and mourned by the nation. Theodore Roosevelt succeeds to the title, the honors and responsibilities of the presidential office. Let his fellow citizens rally round him. Let them uphold and sustain him in bearing the formidable burden suddenly thrust upon him. May he be equal to the emergency and fulfill his duties with credit to himself, and may his administration redound to the peace and prosperity of the American people."

Memorial Services.

GREAT ASSEMBLIES OF THE PEOPLE —— TRIBUTES TO THE CHARACTER OF THE DEPARTED PRESIDENT.

In accordance with the proclamation of the President of the United States, memorial services in honor of the life and character of William McKinley, late President, were held all over the country on Thursday, September 19. Brooklyn people manifested their sorrow in common with mankind everywhere on this occasion. Many of the tributes to the excellence of the departed President have been presented, and are given herewith. The outpouring of the people was immense. Many churches united in service and there were overflow meetings as a natural result. Especially at the First Reformed Church on Bedford avenue, in the Eastern District was this noticeable. There sixteen churches united and held services. So great was the crush that Sr. John's M. E. Church, a few blocks distant, was called upon to take care of the overflow. In many other churches the seating and standing capacity was inadequate.

President Roosevelt's Proclamation.

By the President of the United States of America. A proclamation:

A terrible bereavement has befallen our people. The President of the United States has been struck down; a crime committed not only against the Chief Magistrate, but against every law-abiding and liberty-loving citizen.

President McKinley crowned a life of largest love for his fellow men, of most earnest endeavor for their welfare, by a death of Christian fortitude; and both the way in which he lived his life and the way in which, in the supreme hour of trial, he met his death, will remain forever a precious heritage of our people.

It is meet that we as a Nation express our abiding love and reverence for his life, our deep sorrow for his untimely death.

Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, do appoint Thursday next, September 19, the day in which the body of the dead President will be laid in its last earthly resting place, a day of mourning and prayer throughout the United States.

I earnestly recommend all the people to assemble on that day in their respective places of divine worship, there to bow down in submission to the will of Almighty God and to pay out of full hearts their homage of love and reverence to the great and good President whose death has smitten the Nation with bitter grief.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, the 14th day of September, A. D. one thousand nine hundred and one, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-sixth.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

By the President, John Hay, Secretary of State.

Services in Bedford Avenue Reformed Church.

All over Brooklyn on September 19 the churches held services in memoriam of the late President McKinley. The outpouring of the people was immense. Many churches united in service and there were overflow meetings as a natural result. Especially at the First Reformed Church on Bedford avenue in the Eastern District was this noticeable. There sixteen churches united and held services last night. So great was the crush that St. John's M. E. Church, a few blocks distant, was called upon to take care of the overflow. In many other churches the seating and standing capacity was inadequate.

At the meeting in the First Reformed Church at Bedford avenue and Clymer street, these churches participated: All Souls' Universalist, the Rev. Almon Gunnison, D. D., acting pastor; Calvary Protestant Episcopal, the Rev. C. L. Twing; Central Baptist, the Rev. Frederick E. Taylor; Church of the Redeemer, the Rev. S. G. Weiskotten; First Baptist, the Rev. Milton F. Negus; First Free Baptist, the Rev. Rivington D. Lord, D. D.; First Reformed, the Rev. Howard Wilbur Ennis; First United Presbyterian, the Rev. J. L. Hervey; Ross Street Presbyterian, the Rev. John Erskine Adams; South Second Street Methodist Episcopal, the Rev. Frederick Saunders; South Third Street Presbyterian, the Rev. J. D. Wells, D. D., the Rev. N. Woolsey Wells, D. D.; St. John's Methodist Episcopal, the Rev. David G. Downey, D. D.; St. Paul's German Methodist Episcopal, the Rev. Louis Wallon; Temple Beth Elohim, the Rev. Leopold Wintner, D. D.; United Congregational, the Rev. Luther R. Dyett; Zion African Methodist Episcopal, the Rev. J. T. Gaskell.

The First Reformed Church could not hold the enormous crowd that tried to gain admission to the edifice and hundreds had to be turned away.

Overflow Meeting in St. John's M. E. Church.

About half past seven o'clock the suggestion was made to hold an overflow meeting and the people of St. John's Church offered their edifice. The announcement was made to the crowds of people who were waiting in front of the Reformed Church and straightway there was a rush for St. John's, which was filled in a very short time. Dr. McKelway, the speaker of the evening, had consented to speak at the overflow. He went there first. The Rev. Fred E. Taylor of the Central Baptist Church presided at this meeting. The Rev. John G. Ditmars of the Ainslie Street Baptist Church led the audience in prayer, after which the presiding minister read "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and the assemblage sang it. Then Dr. McKelway was introduced and he talked for thirty-five minutes. His address was not at all the same as that he delivered later at the First Reformed Church. Following Dr. McKelway the Rev. Frederick Saunders of the South Second Street M. E. Church made an address, after which the Rev. Frederick Taylor pronounced the benediction.

The Reformed Church pews were filled rapidly from the moment the doors were thrown open and ere long the aisles and the corridors in the rear were choked up. Then the ushers had to turn the belated ones away —and they could hardly be designated as belated ones, either, for people were being turned away from the doors of the church as early as 7:30 o'clock. At 8 o'clock, the time for the commencement of the exercises, it was impossible to get as far as the outer entrance to the church. The corridors were filled with people crowded so closely together that there was scarcely moving room. And the people who were refused admittance turned away with sorrowful faces.

There was no attempt at decorations in the interior of the church. Its very simplicity in this respect was a silent tribute to the simplicity of the man whose memory was to be honored. In front of the platform a picture of the dead President had been placed, surrounded by the American flag interwoven with bands of crepe and with palm leaves intertwined and wound around the portrait and gathered beneath with black and white ribbon. In the solemn faces of the people assembled in the church there was grief and sorrow.

The services were presided over by the Rev. Dr. Rivington D. Lord of the First Free Baptist Church. When the services began there were seated about him on the platform many prominent ministers, connected in most instances with the churches participating in the exercises and several laymen. Among those on the platform were the Rev. Dr. J. D. Wells, the Rev. Howard Wilbur Ennis, the Rev. D. G. Downey, the Rev.

Milton F. Negus, the Rev. Dr. Leopold Wintner of Temple Beth Elohim, the Rev. John Erskine Adams, Dr. St. Clair McKelway, the speaker of the evening, Herbert F. Gunnison and William C. Bryant.

The service began with an organ prelude, "Funeral Dirge," Chopin, after which the choir, under the direction of Frank von Neer, sang the hymn, "Prayer for the Nation." After the singing of this hymn, the Rev. Milton F. Negus of the First Baptist Church invoked the divine blessing, and the anthem, "Blessed Are the Departed," was sung by the choir. Rabbi Leopold Wintner then read the Scripture lesson from Kings ii:1-15, after which the Rev. Dr. W. G. Downey of St. John's M. E. Church offered prayer. Then the hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," was sung by the congregation, and the Rev. Dr. John Erskine Adams of the Ross Street Presbyterian Church read President Roosevelt's proclamation on the death of President McKinley.

Dr. Lord introduced the Rev. Dr. J. D. Wells, who delivered a brief address, fraught with tender feeling, on the circumstance that brought the congregation together. Dr. Wells said in part:

Address of the Rev. John D. Wells.

"What is the meaning of this large gathering in this house and of similar gatherings not far away and many others in cities and villages all over the land? What is the meaning of this draping of almost all the public buildings and all the private residences? What is the meaning of this suspension of business, the arrest of travel and, still more significant, what is the meaning of the messages coming to our land from all other lands—from far-off China and Spain, Berlin, India?

"We all know what is the meaning of these things. We are under the shadow of a great personal, national and worldwide sorrow such as this nation and the world has never known. Some of us were here in '65 and '81, but no such shadow as this has ever fallen on the land before from a similar cause."

Dr. Wells then went on to say that the people of the country must look to God for the greatest consolation in this hour of calamity and said that as long as we can transfer to His government our attributes we can diminish our sorrow.

"There is another source of comfort," he said. "The dead man has reached the consummation of his ambition. He has gone to be with his fathers. He has gone to be one of the elite of the universe about the throne of God. The calmness with which he approached death, the heroism of his endurance breathed his submission to God and his desire to be with God.

"Another source of consolation is that anarchism is doomed, if it is not dead already." At this point in his address the congregation applauded, but Dr. Wells cut it short and requested that it be not repeated. "Anarchism," he continued, "which has raised itself against every institution of God, the family, the church and the state, is doomed. It has been permitted too long to write and act. One comfort work. For decades the God of our nation has been preparing a man to take the place of the man He was about to take home. Without a jar the arrangement is made and while the dear President McKinley is enjoying his place above the new President takes the place for which he is chosen, informs the Cabinet to keep theirs, and announces his intention to maintain the policy of his predecessor and may the spirit of our glorified President rest on the youngest President the nation has ever known."

At the conclusion of Dr. Wells' address, the favorite hymn of the dead President, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," was sung and then Dr. Low introduced Dr. St. Clair McKelway. Dr. McKelway, in opening his address, said that he regretted the fact that he had not been able to be present at all of the exercises because he had had to speak at the services being held at St. John's M. E. Church, where the people turned away from the First Reformed Church, had assembled. Dr. McKelway then delivered an address on "The Causes and Duties of the Time." He spoke as follows:

St. Clair McKelway's Address.

"My friends—We meet upon the request of our living President to do what honor we can to our dead President. Such a request is an obligation. Without official suggestion the people would have assembled for this purpose, but their gatherings would not have had upon them the impressive stamp of nationality. In such case they might have been scattered, diffused and no matter how sincere, to a degree ineffective. But when the hearts of Americans are re-enforced by the act of their government, then that broad appeal is carried which naturally, and therefore easily, takes the form of union services blending every variety of political and of religious opinion in their expression, and raising expression itself to the plane of patriotism and of prayer whereon the people can walk in the unity of spirit, in the bonds of peace and in righteousness of life.

"This is an occasion not only for sorrow but for instruction. He who was our President is dead, but in the words of James A. Garfield, the martyr President who preceded William McKinley into the silences, 'God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives.' Nearly two weeks have passed since the awful deed befell which darkened the sky and shocked the earth. The first week measured the duration of a merciful delusion of recovery which gave to the victim period to make his peace with God and to the nation time to realize its duty to the institutions of which it has been put in trust. The second week has been occupied with the simple but stately obsequies of our dead and with the confluence of the grief of the world at his loss, and of the praise of all mankind for his career and character. In the closing hours of that second week we are here met to attest our sorrow that he has gone, our sympathy with those most nearly bereaved by his demise, our thankfulness that he was what he was, that he did what he did, and our confidence that a nation of which he was not the consummate, but only a characteristic development, is a nation in whose hands government of the people, by the people and for the people is so securely placed that it shall never perish from the earth.

"Even here and now we should discriminate between the mere time or fact of his death and the method or the cause of it. 'It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death the judgment.' We should not have had him always with us, for his immortality was registered for heaven and not for earth. We might not have been able to save him even to the end of his elected term from accident or disease. To death by the ordination of nature we could have been reconciled. It would have brought sorrow, but not shock. It would have brought tears, but not indignation or horror. It would have brought pain, but no tendency toward despair and no shuddering sense of insecurity. It would have brought a consideration of the constitutional condition of the President only. It would not have forced a consideration of dastardly and dangerous conditions in the constitution of our American life. When William Henry Harrison died of pneumonia after but a month in the Presidential office there was surprise and grief, but there was no alarm. When Zachary Taylor died of fever in the sixteenth month of his Presidency there was mourning, but there was no misgiving. Presidents are but mortal. Their mere demise has marked significance, but of itself it carries in it no reason for national fear or national terror. The mode and the cause of this death alone concern us.

TWO PRIOR ASSASSINATIONS OF PRESIDENTS AND THE CAUSE.

"The mode was assassination. It has been twice before employed against our Presidents. Three times in thirty-six years would seem almost to naturalize the hideous method here. We must not look at that statement with incredulity. We must look at it with the calmness with which we would look at the same fact in a foreign state. Foreign states are looking at it in that way in their scrutiny of this nation. Only as we look at it in that way can we approach efficiency in guarding against it. If we disbelieve that it will occur again we will give encouragement to its repetition. If we neither believe nor disbelieve that it will occur again and just take chances on it, the very conditions for its recurrence will be planted by ourselves. Our three presidential assassinations were three effects. The cause of the first effect was sectional savagery. The cause of the second effect was factional fury. The cause of the third effect is anarchy. Anarchy is not an evil which feeds upon itself. It is fed by influences that have only been superficially touched in all of the much which has already been said concerning them. The supreme manifestations of anarchy are not the only ones. They are only the most sensational. The most sensational nowhere occur without the concurrence of many lesser manifestations far too generally unregarded. Here our responsibility lies.

"Abraham Lincoln was a grand man, but he was painted as a monster, and was believed to be a monster by the arrant and errant egotist who slew him. Those who painted him as a monster believed in slavery as profoundly as he believed in freedom. One section of this Union cherished and cultivated slavery, and the other section tolerated it and compromised with it. Cotton was conscience on the one side, and conscience was cotton on the other. A house divided against itself could not stand. The house did not fall, but it did not cease to be divided until its foundations and timbers were mortised in freedom and cemented with blood. The process was passionately tragic and it created a school of estimate concerning Abraham Lincoln which to those consumed or crazed by it made his extermination wear the white color of a laudable act. The error was colossal. The extermination was as unwise as it was cruel. The South was a far greater loser than the North. Still the assassin was not a solitary exponent of a delusion. He was only the perverted instrument of the pro-slavery, anti-freedom, dis-Union spirit epidemic among millions of men, women and children. Lincoln paid the price of pre-eminent devotion to a cause which antagonized an evil that the nation itself had fostered, flattered and fed. Booth was slavery incarnate and infuriate.

"James A. Garfield owed his death less to Guiteau than to the causes to which Guiteau owed the capability and purpose to do what he did. The Constitution makes the President of the United States the fountain of appointment, and the Senate of the United States the channel of consent or dissent to appointment. The two functions are separate and distinct. The confusion of them involves an inversion of relationships destructive of orderly government, of executive independence and of Senatorial duty. It involvee a violation of the reasonable expectation that departments will keep themselves in their proper separate spheres. It involves usurpations of Executive powers by Senatorial agents or the nullification of Senatorial rights by Executive usurpation. The claim of Senators to be deputy Presidents is dictation. The number of our Senate under such a claim makes our dictators ninety, and that number is eighty-nine times worse than one would be. It was this claim which made Guiteau believe that his faction was robbed of its rights by the Chief Magistrate whom he killed. On the tolerance of the claim by the nation rested the blood of Garfield as truly as it rested on the hands of Guiteau, because on that tolerance rested the craze that ran like fire through his cross-cut mind. We are getting our assassination effects back to their causes.

"One cannot believe that these two causes will ever again produce such effects here. Slavery is no more. It set and systematized sectionalism in our national life. But the sectionalism of slavery tore its way out when the devil of slavery was exorcised by the genius of freedom. There is still some sectionalism in our national life. But the causes of it are local, and the duration of those causes cannot but be temporary. Its

manipulators are the pirates of politics; its orators are the barbarians of the platform, and its editors are the degenerates of journalism. It is dying out, and it need not further concern us. As to the other cause, the substitution of law for caprice in office-filling checks the rapacity of parties and decreases the predatory instincts of Presidents and of Senates. We now look back both on slavery and on the spoils system, the latter of which evils rose to its extreme in the killing of Garfield, as shames and scandals and reproaches out of which the nation has been lifted and superior to which the nation walks. We have purged ourselves of much of the evils which bred Booth and grew Guiteau and in doing that we have admitted logically, but not so penitently as we should, our responsibility for the conditions which were responsible for them. Assassinations as effects from these two causes need hardly be further apprehended.

ANARCHY THE CAUSE NOW.

"And now as to anarchy. What is it? It comes from two words, signifying 'against government,' or 'no government.' It can either be a state of mind or a condition of affairs. A man convinced that every one can order and manage his relations to others better than government can is an anarchist in his thought, though he may be nowhere else. With a state of mind we cannot quarrel. Nor with the mere and sheer expression of it can we quarrel. But we can quarrel with the consequences or the liabilities of it In case either be dangerous—in case either incites or tends to incite to the violation of law. There are dreamers who are speculative anarchists. They are tedious, invirile and harmless as a rule. But the line between dreaming and doing is not always easy to draw. An academic state of mind is prone to produce action in keeping with it. Thinking on anarchy as a proposition is likely to outwork into anarchy as a fact. An arbitrary deposit of incorrigible criminals on a desolate island, leaving them to themselves, would produce a state of anarchy till government was evolved from among them by force or choice. Their irruption on another island which was under rule and their overthrow of that rule would produce the anarchy which their own detachment from government would present in the first instance. Thus anarchy as a condition can occur where no government is, or where instituted government has been destroyed. It is essential to bear in mind the distinction between anarchy in thought and anarchy as a produced result. With the latter or with effort to bring it about government can deal. With academic or speculative anarchy doctors or teachers may be able to deal. For mental anarchy are asylums or schools. For materialized anarchy are policemen, armies, prisons, the gallows and electric chairs.

"Be not surprised that anarchy has nowhere been made prevalent. It is almost unthinkable, it is certainly intolerable, it is practically impossible. Were all anarchists herded by themselves they could never find a working basis for their creed. It would cross the instinct of self preservation, and the necessity of some sort of organization. Even a plan to teach it would involve masters and pupils—and that would be leaders and followers; that would be government; that would be negation of anarchy. Anarchy is not communism. Communism is pau-government, the government of all. Anarchy is not socialism. Socialism is the throwing on government of not only the functions of the state, but of those of home, church, labor, and every other subdivision of individual effort or voluntary organization. Unless we avoid confusion and stick closely to correct definitions we will mix anarchy up with its direct opposites. One-half of current thinking and two-thirds of current statement on the subject are radically wrong. If the problem brought before us by this tragedy be not rightly stated, the lesson of it will be lost. And that would be a calamity more dire than the one which has befallen the nation.

"Anarchy, of course, strikes at the head of the state. Its objective is government. Government personifies to the head of the state. The head is the one person whose destruction signifies the war between anarchy and government. Challenge to authority, hostility to order, can be indicated so well in no other way. Always President, or sovereign, or prime minister is booked for destruction, that the repugnance of government to anarchy may be attested and advertised.

ANARCHY AN EFFECT FROM CAUSE.

"Now that by your patience with me the theory and purpose of anarchy have been set forth—with a detail of which the importance must secure pardon for the time required—let us consider some of the causes of anarchy in our American life. One cause is unenforced law. Government breaks down at the point at which law is not enforced. Government breaks down at no one point without the weakening of it at other points, and the creation of contempt for it in thoughtless, desperate, vicious, idle or frivolous minds. Contempt for government in any degree is a partial adoption of anarchy of which the spirit is complete contempt for government. Some laws are not enforced because crime strikes hands with authority. The crime which does that is less respectable than anarchy. Anarchy never buys or sells law. Anarchy simply wars on law.

"Other laws are not enforced simply because they are unenforcible. A prohibitory liquor law, for instance, cannot be enforced in a cosmopolitan community. Neither can a restrictive liquor law, which favors clubs and bans saloons. The first law does not commend the State Legislature to the other Legislature which holds a session which never adjourns in a man's reason. The second kind of law in operation privileges wealth and penalizes poverty. That effect commends itself neither to reason nor to conscience. Unenforcible laws are anarchy-breeders. Their passage is the wrong, not their failure. Their failure is simply inevitable. They are not enacted to be enforced. They are passed to make votes where they do not apply and to serve as political indictments where they do apply. The kinship to anarchy of the natural resentment at unenforced and at unenforcible laws is obvious. Both parties have equally offended in this respect.

SOME OF THE CAUSES TRACED.

"These illustrations could be far extended. A mere hint of more would suffice. When a telephone message can notify nameless resorts and numberless gambling hells that law is moving on them, and can notify them in time for them to escape the clutch of law, then there is that war on law by telephone which anarchy works with dagger and bomb, and pistol and poison. And when that telephone notice comes from the center of authority, sworn to execute law and paid to execute law, then is law warred on by government itself, and then are the agents of government themselves the assassins of authority as well as traitors to oath and to duty. That is in all logical and practical senses anarchy instituted, anarchy organized, anarchy in the saddle, with order on the ground, with justice under the hoof and with liberty bleeding at the roadside. My friends, we are nearing not the assassin at Buffalo, but the uniformed criminals in Manhattan and in Brooklyn, who are striking down law and truth and right as really as the Buffalo assassin struck down our third martyr-President. And the blow which we aim at them, does it not recoil on ourselves? How came these men to be placed where they are? By votes. By whose votes? Let those who voted for them, or for those who appointed them, shirk not their responsibility. The fruit we grow is from the seed we planted ourselves.

"We have familiarized our youth with the corruption of government, with the criminality of authority, with the official protection of vice, and with the spectacle of the flaunted wealth of functionaries or of bosses made infamously rich by systematic levies on sin and suffering and shame. We have familiarized our youth with the spectacle of the managers of many great and legitimate enterprises contributing for protection or privilege vast sums to the coffers of organized crime at the innermost centers of dominant political management. We have familiarized our youth with the excuses of these contributors that, not they as human persons, but the legal personalities called corporations, which have neither bodies to be kicked nor souls to be damned, make these contributions. When the Lord reaches out for the impersonal corporations, the individuals who make them and who manage them will not escape His avenging hand any more than in the last Assize they will escape His violated law. Oh, fools and blind, how shall ye escape the damnation of hell! Yes, this is of the essence of anarchy. This has its initiative in forgetfulness of God or in disbelief in His existence. A-theism or atheism as we run it together, signifies no God. An-archy, or anarchy as we run it together, signifies no law. If there is no God, there is no law except such as men may invent or evolve. And if that is all, then the individual law of the anarchist is defiance of no divine law, and government itself and organized society have no divine warrant, for their laws, and no eternal reward for their virtues. If so, let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.

PUNISHMENT FOR PERSONAL AND NATIONAL SINS.

"My friends, I came here not to harrow your feelings. There are experts at that work with whom I would not compete. I would I could comfort your hearts, and I hope that I yet may. But before comfort is conscience, and before consolation is duty. We have lulled or gulled or drugged or plugged our consciences too long and too often. We have neglected our duties most flagrantly. The cue now is to present anarchy and to put it in pillory, to denounce it and to jump on it. It deserves all that it receives. It has no friends and it ought to have none. But it is an effect, and as an effect causes are responsible for it. And some of those causes you and I have traced. And for evsryone of them you and I are in part responsible. Slavery tolerated was the sin of our nation, and the casting of it out cost us Lincoln. The spoils system almost deified was the crime of our politics, and the life of Garfield was the price we paid for it. The suspension of law, the partiality of law, the purchase of law, the sale of law, the flouting of law, the pretense of law, involved in passing impossible acts, are chargeable with the conditions which incite and inspire recourse to anarchy itself. We have trusts which involve the anarchy of equity. We have labor unions which involve the anarchy of free agency. We have divorce systems in nasty commonwealths which involve the anarchy of marriage. We have sports which involve the anarchy of pity. We have social saturnalias which involve the anarchy of decency. We have plutocratic displays for the delectation of jaded and degenerate wealth, which emulate in the twentieth century the vices of Rome without its valor and the profligacy of Athens without its art. The anarchy of trusteeship in wealth has aroused the thunders neither of press nor of pulpit. Let us set our own houses and consciences in order and say not 'How bad is he,' or 'How wicked are they,' but 'How remiss are we,' lest we should call down further judgments on our recreant souls and our stained hands. The anarchy of honesty in money, the anarchy of order in conduct, the anarchy of faith involved in advocated repudiation, the anarchy of sense involved in appeals to credulity in the name of medicine and to quackery in the name of healing, the anarchy of morality involved in the heedlessness of home duties, and in the Godlessness of education are all to be scored against us, and we must pay the score by repentance and reform, if we would not go from bad to worse. It would be easy and grateful and popular—and useless and a mockery—here, for us to damn the sins we are not inclined to, and ignore the ones we have a mind to. I condemn yeu not. I condemn myself, and your own consciences condemn you, as mine me, and if our consciences condemn us how much more so shall God, Who is greater than our consciences and Whose eyes are so pure that they cannot abide iniquity!

THE ROUNDED RECORD OF A BLAMELESS LIFE.

"My friends, we have looked to-day through tears upon the face and into the grave of a great and good man. He gave to this country

and to humanity what Abraham Lincoln, whose commission he bore in the war for the Union and freedom, said of the patriotic dead who fell at Gettysburg, 'the last, full measure of devotion.' He died not until he had accomplished that whereunto he was sent. Other martyrs have died in the vestibule of the work to which they felt themselves appointed. Not this man. He had fought the good fight. He had kept the faith. He was ready to be offered up. For him was laid up a crown which the Righteous Judge has already placed upon him. His life in review rounds out like a benediction. It seems to be perfect music set to noble words. He was the victim of conditions to which his whole career was an antithesis. He fell before a frenzied fiendishness to which his whole nature was a contradiction. Not even the wrong inflicted on him, not even the pain he felt angered him to any degree that overcame his loyalty to law toward his murderer. 'Do that man no harm,' he said. He turned the man over to law. He would not invoke anarchy even against an anarchist. Not only was he incarnate law when faced by incarnate ferocity and perfidy, but he was the incarnate gentleman. 'I shall be sorry to be any occasion of injury to this Exposition.' How chivalrous and comprehensive that was! He foresaw the check and chill which his taking off might cause to the Exposition. He absolutely and exquisitely apologized for the possible consequences of his own murder. In all my reading, no courtesy and no consideration equal to that has come to my notice. And then his thought turned inward. He had done what he could to save his murderer from violence. He had spoken his sincere regret for any arrest of the prosperity of the Exposition that might follow from his fall. His heart bled for his wife. 'Break the news as gently and as tenderly as possible to Mrs. McKinley.' Oh, king of husbands and prince of lovers. There you touched the heart strings of the race, and there you sent exquisite notes that will pulse and vibrate forever in the souls of men and of women, in music sweeter than the fabled music of the spheres. These three utterances and his dying prayer, 'Thy will, not ours, be done,' were only natural to him. They seem and were sublime, but that moral sublimity was just his habit. They seem and are dramatic in the highest degree. But that is because we are not equal to them. He was equal to them, equal to them without effort. They were the spontaneous efflorescence of his normal character and of his invariable demeanor. And how they have stirred this old world of ours! No human words ever stirred them more. Only the divine words, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do'; only the divine observation, 'Behold my mother and my brethren,' ever stirred this old world of ours more than these words which I have quoted. On them stepped his spirit to the skies which have received him out of our sight. But, remember, they were not exceptional. Remember, they were just like him. And, remembering that, think what manner of man this man was.

HE LOVED HIS FELLOWMEN.

"I could anticipate the history of my country and rewrite the journalism of this time by setting forth to you the place of this man in our affairs. But that is for publicists or reviewers or sermonizers or essayists or the orators of the future. Mine only to say to you that this man lived his life in his death, and did not reverse his life as so many do or would, in his death. He struck no attitudes in the face of the King of Terrors, but looked him in the eye unblanched and fearing not. He knew in whom he had believed and was persuaded that He would keep that which he had committed unto Him against the day of His appearing. A private soldier at 17½. A major on the turn of 22. They did not make officers out of incapables in the time when this nation put forth the wrestling thews that threw slavery. I rejoice to recall that Abraham Lincoln signed his commission. Our first martyr President signed the commission of our third martyr President, aye, and the commission of our second martyr President. Think of the significance of that. Think of the exquisite equality between capacity and opportunity and of the dominance of both by duty, which that attests. Think of the splendid possibilities which free institutions set before meritorious and ingenuous youth. Think of the certainty that whoso loseth his life for noble cause saveth it unto life everlasting. And I rejoice to think that, while our hero lacked not valor, the deed to which he owed his promotion was a deed of aid and help accomplished by an altruism that touched the heights of bravery. It is a simple tale. He was a commissary sergeant. He took a wagon train of food and coffee and of bandages and of litters and of mattresses across a volcano of fire outpouring from the enemy to where our Union boys were holding a position that could hardly be maintained and must not be abandoned. He did not merely try to take them. He took them. And the supplies were brought which appeased hunger, which renewed strength, which saved and solaced the wounded and which provided tender removal for the dead. See you not, oh, see you not, in this work for others the same play and way and sway of character, courage and humanity that shone so resplendent in his dying days? See it? You cannot help seeing it. It is as plain to the heart as if it were written in letters of light on the skies.

"I shall not speak of him as the orator of persuasion, as the counsellor of conciliation, as the statesman of results, as the President who increased the area of freedom, as the partisan revered by supporters and respected by opponents. All that you have heard. All that you know. All that you will hear again. All that you will tell your children, and they to their children. Other men have been all that in part or in whole. But I leave with you not the President, not the orator, not the counsellor, not the diplomat, not the soldier, not the statesman, not even the patriot. I leave with you the man who loved his fellowmen, the man whom his fellowmen loved. Oh, it is love which is the fulfilling of the law. It is love which is the fulfilling of the law of life in the world and of the law of God in the heart. This man will be called 'the well beloved.' And, without irreverence, we love him because he loved us. Let our love for him stir us to be as like him as we can. We cannot fail, even though we do not succeed. The very effort will be regenerating, for a nation holds in part at least and holds that part forever, holds in part at least and holds forever, the moral and spiritual domain conferred upon it by the upward trend of every noble life. So draws the tides the moon. So draws the metallic particles the magnet. But the tides recede, and the particles fall off. Let there be no recession and let there be no falling off in our nation and in ourselves from the attractions of this resplendent life—a life of which the continuous course was as beautiful as the earthly cessation was transcendent and sublime."

At the speaker's reference to the domestic life of the dead President and his widow, tears sprung into the eyes of many of those in the church, and in a few instances there were audible sobs.

At the conclusion of Dr. McKelway's address the anthem, "Crossing the Bar," was sung, followed by "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and the benediction by the Rev. Howard Wilbur Ennis.

THE CHRIST CHURCH SERVICES.

One of the most important memorial services was that held in Christ Episcopal Church, Bedford avenue, Thursday night. When the doors opened at 7 o'clock the people crowded into the church in such numbers that fully 1,200 were unable to gain admittance. The musical programme, under the direction of A. Campbell Weston, the organist of the church, included "Lead, Kindly Light," "America," "The Nation Mourns Its Chief," which was sung at Lincoln's funeral, and several funeral marches. An address was made by the Rev. Dr. William A. Perry, assistant minister, who reviewed McKinley's life in an impressive manner. Henry A. Powell was to have spoken, but a telegram was received saying that he was ill and unable to leave the house. Dr. Arnold W. Catlin took his place.

The Rev. C. L. Twing, rector of Calvary Church, and the Rev. Dr. James H. Darlington, rector of Christ Church, made brief addresses. The Rev. August Ulman, rector of Trinity School, New York, and the Rev. Rodney M. Edwards, rector of the Church of the Holy Comforter, began the service by reading the order for the burial of the dead.

A number of Grand Army veterans, Spanish War veterans, Sons of Veterans and the Christ Church Cadets were in seats reserved for them, and during the service the veterans sent up resolutions of condolence for Mrs. McKinley, which were read by Dr. Darlington. Dr. Darlington read the proclamations of President Roosevelt and of Governor Odell. The Rev. William G. Ivie of Grace Church, Conselyea street, pronounced the benediction.

After the service the war veterans, accompanied by the Christ Church Cadets, went to the fountain in the square, where the drum corps sounded "taps" at exactly 10 o'clock. The crowds at the time were coming from the other churches in the vicinity and stood on the avenue, which was black with people, during the ceremony.

AT MEMORIAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

At the Memorial Presbyterian Church there was held a memorial service in which the congregations of the Memorial Presbyterian Church, Grace M. E. Church, the First Reformed Church, the Church of Christ and the Sixth Avenue Baptist Church united. The Rev. J. M. Farrar, D. D., of the Reformed Church, presided; the Rev. R. G. McKay of the Memorial Presbyterian Church, pronounced the invocation; the Rev. John Reid, D. D., of Grace M. E. Church, read the Scriptures. Then Dr. Farrar read the President's proclamation and made a short address. Then a prayer was offered by Dr. E. E. Chivers of the Sixth Avenue Baptist Church, and addresses were made by the Rev. E. M. Harlan of the Church of Christ, and by ex-Congressman Edmund H. Driggs and ex-Mayor Boody and the Rev. Dr. C. E. Wing. Mr. Driggs made the principal speech. The incidental music was by the joint chorus of the various churches. The hymns sung were "The Souls of the Righteous," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Lead, Kindly Light," and "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," in the latter of which all the people joined.

The crowd was so great at the morning service that an overflow meeting was held in Grace M. E. Church, at which the participants in the service at the Memorial Presbyterian Church repeated their addresses and the other exercises were continued.

CHURCH OF THE RECONCILIATION.

Services were held last evening in the Reformed Episcopal Church of the Reconciliation, Nostrand and Jefferson avenues, the rector, the Rev. W. Russell Collins, determining late in the afternoon to hold such service, seeing the desire of the people that churches should be opened. A memorial service had been held in his church on Sunday, at which Mr. Collins preached an excellent sermon on "Our Nation's Calamity and Sorrow," which is printed in full in this week's issue of the denominational paper. Mr. Collins put up a notice in front of his church yesterday afternoon and a meeting was announced at Dr. Carson's Church. The Church of the Reconciliation was crowded in the evening for a memorial hour of prayer and song. Mr. Collins directed the singing, "Abide With Me," "Softly Now the Light of Day," "Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Lead, Kindly Light," were sung and Mr. Collins made a brief address.

AT PARK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

The service held under the auspices of the Twelfth Assembly District Republican Club at the Park Congregational Church were marked as much by the earnestness and intense feeling of the listeners as by the eloquence of the speakers. Not half the people who applied for admission to the big auditorium could get in and hundreds were turned away. The speakers represented churches of every denomination. They were the Rev. Dr. Farrar, Father Hickey, the Rev. Dr. Bowdish, the Rev. Henry A. Tupper, jr., the Rev. Mark A. Denham and Silas B. Dutcher.

President Maxwell of the club opened the services with a short address. He then introduced the Rev. Mr. Taylor, whose prayer for Mrs. McKinley and the people of the nation was a most beautiful one. Mr. Taylor was quite overcome at the close of the prayer and was compelled to leave the church. The choir sang "Lead, Kindly Light."

Father Hickey declared that the nation had progressed by epochs. "Washington saw the nation come into life and he confirmed its right to live. Lincoln's administration marked the second epoch. He came to it at the time when it had reached its manhood and by the Providence of God he was the man to help it wipe out the blot of slavery. William McKinley came to rule over us when the nation had come into its strength and mature manhood, when its own destiny was assured, and when it reached forth its hands to help another country secure the blessings of liberty. So to-night we mourn the death of the President whose term marks the third great epoch in our history.

The Rev. Mark A. Denham spoke of the beautiful character of McKinley. He declared that it was not the office, not the power of the man that caused the world to grieve. We may reverence the office and respect the power, but can only love a man whose self, whose life, appeals to the heart. Such a man McKinley was, Dr. Denham continued, and the grief for him was universal. He decried anarchy and asked what it had accomplished by its foul deed and appealed to the people to take the life of McKinley as a stimulus toward a better life for themselves.

The Rev. Dr. Bowdish told of the magnanimous spirit of the President and the strict honor in his make up. He related how twice he could have been nominated President but refused because he had pledged his votes to other men; how he had helped Randall in the House of Congress when the Democratic leader was losing his grip by giving to him a part of his time for speaking when the House refused to extend that of his opponent. Mr. Bowdish believed that every foreigner should be made to swear allegiance to the flag on the Bible before allowed to enter the country. Silas B. Dutcher placed McKinley on a pinnacle with the greatest characters the world has known. He declared that no great good had ever been done in the world without great sacrifice and yet the people wondered if such a grand life could not have been spared. He scored the yellow journals and declared it a mark of shame to read them, to advertise in them, or to encourage them. He thought perhaps the sacrifice was meant by God to teach the men who had read these papers, had encouraged them, and who used them to coin money out of prejudice, the terrible danger in them. If that will be the result, he said, then the life and death of such a man as McKinley had not been in vain.

The Rev. Dr. Henry A. Tupper made the address of the evening and before he left the church was requested to repeat it at another service. He spoke of the self heroism of McKinley. In part he said: "Reputation is what a person seems to be. Character is what he is. A man's real self is within. Any permanent progress must proceed from the center toward the circumference of his life. What is on or around him cannot determine his value. The aristocracy of character includes the real nobility of earth. Such are they who fight the bravest battles and win the most valiant victories. Mr. McKinley in his life and death honored his self heroism. The ignorance of self is the reef upon which many of the conquerors of the world had been wrecked. They knew others, but did not know themselves. They guided and mastered others, but not themselves. Mr. McKinley was brave and honest enough to get intimately and accurately acquainted with himself. He knew his strength and his weaknesses and his self-examination became an applied science. Thus he honored both his Creator and himself and with Jean Paul Richter might have exclaimed: 'I have made as much of myself as could be made of the stuff and no one can require more.' The best and truest life of such men comes long after they walk no longer on earth. In their day Moses and Paul were not so influential as they are to-day. A man's self becomes a part of the truth to which his life is wedded and as the truth passes beyond the visible existence and takes its endless course through the ages, the best part of the man is perpetuated. Some men are dead while they live. Others are living while they are dead. McKinley is greater now and will be greater as the time rolls on. He was noble in life. He is nobler in death."

The Rev. Dr. Farrar made a particularly effective appeal toward a concentration of the churches on the one work of raising the morality of man. He pointed out that this anarchist was actually American-born. He said the fault was not so much the yellow journals as the fact that while we educated the body and the intellect, we had not yet gotten down to the proper education and training of the soul, the motive power of both mind and body. All the speakers spoke of the beautiful home life of the President and the love he had for his wife. As a husband and as a man, the speakers eulogized the martyr President.

At the close of the meeting every one sang "America" with tremendous fervor and effect. The usual resolutions of sympathy for Mrs. McKinley and the nation were presented by Jesse Frost and adopted unanimously. The committee of arrangements were Charles S. Devoy, Messrs. Candee, Morrison, Calder and Frost, thus presenting every faction in the Assembly District.

IN THE BAPTIST TEMPLE.

A large gathering and an impressive service characterized the memorial meeting in the Baptist Temple, Third avenue and Schermerhorn street, Thursday night. It was the intention to hold the meeting in the lower temple, but before 7:30 the place was crowded and the people hastened to the upper temple, without any announcement, and the large place was soon crowded with over 2,000 people seated and a number standing through the entire service. When the pastor, Dr. Cortland Myers, entered, the large audience stood and sung "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," the President's proclamation having first been read. The reading of the scriptures, a solo by W. T. Wetmore of the temple choir, "Sometime We'll Understand," preceded a prayer for guidance and direction in our nation's executive body, and an earnest plea for the widow of the late President. "Lead Kindly Light" was then sung as a solo by the associate pastor, W. I. Southerton.

The address by Dr. Myers made frequent reference to the symmetry of character which is recognized by the world as a part of the President's life. But that which was dwelt on at greatest length was his allegiance to every principle made by his relation to God, and his faith in Jesus Christ, closing with an appeal to the citizens of this country to be faithful and loyal to God, and to uphold those institutions which are for the building up of Christian character, and giving our executives our earnest support in this hour. For over one hour the vast assemblage sat and listened, a stillness and quietness pervading, that at times, was almost oppressive. After the address Miss Bessie Bowman and Dr. Southerton sang the famous and appropriate hymn "Saved by Grace." The benediction and the postlude by Professor E. M. Bowman, Chopin's funeral march, closed this impressive service.

IN CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The services held Thursday afternoon in the Central Presbyterian Church, Marcy and Jefferson avenues, in memory of President McKinley, were impressive and were largely attended. The edifice, which has a seating capacity of 1,500, was crowded, and many people stood. There were several hundred people who were unable to get into the building. Only two addresses were made. The speakers were Darwin R. James, a close friend of the martyred President, and the Rev. J. F. Carson, the pastor of the church. In the addresses the yellow journals were denounced and the complete suppression of anarchy demanded. The remarks touching on the latter were loudly applauded. Mr. James' address was of a reminiscent nature and was listened to with close attention. The pastor's remarks created a deep impression.

At 3 o'clock every seat in the church was occupied, but it was not until half an hour later that the services commenced. Then the organist played "America" in a minor funeral key. At its conclusion the Rev. Orrin G. Cox, the assistant pastor of the church, made the prayer. The hymn, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," was sung by the people. Responsive reading followed. The choir rendered "The Homeland," and Dr. Carson prayed. He asked comfort for the people in this sad period in American life, in the striking down of one of splendid talents used for the glory of America and for the advancement of all that is true and best in American institutions. He prayed for the widow of the President and asked God to be good to her in her sadness and weeping and to strengthen and comfort her. He asked a blessing on the members of the cabinet, on President Roosevelt, suddenly and sadly called to his high office, and that he be guided for the welfare of the country.

Dr. Carson said that it was not in the creed that the President prescribed, but in the hymns that he sang that was found the catholicity and the strength of his faith. There was one hymn that won the expression of his praise, he said, and that was written by a Roman Catholic, but was sung by Protestants to-day. It was "Lead, Kindly Light." Dr. Carson asked all to join in singing the hymn. Mr. James was then introduced by the pastor as one who had been a close friend of President McKinley. In part Mr. James said:

"The nation mourns the death of one of her greatest statesmen and one of the greatest minds this great country has ever produced. It was eminently fitting for President Roosevelt on the day that he was sworn in to designate this day for the assembling of the people in places of worship to offer prayers to God. From end to end of this great country people are now assembled and are praying to God for guidance in the future. They will learn a lesson from this dreadful calamity. Three times have Presidents been struck down by assassin hands. It never entered the minds of the founders of the country that such a thing would happen. It is well for us to dwell on this and see what are the causes that led up to it. If God permitted it, he certainly had reason and he desires us to learn some lesson from it.

"The President's words when he was shot showed the kind of man he was. He showed he must necessarily have led a life of purity and calmness, with love for his fellow man. He wasn't a great man, but an everyday sort of man, with no pretensions, that you could meet and sit down with. I saw him last two months ago, at Washington. I met him as he returned from a ride with his wife. He was the same Mr. McKinley that I had known in the House of Representatives; though he had attained a higher position, he was the same man.

"Mr. McKinley as a boy was born of plain parents and had few advantages. He attended public school, enlisted when he was 17 years old and became a soldier in the

Civil War. Like Lincoln, he had sensible Christian parents, and he was brought up on the Bible. His principles were founded on God's word. He had this foundation. He had a clear head, a sound and broad mind. When I first met him in Congress he was not at all the man that he afterward developed into. He went into Congress a young man. When he was mustered out of the Army he studied law and became a country attorney. About 1874-76 he determined upon a future of political life. In Congress McKinley grew slowly. He proved to be a leader, but not a great speaker. I don't believe that I ever heard him speak in the House. In the Forty-ninth Congress his place was contested and he was unseated. The people of Ohio then made him their Governor. When an American boy endowed with ability has an opportunity he presses forward to fill whatever position comes to him. Mr. McKinley had plenty of ability, but not much cultivation, and yet an Austrian paper ranked him with Bismarck as a great leader, a man of ability and a statesman.

"No President of the United States was as popular with the people as Mr. McKinley, not excepting Washington. Washington was popular during his first term, but lost it during his second term. No President ever had the hearts of the people as Mr. McKinley. This he knew. The cause was because of his management of the Spanish-American war, his action toward the insular possessions, his tact in selecting men to govern the people of those possessions to prepare them for self government. Of course he had wise counselors. But he should be credited with that. In his administration the anti-imperialists were deprived of all argument. His policy took it away from them. He was not the tyrant they supposed him to be. I talked with him and he told me his plans. He said to have the respect and commendation of the business men was a great reward for what he was trying to do. I never saw him in anger. He was a genial, affable, madeup man. He was about as perfect a man as a man could be. He showed it in life and in death; in the mild submission to what was to be.

"When talking to him two months ago about Mrs. McKinley's illness I said that he had the prayers of the people. 'We felt the uplift,' he replied. How he appreciated it to have the people think of them in their prayers. God gave him to us as an example to guide us."

In regard to the yellow journals Mr. James said that their utterances tended to bring about anarchy. "I feel myself that these papers are largely to blame for this terrible calamity. I would not favor laws of censorship for the press, but the people have the power to freeze these papers out. If the great body politic takes hold they could be forced out. The utterances of some of these papers have been as bad as those of Emma Goldman."

"Sleep, My Love, Sleep," was sung by the choir. Dr. Carson, who spoke next, recalled to the people that twenty years ago, on September 19, James A. Garfield died and that the body of President McKinley was to-day buried in Canton. The shot of anarchy, he said, was not at Mr. McKinley as a man, but as a representative of the American republic. It has revealed to us that anarchy is among us. Something should be done to make it impossible for anarchy to land on American shores as an enemy of American institutions. (Applause.) I would meet every emigrant ship as it came into our port with the word of God in one hand and the American flag in the other and say to every man who sought to come here: 'In America these two standards are supreme. You must regulate your standard to the book and your allegiance absolutely to the flag.' And if the answer was no, I would send them back by the very ship that brought them here. In America American ideas must prevail. (Applause.) Who stands at the helm of state must be an American through and through. This is the lesson that comes from Mr. McKinley. In every form he was an American."

Dr. Carson said that Mr. McKinley's most bitter political opponent could not charge him with a dishonest act or dishonorable ambition. He referred to Mr. McKinley's refusal to have his name placed before a convention where he was pledged to another man, and threatened to leave the convention if it was done. He spoke of his magnanimity toward Samuel J. Randall, when he permitted him to occupy part of the time allotted to him (McKinley) for debate on a bill, when Mr. Randall had been refused permission to continue by the Democrats in the House. Mr. McKinley's home life, his devotion to his dying mother and his love and tenderness for his wife were touched upon. "He gave a standard for husbandhood," continued Dr. Carson. "The faith that will enable a man to die like that is the faith I ought to have; you ought to have. He is gone. He lived in our affections. He fought his battles, he finished his course. He was prepared for the message. 'It is God's way. His will be done.' Shall we meet him again in the home eternal? We shall if your faith and mine is the same in the Christ that he trusted."

The hymn "Saved by Grace," which Dr. Carson said greatly impressed Mr. McKinley at an evangelistic meeting in Lima, O., was sung by I. H. Meredith. Dr. Carson then announced that it was the intention to have a McKinley memorial window placed in the church and he desired that it should be the outcome of the service. For that purpose an offering was taken up. The services closed with the singing of "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

AT SUMNER AVENUE CHURCH

A union memorial service was held on Thursday evening at the Sumner Avenue M. E. Church, corner of Sumner avenue and Van Buren street, and attracted a gathering which taxed the seating capacity of the church. The large auditorium and balcony were filled and an overflow meeting of several hundred people was held in the basement and class rooms. The same addresses were delivered at both meetings.

The meeting was in charge of the Rev. H. H. Beattys of the Sumner Avenue Church. The speakers were the Rev. L. C. Taylor of the Puritan Congregational Church, the Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin of the Greene Avenue Baptist Church and the Rev. L. R. Foote of the Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church.

The church quartet sang several sacred selections and the hymns sung were "Lead, Kindly Light" "America" and "Nearer, My God To Thee."

Dr. Foote said in part: "This is a remarkable demonstration, unparalleled in the history of the nation and if we seek the reason we find it not alone in the fact that a President is slain and a chief brought low. We are not alone in our grief.

"We are surprised at the universal expression of grief. We had not known that President McKinley was so great a man. Many days ago, before this calamity, it occurred to me, while reading one of his speeches, that the breadth of his statesmanship was not realized. His administration has placed the nation before the world and the way was prepared for such an expression as we see manifested through the providence of God. The character of the late President is the basis of this all. In its last analysis it is a tribute to a noble, Christ-like statesman. The nobleness and influence of his life will spread as far as the tidings of his death.

"I believe that thousands of people are now praying for a revival of righteousness in the land and the God of heaven is listening to the prayer. I trust that God will increase righteousness to us through this sad experience.

"President McKinley was a typical boy, a typical youth, a typical citizen a typical soldier, and he was a typical American home. This is the fact which is spread over the world. God reared McKinley a typical man and he permitted this to occur to spread its influence through the land. The life of President McKinley at the present stage is, I believe, the greatest in America's history. It will pour into the veins of the nation the truth of his life, and all life, social and political, will be strengthened by it."

Dr. Taylor, the second speaker, said in part: "There is an old legend that at the time the Saviour was born a great stillness pervaded the earth. For a moment all motion ceased. The laws of nature governing motion, for the time, were suspended. Well may the earth be silent when angels are in the sky; when God goes forth for the redemption of man.

"I thought of the old legend to-day when this broad land became still and the pulse beats of travel ceased. I presume that never anything so like the truth of the legend has been realized as to-day. To-day it is the hand of death. There are no singing angels to-day. We cannot turn this into a day of rejoicing. The world mourns the death of a great Christian, but we have before us to-day the spectacle of national repentence. Lincoln spoke at Gettysburg of the new birth of freedom and he had still to die for it.

"Now another great man has been added to the list. Then, as now, the nation was forming with a new high ideal. We shall come up through this shadow new born to the vision of peace on earth. Our sorrow has overshadowed us. It has been revealed in a way during these days that is spiritually dramatic beyond the reach of what we feel is historically dramatic. The Christian faith of the American people answers to-day that the way He took is leading us on to a new life. We shall find greater individualism in American cities and in the rearing of children in the faith of those things for which President McKinley lived and died."

Dr. Woelfkin said that that nation is happy which has for its ruler, not a child, but a free man. "Whatever the faults of our free government," he said, "we are sure of having men for rulers who have been tested and are worthy of ruling." He paid a tribute to the personal character of President McKinley and his statesmanship and said there was never a more worthy President.

He said that the people were cast down under the weight of the affliction because the martyred President was one of America's own, and was the American ideal of American institutions. The unexpectedness of the crime was what had so shaken the nation, he said.

"This crime," he said, "has brought their sins to the minds of the American people. This is the temperament of the people today. The sentiments which have ruled for too indifferent to the spirit of anarchy we could not see them. We are altogether too indifferent to the spirit of Anarchy which is dwelling in our midst. Anarchy in its last analysis in atheism. God would have us as a people understand that.

"The indifference to the places where anarchy is bred is appalling. In the saloon where it is born and cradled the atmosphere of lawlessness rules."

Dr. Woelfkin criticised the disrespect shown to high officials and open criticism of them as "an altogether too liberal exercise of free institutions," and said that a greater respect must be bred both in speech and press.

AT DR. MEREDITH'S CHURCH.

At the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, memorial services were held at 11:30 A. M. Thursday. The church was crowded and the music was under direction of W. O. Wilkinson. The Rev. Dr. Meredith said in substance:

"We are gathered this morning to do honor to the memory of one whose life has been such as to bring honor upon himself, upon his family and friends and upon his country. We are gathered as well to see whether we can draw from his life and from the circumstances surrounding his death some lessons which will lead us as American citizens and as Christians to lead better lives than we might otherwise have led."

SIMPLE SERVICE IN FLATBUSH.

A simple and affecting service was held in the Baptist Church of the Redeemer, Avenue C and East Eighteenth street, Flatbush. "Lead, Kindly Light," "Saved By Grace" and "Nearer, My God, To Thee" were sung, and the Rev. Dr. S. Giffard Nelson spoke as follows:

"Aa the guns utter their hoarse farewells and the tolling bells labor to interpret the nation's sorrow, all that is mortal of William McKinley, most widely beloved of our Presidents, is being laid to rest in his city of Canton. 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' No truer, manlier heart has ever been consigned to the narrow house. And we who remain lift our eyes heavenward following his spirit's flight, and with triumphant confidence repeat the majestic language of the Church of England ritual: 'Looking for the general resurrection in the last day and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ, at whose second coming in glorious majesty to judge the world, the earth and the sea shall give up their dead and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in Him shall be changed and made like unto His own glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself.'

" 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them.'

"And blessed, too, the nation who, gathered in tears at his tomb, takes away therefrom the heritage of another noble memory. To the latest day it will be held in reverence. Children of our children shall speak his praises, and throughout all ages of the world history will transmit the influences of his example.

"With thoughts of him I am fain to associate one of the sublimest of the Hebrew kings. In many things he resembled the good Hezekiah. Like the Judean monarch, Mr. McKinley was simple, direct and candid in his course of life. He was like him, too, in that he did what he perceived to be his duty with all his heart and prospered. He was a man of wisdom. From youth onward, he recognized the sovereignty of Almighty God over his life and early began to serve Him. He knew that to a true acquaintance and communion with the Most High, relationship to the church is a prime essential, and as boy and man he was faithful and loyal to the church wherein his soul found enlightenment and comfort. To the advantages he received from it and to the strength derived from its ministries and companionships, he was never ashamed to testify.

"Like Hezekiah he had firmness without fanaticism. He was neither a zealot in religion nor an extremist in statecraft. He felt the need of calmness and moderation in dealing with decisive questions. He knew that no man could deal more quickly than the people were prepared to follow. But he had the tact beyond most of turning the faces of the people in the right direction and of inspiring their advances. He

> "Knew the seasons when to take
> Occasion by the hand, and make
> The bounds of freedom wider yet."

"He was an unselfish man. Loving many well, there were three whom he loved supremely—his God, his wife and his country. A trinity these that summon into activity the deepest and highest in affection. When, with remorseless shock, the summons came, it was out of a life of love and trust that the words sprung spontaneously to his lips:

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, Thy will be done."

"Out of the years behind him as Sunday school boy, Sunday school superintenent and Christian statesman, he uttered his last message to the nation: 'Goodby. All goodby. It is God's way. His will be done.' Out of the years of patient devotion as a loving husband came the tender farewell to her he loved best. 'God's will, not ours, be done.' Out of a heart that was right with God, that had sought His glory and that was cheered by the prospect of the eternal reward, welled the strains of mortal victory:

> "Angels to beckon me,
> Nearer, my God, to Thee."

"Our dead President was not intellectually a great man as we ordinarily employ the adjective. He was a sagacious man, a man of eminent talent in many directions, an admirable speaker and skillful as an executive. He was a safe man—the sort of man who knew and could do what the best sense of the people approved. He was not great, however, at Pitt, Fox, Canning, Gladstone, Bismarck or Cavour were great. But his goodness gave him such claims upon the heart of mankind as it never concedes to greatness. In his life he exemplified purity of character; in his death he brought his country face to face with the Eternal. We saw that he saw his God as a reality. In death, as in life, therefore, his mission, like his Master's, was doing good.

"Two thousand six hundred and eleven years have elapsed, according to the received chronology, since the good Hezekiah, King of Judah, died. And, says the sacred writer, 'Hezekiah slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the chiefest of the sepulchres of the sons of David; and all Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem did him honor at his death.' So, two milleniums and a half from now, it may be, men in strangely advanced and altered state, shall read the history of our times, and its record of the good man whom to-day we lay to sleep with his fathers in what shall continue to be one of the chiefest of the sepulchres, and of how 'the whole land did him honor at his death.' Thus, being dead, William McKinley shall continue to speak unto us and to ours until the latest day."

SERVICES AT BRIDGE STREET A. M. E. CHURCH.

Brooklyn Afro-American citizens paid splendid tribute to the memory of President William McKinley Thursday. Memorial services were held in the Bridge Street Church, the Concord Baptist Church of Christ, the Trinity Baptist Church and the Fleet Street Zion Church.

In the Bridge Street Church the Rev. M. E. Jennings of the Newman Memorial M. E. Mission, offered a very earnest prayer, after which the choir sang "At Rest." Dr. M. C. Brooks, the pastor, read the proclamation of the President, and then introduced the Rev. A. J. Henry of the Nazarene Congregational Church, who made an address on the early life and character of President William McKinley. Dr. W. A. Alexander of the Siloam Presbyterian Church, was the next speaker, and he paid eloquent tribute to the dead President. Dr. John M. Palmer of St. John's African M. E. Church, among many interesting things said that, like Garfield, another Christian hero had passed away after successfully serving his country. He called attention to the fact that before attempting to serve his country William McKinley, after being taught by fond Christian parents, first joined the army of the Lord and endeavored to be the man that God would have him to be. Having put God in front he succeeded in his attempts in life and became the greatest and best man of his country. The choir then sang "Lead, Kindly Light." Dr. S. D. W. Smith of Union Bethel African M. E. Church made the next address.

Miss Ida Carter read a memorial poem which was an interesting feature of the service. The choir and congregation sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and Dr. W. D. Cook was the last speaker.

RABBI NELSON'S SERMON.

At the Temple Israel Thursday Rabbi Levi M. Nelson conducted the memorial services in honor of the late President McKinley. In the course of an earnest and eloquent sermon Rabbi Nelson said:

"Last Saturday morning the much dreaded event came to pass, and the people who in the course of one short week had risen from dejection and despair to cheerfulness and even joyous expectancy; whose hearts had pulsated with feelings first of gladness and then of sorrow—now alas had their seemingly well grounded hopes dashed once for all to the ground and found their worst fears realized in the sad death of the President. At that time, while stunned and dazed from the first effects of the blow, and amid the overwhelming grief that at once took possession of our minds, we tried to pay some fitting tribute to the life, career and death of the nation's chief, and thus to give some evidence of our appreciation of the irretrievable loss sustained by our country in the untimely ending of his brilliant life.

"To-day, in accordance with the earneat recommendation of the President, in compliance with the urgent request of the Governor of this state, in conformity with the custom that obtains on such occasions and in response to the natural impulses of our hearts, we meet to bewail the cruel and needless sacrifice of one so dear to all of us, to pour out our hearts in silent prayer, to give expression though with difficulty to our feelings of submission, to speak, if in faltering accents, the words of resignation, to implore the blessing of God upon our country and especially upon him who succeeds to the especially upon him who succeeds to the highest office in the gift of the American nation.

"The sight presented this morning by thousands of our people throughout the length and breadth of this couotry 'repairing to their respective houses of worship' and participating as it were in one grand memorial service is certainly a profoundly sad, impressive and awe-inspiring one. The wheels of industry are stopped for the nonce, the chariots of commerce are not so much in evidence to-day, the rumble and the roar of business life are hushed for the time being and the citizens possessed by a common thought and bowed 'neath a common woe, are meeting in solemn prayer, in fervent adoration, in earnest supplication. And yet we are a practical people; we do not waste much time in unavailing lamentation. All the more does it point to the fact that the man whose death can thus turn all heads 'into waters,' and all eyes into 'fountains of tears,' must be in many respects a marvelous man, a great personality.

A reference to the striking events of his long and varied public career will afford ample evidence of this fact. These events are familiar to you all and need not be repeated this morning. The wounds in our hearts are still too fresh to permit of any impartial estimate of the permanent value of his public policy. This is not the time nor the place nor the occasion to discuss the wisdom or the unwisdom of that policy. But this we may say that even his bitterest opponents were personally kindly disposed to the man, whilst his spotless reputation in private life and his unwearying devotion and attention to the invalid at his side challenged the frank admiration of all Americans.

The awful tragedy of his death was emphaszied by the fact that only the day before he was shot he had delivered the greatest and most significant speech of his life, an address in which he rose splendidly above the narrow standards of party interests and pointed out that "our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war."

But, splendid as were his achievements in life, he eclipsed them by the calmness, the heroism and the rare courage with which he faced the prospect of death. How beautifully did the light of religion play around that death bed. How strong, how noble, how impressive were his last words of resignation! Forget them not my friends; cherish them well, if only for the sake of the living example they set before us, when

by word or action we affect to hold in contempt the religious influence in life and death. Remembering those sacred words, will not the wish find expression, "May I die the death of the righteous and may my last end be like his."

And, oh, eternal, our God, as the thoughts of the noble life and death of the man we honored come to us, even in our grief and sorrow, we thank Thee for the blessing wherewith Thou hast blessed us in his life; for the example he has set for us in his death. We pray to Thee to grant strength to the grief-stricken widow that she may be able to bear up under the heavy burden of sadness which weighs upon her heart, that she may find comfort and consolation in the sight of a whole nation assembling to honor him she loved and rising up to mourn his death. Bless, O God, our country, and grant that the sacrifice may not have been made utterly in vain, that it may confirm us in our allegiance to our country and in our faith in the stability of its institutions. Strengthen the heart of the President of this country that he may walk in those paths of peace and good will to all nations, in those paths so clearly pointed out in the dying message of our lost leader. May this be Thy divine will. Amen.

AT CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Over 2,000 people assembled in the Central Congregational Church. The pulpit was neatly draped with emblems of national mourning, and was occupied by the pastor, the Rev. S. P. Cadman, D. D.; the Rev. Charles C. Creegan, D. D.; the Rev. Charles Herald and the Rev. Willard P. Harmon, assistant pastor. The Rev. Dr. Cadman, who had just arrived from Europe by the steamship Teutonic, reached the church just ten minutes before the beginning of the service. The preliminary services were divided between the Rev. Mr. Harmon and the Rev. Mr. Herald. The vast congregation began its worship by singing the new world famed favorite hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

The Rev. Dr. Creegan's Address.

The Rev. Dr. Charles C. Creegan of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions made the following address:

"The last words spoken by President McKinley before sinking into unconsciousness, as the surgeons were about to undertake a critical operation, were these: 'Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done.' Among the very last words which escaped his lips when the grip of death was already upon him and with his hand clasped in the hand of his beloved wife were these: 'It is God's will. His will be done, not ours.'

"I confess it is more difficult for me today, in view of the untimely death of this noble man, one of the best rulers the world has ever known, to say from my very heart 'Thy will be done' than at any other time in my life. And yet, leaning over his casket, as in imagination we do, is not this the very lesson he taught us with his dying words? We cannot fathom the mystery and yet, with simple, childlike faith, looking up through our tears into our Father's face, we will say with William McKinley: 'Thy will be done.'

"This great congregation is not the only one in mourning—this city of churches is not alone in sorrow. Not in Buffalo only, where the fatal shot was fired and where he breathed out his life; not alone in Washington, where stands the White House and where on Tuesday last tens of thousands of his countrymen stood with heads uncovered while the very heavens wept—nor in his beloved Ohio and the City of Canton, where his neighbors knew him best, is there weeping to-day, but in New Orleans and San Francisco, in Texas and everywhere throughout the land.

"When Lincoln was stricken down by the hand of an assassin we were still in the throes of a civil war; when Garfield was shot by a madman we were only sixteen years from the war and it was a time of intense political hatred, even in the President's own party. To-day there is no North or South, and we mourn as a united and loyal nation for our chief magistrate.

"Even under the dome of St. Paul's and the rafters of Westminster memorial services will be held to-day, as well as throughout the British Empire as far as New Zealand. In Germany flags are at half mast and I doubt if there is a civilized nation anywhere on the globe where there will not be sympathy for our stricken nation and a prayer for the heartbroken widow.

"With the possible exception of the death of England's noble Queen, I doubt if any one has ever passed from earth mourned by so many millions. Victoria was called peacefully away when she had passed her 80th milestone and had been on the throne more than sixty years. She was old and feeble and her death was anticipated. William McKinley had only entered upon his second term; had only passed his 58th milestone and we had every reason to expect he would not only complete his term with honor to himself and satisfaction to the nation, but also that he would live many years in retirement, giving us the benefit of his wise counsel and the blessed influence of his pure example.

"The anarchists tell us they are banded together for the purpose of pulling down tyrants. Strange, indeed, that they should choose for their first victim one of the purest and best men God ever gave this or any other nation.

"The hand of the poet, Ernest Neal Lyon, must have been inspired when he penned these words which have just been published in one of our best weeklies:

" 'In every joy there breathes some serpent's hiss,
And as to every Eden, so to this
Comes Anarchy, of Satan eldest-born,
Mothered by Ignorance, in Want forlorn,
Nourished by Cunning energized by Hate,
Lifting its head to strike against the state.—
To strike (ah, dastard blow!) the good and great!
The hand outstretched in pity for its pain,
The heart that never would have felt in vain,
The head that thought so wisely and so true,
The man that was so strong—yet tender too.—
Had wrought so much, and yet had more to do!'

"In view of the peril before us as a nation from unbridled speech and a yellow journalism, making the steps to anarchy itself natural and easy, I am sure this entire congregation will unite with the poet in this vow:

" 'Too long within our breast this Viper lay,
And shall he thus our charity betray?
Upon the altar where our leader fell
Let us together swear, and keep it well
For righteous vengeance and for public weal
To crush the Serpent 'neath Law's iron heel!' "

"In order that we may learn the secret of the success of this beautiful life and draw from it some lessons for our profit on this memorial day, I will give a brief historical sketch of the martyred President.

"William McKinley, like General Jackson, John Hall and many more of our greatest Americans, was of Scotch-Irish stock. His family came to York County, Pa., 150 years ago and his great-grandfather fought for the freedom of the colonies during the Revolution. His father, while a young man, moved to Niles, O., where William was born January 29, 1843. Mr. McKinley's father established a small iron foundry where William was often found at work in his boyhood. He never knew the extreme poverty with which Lincoln was familiar in his youth, but he was not ashamed to labor with his hands, and in all the honors which came to him in after life, he never lost his sympathy for the honest toiler and the laboring man never had a warmer friend than he. During these years all his leisure hours were spent in study. One who knew him well when he was a boy says: 'William McKinley was always a student; he was constantly storing his mind with useful knowledge.'

"At 16 we find him a teacher at Poland, O., where his father had removed in order that his children might have better educational advantages. It was at this time that young McKinley for his own sake and the influence he would have by such an act upon his pupils, united with the Methodist Church. From this time on through the war and all through a long experience in public service to the end of his life he was not only a man of pure morals, but a model Christian gentleman. At 17 he entered Allegheny College, Pa., where he remained for nearly a year, when failing health compelled him to return home. When he had regained his health we find him a clerk in the village post office, at the time Sumpter was fired upon and the call for heroic young men came from the noble Lincoln to save the nation. Among the very first to enlist from his home town was William McKinley, who was barely 18 years of age. His company was made a part of the Twenty-third Ohio Infantry which became the most famous regiment of the war. The colonel was Rosecrans, who became a major general. The lieutenant colonel was Stanley Matthews, who afterward became one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. McKinley was not absent from his post a single day during the entire war on account of illness and was only home for two short weeks on furlough. He served for fourteen long months before his promotion came. When his worth was recognized, his heroic services for his country were rewarded by rapid promotion from rank to rank until he was made captain when 21 and major at 22. When crossing the battlefield of Antietam, Md., only a week ago, I recalled his heroic service, doing at the risk of his life what had never been done before, namely, giving to the brave men while in the midst of that terrific battle hot coffee and meat. In doing this his life was exposed again and again, as it was also at South Mountain, Cedar Creek and more than twenty-five other engagements of the war. He won the confidence of General Hayes, who placed him on his staff and gave him his warm friendship to the end of his life.

"At the close of the war, having made for himself a noble record for heroic and faithful service, he was offered a commission in the regular army, which he would have accepted but for the earnest entreaties of his parents, who urged him to remain at home. He at once entered upon the study of law and at the end of two years was admitted to the bar at Canton, O., which has been his home ever since.

"In 1871 he married Miss Ida Saxton, a banker's daughter of Canton. There is not in all history a better example of devotion and love than Mr. McKinley has shown to his invalid wife through all these thirty years. In the early seventies two beautiful children came to bless the McKinley home, but in a short time death claimed them both. The blow was too much for the delicate and beautiful wife and since that time she has clung to her strong husband as the vine clings to the oak.

"Mr. McKinley's career at the bar was brilliant and in two years he was elected to the office of prosecuting attorney of Stark County, at a time when his own party was greatly in the minority. If he had not given himself to public service, but had, with his industrious habits and judicial mind, continued at the bar, he would have been one of the foremost lawyers of his day. If he had inclined toward the bench, he could have gone to the Supreme Court of the United States. But he gave his attention to politics in the best sense of that word and at the early age of 33 he was elected to Congress. When he entered the House of Representatives, General Hayes, his old army friend, had just been made President. President Hayes, knowing, as perhaps no other man knew, the character and ability of Major McKinley, and predicting for him a brilliant career in Congress, suggested one day that instead of trying to master all the bills which might be introduced and speak upon all the questions under debate, that he make a study of two or three important measures, claiming public attention, and make himself an authority upon these. Among the subjects named by President Hayes as worthy of special study was the tariff. Major McKinley, following the counsel of his old friend, entered upon the study of the tariff with all the energy of his enthusiastic nature. It must have been a proud day for him when, before that crowded chamber, with sentences as clear as a mountain brook and arguments as solid as granite, he defended his bill and before the sun had sunk behind the hills saw the McKinley bill become a law. Seven times his neighbors returned him to Congress and would have continued doing so, but

for the re-adjustment of the district, which made it impossible for any one holding his views to be elected.

"He at once returned to the practice of law, thinking to make this the work of the remaining years of his life. The people of Ohio, however, who loved and trusted him were determined that he should not return to the life of a private citizen, and they nominated him for Governor, and he was elected by a large majority. His first term, as Governer of the State was eminently satisfactory, and they returned him for a second term, with the largest vote which has ever been given in Ohio to any man.

"Just as he was closing his second term as Governer of his native state, he sacrificed all his property, including his earnings as a lawyer and fourteen years' service in Congresss, amounting to $25,000, in order to satisfy a claim upon him as security for a friend who had failed. In addition to this, Mrs. McKinley turned over $75,000, her share of her father's estate, making in all $100,000, which this man, who was the soul of honor, gave to satisfy a claim which he regarded as morally, if not legally, binding. He was left without a dollar in the world, but he had that which will shine after the stars fall, that which is worth more than all the gold of the world, he had left honor unsullied.

"If we except his devoted care of an invalid wife, perhaps nothing gives us a better understanding of the noble character of this good man than the event just related.

"The people of this country, believing that an 'honest man is the noblest work of God,' began, by common consent, to unite upon the Governor of Ohio—the man who had paid the last dollar of debt although it left him poor, as the right man to sit at the head of the nation. He was nominated and after one of the most hotly contested campaigns ever witnessed in this land, was elected. A more difficult task has not fallen to any president, with the exception of the great Lincoln, who was called to bear the burden of the Civil War. When the future historian, a generation from now, sits down calmly to write the history of these four years, he will give this noble man a place with the foremost statesmen of the republic—and as a President he will rank with Washington and Lincoln.

"It has been said by critics: 'McKinley brought on the war.' A more baseless charge was never made against a great and good man. Every honest person who is acquainted with the facts knows that this heroic soul who fought so bravely for four long years to save the Union, knew full well the consequencea of a bloody war and was determined from the first that there should be no resort to arms if it were in his power to prevent it. You remember when many of the journals of the land and not a few of the politicians were urging war and denouncing the President for hesitating, he still held back with his strong arm the 'dogs of war' until the noble Maine went down with two officers and 266 brave men. It was at this time that a wave of patriotic feeling arose, which has not had a parallel since Lincoln's time, sweeping over the entire land from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from the Gulf to the Great Lakes. It waa no longer possible for even McKinley to hold back the 'dogs of war.' The time was now ripe, in the Providence of God, for the removal forever of the cruel Spanish power from the Western hemisphere. When the President asked for $50,000,000 to equip the army and navy, it was at once granted by unanimous vote. Such a thing, I believe, had never been done before in the history of the republic. The President has always been a lover of peace and his earnest words upon this subject, especially that masterly address delivered in Buffalo only two days before he was stricken down, will be read by generations to come along with Washington's Farewell and Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg.

"Let us now, as we pay our last tribute of respect and love to our fallen Chief Magistrate, gather up a few lessons from his noble life and heroic service for our profit:

"1. The first lesson I would name is one of patriotism. The world loves the heroic and will always do honor to the hero:

> Kingdoms, the pride of dust, to dust return,
> As history's dying hand lets fall the scroll,
> But flaming thro' eternal paths will burn
> The Godward fire of an heroic soul.

"No braver, more truly heroic soul was found in the army of Lincoln than William McKinley. If he had been 25 rather than a boy of 18 when he enlisted he would have returned home with the stars of a general on his shoulders. He entered at the opening of the war and did not return until rebellion had been crushed and every slave had become a free man.

"What we need to-day, perhaps more than anything else, is the same love of country, a devotion that will not only lead us to go to the front and in battle risk life to save the nation, but also, as true patriots, to follow his example in fighting that perpetual battle which we call peace. I call upon the young men who hear me to-day to dedicate yourselves to the republic and never rest until anarchy and every evil which may threaten us as a people may be destroyed. We shall go from this service, I am sure, with a more profound respect for the brave boys who wore the blue in the Civil War and a keener sense of what it cost to save the Union.

"2. The second lesson I would name is purity and temperance. Through all the years of the war, meeting a thousand temptations, and afterward in all the thirty and more years of public service, William McKinley was an example in purity and temperance for the young men of this land. The word character takes on a new meaning as we study the life of this man, which was simple yet pure and beautiful, and is preaching to-day a more powerful sermon for righteousness and temperance than all the pulpits of this land put together. I hold up that life to-day, without a word of apology or a moment's hesitation, as one worthy to be imitated by the young men of America. He was unique in public life in that he held the confidence and love of his political opponents, and to-day ex-President Cleveland is paying a tribute to the memory of this righteous man.

"3. The third lesson is one of courtesy and kindness. In an age when in our mad rush for money men are too busy to be courteous and too selfish to be kind, the President has shown by his entire life the beauty and power there is in courtesy and kindness. He was always the friend of children and they always loved him. I suppose he never saw a beautiful child without his thought would turn toward the dear ones who, all too soon, were taken from his own home. The last act of his life before the fatal ball struck him was to place his hand upon the head of a little girl, and when she looked up into his kindly face, after passing, he turned and waved his hand to her. You remember the member of Congress, belonging to another party, who had said some very bitter and untrue things of Mr. McKinley before he had met him, but when he came into touch with this great heart, this man who adds a new meaning to the word kindness, he said to a friend: 'I would give almost anything if I had never said those bitter things about that good man.' Kindness beamed in his face. It is possible that there were those who hated him, but I am sure if you find any such to-day in Ohio, where his sacred dust will soon be placed in the tomb, or any part of this land, you will be obliged to look for them where men gather in dark places and secretly plot against good government and good men. Give us enough men and women with his kind spirit and this world would soon be transformed by the sunshine which would radiate from them.

"4. In the fourth place, I will mention the lesson which comes to use from the domestic virtues which centered in that home in Canton and was witnessed even in the bright light which beat upon the White House. If the Christian home is the most beautiful spot our eyes have ever seen or ever will see until we look up on 'the delectable mountains' and we wish to find a model, I point you to that home, which the entire world has been looking upon with admiration and emulation. Everybody knows that it would be impossible that the heart of a man so true, so ideal in his domestic love, could be other than loyal and patriotic touching national warfare. Every home in America is sweeter to-day because of the beautiful, yea, ideal home of our President, and every heart goes out in sympathy and prayer for the one who must now walk alone.

> " 'Let consciousness of a wide love to-day
> Mingle a drop less bitter with the myrrh
> That brims her cup, while all a nation, nay,
> A multitude of nations, mourns with her.'

"5. The last lesson I would name is the one he taught us in his closing hours, namely, how to die. All the preachers in the world could not preach a sermon so eloquent and touching as did the great President by his Christian death. Among those last words, and they are worth recalling now, were these: 'My wife; be careful about her.' When he saw the danger that his assassin would be lynched, he said: 'Let no one hurt him.' How this reminds us of the Master when He said: 'Father, forgive them for they know not what they do.' 'It is God's way. His will be done, not ours.'

"He seems to go back to the very prayer which his mother taught him. The song which will now be a national anthem along by the side of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" will be these very last words of President McKinley:

> " 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.'

"Now, turning our faces for a moment toward the future, we are surprised at the resources of God in bringing to the front great men when they are needed. When Lincoln fell and Wall street was in panic, the majestic form of General Garfield appeared on the scene and, standing by the statue of Washington yonder, he spoke to the thousands of upturned faces these words: 'God reigns and the government at Washington is safe.' We make these words our own and, while God is on His throne and President Roosevelt—one of our own citizens—brave and true and beloved by us all, is in the White House, we shall not fear for the future of the republic.

> " 'We felt our nothingness in this eclipse,
> We bowed in silence and with sealed lips;
> But now in confidence we humbly pray,
> Our Father, bring us all—leader and land—
> By Thine all-pitying, all-uplifting hand,
> Into the dawning of a fairer day.' "

The Rev. Dr. Cadman's Address.

Owing to the lateness of Dr. Cadman's arrival, his address was entirely impromptu. He had started from England hopeful of the President's recovery, and not till the steamship reached the lightship was he aware that the President was dead. The shock of the news was such as to unman every person on board. He concluded, when he learned of the memorial services that the people of the Central Church would be gathered in common with their neighbors, and he hastened his steps so as to be a participant in the honors to the memory of the beloved Chief Magistrate of the nation. After paying an eloquent and glowing tribute to the departed President's memory, and eulogizing his great life, character and Christian example—Christian in living and Christian in dying—he drew a vivid picture of Abraham Lincoln, the first President martyr, from whom William McKinley received his soldier's commission, meeting and welcoming in the portals of the better land, and uniting as they walked together, in that song, now more sacred than ever, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." He would not think of William McKinley as dead. No, such a man lives on through the ages, for death could not destroy immortality. In closing he warned his hearers against the encouragement of dangerous, pernicious literature, whether in the form of books or newspapers. Christians should draw themselves into line and frown down the villainous spirit that had reared itself for the destruction of government and religion.

RABBI TAUBENHAUS' SERMON.

The Rev. G. Taubenhaus, rabbi of the Congregation Beth Elohim, preach on Thursday morning on "The Last Words of President McKinley." Mr. Taubenhaus said:

"It is related in the Talmud: When Rabbi Phuder, the prince, died, Bar Kuppara cried, 'angels and righteous man combatted about

the possession of the holy ark, and the angels succeeded in carrying it off.' The same the American people may say about our late President McKinley. Angels carried him off.

"There are two sides to his death. One is horrible to contemplate, the other bears the Elysian calm of the saint. It is horrible to think of the cause of his death. Never has integrity been deeper wounded, never has injustice taken a more atrocious step, never has a more perfidious act stained and polluted the record of human nature than when amidst the high strains of the refining art, amidst the enthused ovation of a loyal and affectionate people our Chief Magistrate at the pinnacle of glory was made the target of anarchy's violence.

"What destruction. The sanctuary of a happy family has fallen, the golden sword of a proud nation has been broken, the blessed activity of a great man in whom wonderful moral and intellectual elements were beautifully blended, was checked and the faithful administration of an upright, beneficent and hopeful ruler was cut off. It is sad. It is depressing and heart-rending. It is enough to stifle honest ambition and to discourage earnest endeavor. It is humiliating and almost maddening.

"But, on the other hand, we are uplifted and transported into the pure atmosphere of saintliness when we reflect upon the gentle and righteous demeanor of the stricken President during the critical days of his sickness. What a manly courage, what a religious patience, what a spiritual cheer and what an heroic faith he has manifested in a condition in which many others with less spirituality and less religious ardor might have murmured against Providence and questioned the ways of God. His last words were prophetic and were celestial. While the angel of peace was closing his eyes to eternal sleep and a sympathizing and devoted world prayed for his recovery, he said, 'Not our, but God's will be done.' He parted as an apostle of truth, as a high priest in the temple of God. Thus our great chief was privileged to die as he lived, the benefactor of his countrymen.

"Living, he benefited his countrymen not only by the inauguration of a new era in American history, an era of prosperity at home and of recognition abroad, but by the great moral force he brought to bear upon the functions of his exalted office. Nothing is so noble and imperative in the life of a public official as the observance of the principle to keep the public trust sacred. This is the condition and substance of good government. Government is not something abstract; it is not a thing shut up in the statutory book. The government is in a sense the official. The kind of government depends upon the kind of official we have. If he is imbued with noble principles, if he is conscious of the sanctity of confidence and the immutability of law, then we have a good government.

"President McKinley was alive to the principles of good government, and his government will serve as an excellent model and pattern. His last words prove that, though occupying the loftiest position within the reach of man, he never regarded himself as else than a servant of God.

"The world cherishes the last words of great men. We love Moses the more for the benediction he pronounced upon his people before he left them. We admire the prophet Samuel the more for calling upon the people before his final departure to testify against him before the Lord whom he wronged, whom he defrauded. We respect Mohammed for saying at the close of his life: 'Let him whom I have done an violence or an injustice come now and I will make reparation.' We are awe struck when we read that the tortured Rabbi Akiba expired while the last word of Israel's fundamental creed was still hovering on his lips; that Rabbi Chanaujah having been wrapt up in the burning parchment of sacred scroll said: 'I see the parchment burn but the words rise to heaven.' Rabbi Jehuda, the pious, and Martin Luther both, one on the pyre and the other on his death bed, sang with the psalmist, 'In thy hand, O God, I commend my spirit.' We feel closer drawn to our late President for the great word with which he sealed this side of his life. 'God's will be done' will be treasured with new ardor as a spiritual legacy which America's latest martyr bequeathed unto us.

"We need the lesson of dying well, no less than the lesson of living well. How we shrink from death! How we fear dying! What claim have we on this world that we are so loth to leave it. Life is a sacred gift, a holy trust. We should love and cling to it as such. But when the Almighty demands it should we murmur? Those that lived well have never been afraid of death. Many of them made their last hour a source of instruction and inspiration.

"The great spiritual influence which the last words of the President exercised upon the American people is beyond all possible estimate. Religion triumphed, righteousness held up the flag of victory when it became known that the President closed his eyes like a saint.

"Friends, let us draw nearer to our martyred chief in the relation of disciple to his teacher and master. This is the purpose that we meet here in the shadow of national bereavement. Our object cannot be eulogy. The late President is not in need of it. He wrote his own eulogy in the immortal characters of a transcendent life. To praise him to-day is like attempting to represent with the painter's brush the beauty of the rainbow or the grandeur of a shining galaxy. America will do justice to his sacred memory. History will work the golden wreath of the fitting tribute that he merited. Arts will vie with one another in doing honor unto his name. Large cities will feel honored to possess his statue. Libraries will arrange for new shelves for the books that will be written upon the life of President McKinley, so noble throughout and so glorious in the end. What we can do for him to-day is to heed those good lessons he taught for our benefit, and let us pray that when our time comes to leave this world we leave it as he did, like a sun setting at a cloudless evening that profusely illuminates the western horizon and promises the coming of another glorious day."

REV. DR. GEORGE ADAMS.

There was a large and attentive congregation in the Williams Avenue M. E. Church and the pastor, the Rev. Dr. George Adams, preached a sermon on "Lessons for Young Men from the Life and Character of Our Martyred President." His text was, "He was a good man." Luke xxiii:50. He said:

"We are assembled to-night to give our tribute of loving commendation of the life and character of a good man—our martyred President, William McKinley, whose tragic death caused grief in the hearts of his countrymen. At present we are so near the saddening event that it is well nigh impossible to fully appreciate and estimate the value of his public services and private life. Born neither to wealth nor poverty, he was surrounded with sufficient to stimulate him to personal efforts to excel. With purpose to acquire education such as the best schools provide, at 16 years of age he matriculates as student in Allegheny College at Meadville, Pa., where illness forbade his remaining and reverses prevented his returning. The firing on Fort Sumter excited his patriotism and he became at 18 a private soldier in Company E of the Twenty-third Ohio Regiment. His valor and success on the field have become well known through the secular press, as also his promotion at 22 to the office of major; returning to private life with the confidence and respect of prominent men.

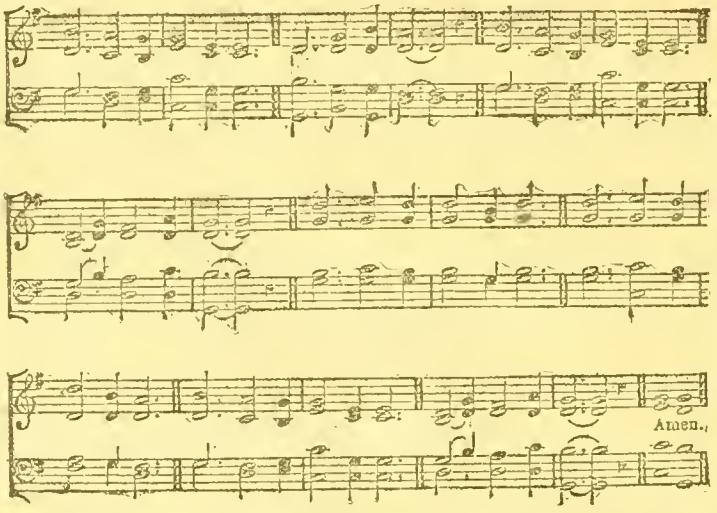
"It may profit us all and especially the young men of this congregation to observe some of the lessons taught in the career and character of our late President. Industry is essential to success. There was nothing in the boy McKinley or in his youth to indicate brilliancy of talent, but his early years indicate the absence of the slightest trace of indolence. He must needs have worked hard to be ready for college at 16. As a soldier, devotion to duty paved the way to advancement and his fidelity wins the approval of his superiors which benefits him in after days. In the study of law he so applied himself as to secure desirable recognition. The tariff bill bearing his name, which appeared eleven years ago, indicated remarkable application. Throughout his life he was known to give himself to work, hard, unremitting work. Hence this familiar lesson adorned by his life reminds us all again that the royal road to success is by steadily toiling day by day. No one of us, no one anywhere, need expect success without applying ourselves zealously and unremittingly to our rightful calling in the labors of earth.

"The life we are considering teaches us also that religion and politics are compatible. By this I mean that religious life and political requirements may be harmoniously blended for the good of the nation. Christianity requires purity of conduct, unequivocal and righteous living. The highest type of political life demands that patriotism shall be transparent, that the maintenance of statutory enactments and agitation for further legislation shall be in keeping with the dignity of law making bodies and the loftiest idea of commendable statesmanship. Is there, therefore, any reason why such religion and such politics cannot be peacefully wedded? In William McKinley there was a profitable marriage of political aspirations and duties with the devotional tendencies of a man of God. He knew that although there were base politicians, he need not be impure, and that while some were the victims of unholy avarice, he might covet earnestly the best gifts. His convictions of human rights concerning the slave question and of personal and national responsibility relating to the Spanish oppression of Cubans are well known to the world and will be the admiration of the generations to come.

"We further learn from the life of this good man that a good character is invaluable. The noblest art of men is the formation of a good character. To build a good character requires the co-operation of the human and the divine. That which men call genius or talent will be forgotten; gold will cease to shine and attract, then perish; all the beauties of earth will pass away, but goodness is immortal, and a good character will leave its impress in the world and live on forever. Our martyred President spent his life building character. It was not always easy, though the foundations were strong. It was not pastime to add a pillar, or a buttress, or furnish a jewel or a polished shaft toward completing the structure; but when on September 13, 1901, the builder bid farewell to earth and placed on the tower of his own building the words, 'It is God's way, His will be done,' the master builder of the universe stepped from his throne and placed above the inscription the top stone, amid the plaudits of unseen seraphs as He said: 'Grace, grace unto it,' then immediately transferred the completed building to a better location, where angels might adore and men on earth revere and all nations unitedly declare that whoever could build such a character was a good man.

"The character of this good man was so superior that his personal worth added dignity to his public position. When the fatal shot of the assassin sent its horrid echoes around the globe and shocked and saddened mankind, they paused to think that the man was greater than his office, and that the relations implied an exceeding loss. Men, women and children grieved, for they had lost a friend; the nation mourned, for it was sorely bereaved. Crowned heads of other nations are bowed in sorrow, for a brother beloved has gone. The recent memorial services in extent and character have been unsurpassed in the world's history, and, while the body was quietly placed in God's acres for peaceful burial, the wheels of the nation's machinery ceased to revolve, cable and telegraph carried no message and men stood reverently on the street and elsewhere with uncovered heads for five minutes, in honor of the most loved man in our land. His public character has well deserved it and his domestic life merited the immortal title of Dr. McKelway of the Brooklyn Eagle, 'King of husbands and prince of lovers.' How tenderly he ministered to his wife on all occasions. His increasing duties and multiplied cares did not lead him to seek relief and relaxation in the club house, but he felt that he could get nearest heaven's rest in the heart of his home. Neither diplomats nor merchant princes nor men of letters could attract him from the charms of home or lead him to forget those duties which make the hearthstone the vestibule of heaven. Truly he was a noble husband and a sincere patriot, a king among men."

BETHANY



1

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Life and Death

of the Country's Chief Magistrate the Subject of Pulpit Discourses.

On Sunday, September 22, special memorial services were held in most of the churches. Many of the pastors who had just returned from their summer rest embraced the opportunity of paying their tributes to the memory of the late President McKinley. Some of these sermons, which will be remembered for their emphasis and earnestness, as well as for their richness of review of life and character, have been preserved in this more permanent form.

REV. DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

Dr. Hillis preached his first sermon after his return from his vacation yesterday in Plymouth Church, and his congregation was out in great numbers. "Moses, the Typical Hero and Leader, and the Life Teachers That Made His Manhood" was the subject of the discourse. Dr. Hillis spoke of the tragedy at Buffalo and of the life of President McKinley. His text was from Hebrews xi:23-29. He said:

"By common consent Moses is the most fascinating figure of the Old Testament times. Be the reasons what they may, his character and career have captured the imagination of all mankind. But universal love does not come unasked or stay unurged. From nothing, nothing comes. Love is an effect that begins in some cause named a character that is lovable. If the tides of affection run deep and strong toward this hero, it is because his manhood compels admiration, as surely as the moon compels the tides in their forward flow. Doubtless many elements of mind and heart combined to give this leader his unique place and influence. Men of morals admire Moses because he put the laws of right and wrong in form so clear that they still hold in all courts of justice. Men of faith revere him because he is the teacher of those who endure as seeing Him who is invisible. Men of intellect reverence Moses because of his many sided greatness, for he is the one myriad minded man. Practical men look up to him because by way of pre-eminence he is the man of achievement who gets things done; the natural king, as Carlyle said, who melts all wills into his. The story of his deeds is the most amazing story in the history of great men. Like our own Douglas, he was born a slave. By a dramatic event he was adopted into the king's palace. Sitting at the feet of the wisest teachers, at 30 he had all the knowledge of the Egyptians. At 40 he was a fugitive from justice, hiding in the cave of the desert. At 80 years of age, at a time when other men avoid responsibility, this hero was fomenting a rebellion among his countrymen.

Greater Than Lincoln.

"The history of successful agitation affords no parallel to Moses' liberation of his countrymen. If Lincoln emancipated three million slaves Lincoln had as counselors the wisest men of the nation, and was backed by a hundred generals, a million men in arms, and the resources of a nation; but this Hebrew hero, single-handed and without one battlefield, achieved the freedom of his race. And when the emancipator had safely led his company beyond the border lines how colossal the task that confronted him! He found his people a mere horde of savages; he left them a nation compact, with characteristics that have persisted through thirty centuries. He found them idolators and fetish worshippers; he left them the exponents of the one God and Father of mankind. He found them without laws or institutions; he left them with a body of laws, domestic, laws hygienic, laws political, laws moral and spiritual, laws so founded in the nature of things as to make the Hebrew unique for his longevity from the view point of health, and supreme in his achievements in finance, commerce, music and philosophy. What amazing opulence of gifts, what fertility of resource had Moses! In literature his psalm of the brevity of life and the eternity of God is one of the supreme things in the libraries. In law Moses rises above Justinian, and Blackstone and Story as some Matterhorn rises above the low-browed hills. When the slaves were emancipated Garrison said that nothing remained for him but to die, but where Garrison's work stopped Moses took up his work anew and went on to achieve mind and liberty for the heart. For thirty centuries this hero has been the keeper of men's consciences, and held the keys of the temple of justice, and so long as law and liberty endureth the figure of Moses will remain the sublimest figure in the annals of time.

True Homage to the Great.

"But that is a poor form of homage to the great that is content with rehearsing the story of the hero's achievements, or calling the roll of his intellectual and moral gifts. Last Thursday we did indeed mention one by one those superb qualities of intellect and judgment, tact, common sense, moral earnestness, sympathy, love for his fellows, devotion to his home, and faith in his God; stars that anchor into that constellation of greatness toward our beloved President. But on that day our true homage was in secret determination to imitate his virtues and reproduce his spirit and example. And admiration for this great leader, Moses, begins with certain questions: Where were the hidings of his power? By what paths did he go forward toward influence? In what school of God's providence was he reared? What teachers nurtured his growing faculties? By what principles of spiritual chemistry were the ordinary forces of nature so skillfully combined as to make the manhood of this unique leader? Fortunately, we know his story in detail. We can see the man in the making. For he does not enter into the scene of the prophet using forces supernatural and terrifying us into submission; he does not stand forth a seer whose wisdom makes him weird and awesome; one with whom ordinary mortals can have no sympathy. Moses began as our great men begin. He moved along those paths of work, study, temptation, responsibility, trouble, victory and defeat, in gratitude and love, upon which all must walk.

One's Country and Times as Life Teachers.

"The first life teacher that influenced this gifted youth was the city and nation in which the slave was reared. What a university was that in which the providence of God trained the youth for his career as administrator, soldier, statesman and moral teacher. Not until our modern excavators uncovered the old cities where Moses spent his childhood and youth did men realize how glorious an epoch was his. At a time when Greece was inhabited by wandering tribes, and the Romans were hunters wandering through the forests in search of game, the Egyptians had founded cities, developed arts and industries, and many forms of knowledge; their architecture still amazes and instructs our builders. Their obelisks proclaim their knowledge of civil engineering. Their scholars had carried astronomy, mathematics and geometry to a high stage of perfection. When long afterward, here and there, an intellectual torch flamed up in Greece, it was found that the torches had been lighted by a paper brought from Egypt. Strangely enough it has been noted that the four great teachers who founded their respective forms of knowledge in Greece were all educated in cities where Moses himself had studied. Pythagoras was the first Greek mathematician, but this wise teacher studied in Thebes, renowned less for its one hundred gates than for its schools of instruction. Thales and Democritus did much for philosophy, but both had lingered long in Memphis, city of

tombs, temples and pyramids. Solon stands forth the great law giver, but Solus studied in Sais, called the Oxford of Egypt. Herodotus was the father of Grecian history, and Herodotus derived his method from his teacher in the temple of Hieropolis. In an era when Egypt had four capitals, and the king dwelt for a few months in each. Moses was a member of the royal household, and in his youth became familiar with all the scenes that were to so greatly enrich the young Grecians who had traveled thither with hungry minds and hearts. To the king's palace, also, must have come earth's most gifted sons, whoever had any new thought as to the great facts of land, or sea, or sky, whoever had perfected a new poem, a new law, a new tool, a new philosophy, brought it to receive the royal approval of his master. Reared amidst such surroundings the young Hebrew became encyclopedic in his culture. If we affirm that he was marked in his intellectual gifts, we must also confess that he had unique opportunity. In modern times the hero receives the freedom of a city, and a letter given by the lord mayor proves to be a key that opens all doors and gates for cathedrals and galleries. Not otherwise God sent the angels of opportunity, that going before this youth, Moses, flung wide all doors of wisdom and knowledge. The savage and slave sit in their silent cells and the mind slowly starves to death. But this Hebrew youth dwelt in an atmosphere most friendly, and receiving light and inspiration from every side, he grew and took on the dimensions of one of earth's greatest men. What work of enlargement was wrought upon the youth by his age and time the history of our own beloved President proclaims.

The School of Patriotism.

"But if, on the one side this youth was shaped by his life in a palace, on the other he owed much to the fact that his earliest teacher was a slave woman—his own mother. In God's providence there was one cord uniting the youth to his people that was never cut. He knew, indeed, all the splendor of the court, and had slaves to do his bidding, but he never forgot that these slaves were his own brethren. As he increased in stature his sense of obligation to his own by blood increased also. And hours there were when the sight of the misery of his brethren moved him with compassion. Other hours there were when he was conscious of the awful oppression and misery visited upon his people, and then his indignation rose and fell in him with all the force of a seismic upheaval that disturbs the very earth. Great is the influence of art and gold and wisdom, but the love of county is a sentiment more powerful still. When one's native land and one's own fireside is threatened, and the happiness of one's fellows is in peril all things else become as nothing. Once the sentiment is fully developed nothing avails to extinguish it. Witness the periodic revolutions in Ireland! Witness the enthusiasm of these annual meetings which celebrate the birth of Emmet! Witness Kossuth's love of country that could not be extinguished by fifty years of exile! Witness brave little Holland and her one hundred years of battling, and her final victory! In a peaceful era like this the mother is anxious if husband or son is out late for a single evening. But if the liberty of the country should be threatened this woman would send both son and husband away, knowing that it would be forever. And from time to time God sends in a great crisis for a people, and feeds the fire of patriotism. He sets the hearts all aglow and makes all fully conscious of his duty to the fatherland. Have we not, indeed, felt during these last few days that God is shaping His coming leaders for this state and nation? The scenes incident to the death and burial of our revered President have touched deeply the hearts of the mature and the aged, but God has put to school in these days the young whom He will have as leaders of men and events fifty years hence. Happy those parents who have wisdom to interpret to their children and youth the meaning of these deeply solemn days; happy those young minds who have been made to look upon the faces of our great Presidents, our martyred leaders, our statesmen, our orators, our reformers, our heroes, living and dead. In these days our parents should rise early and sit up late telling to their children the story of the men of noble renown. It is this that continues the succession of the worthies. It is for such an end that the nation is being led through these days so fraught with possibility of good or evil for the country. And it so happened in the career of this Hebrew Moses that for the years the love of his fellows was as a fire burning in his bones. By day and by night he meditated plans for their emancipation. At length the unexpected happened. Driving in the fields one day he saw an Egyptian abuse his slave. In his anger he struck the overseer. The man fell dead at his feet. His one recourse was flight to the desert. Then, as John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry was as a spark that fell on the prairies, so the death of the overseer roused Egypt to her peril. From that hour Pharaoh made strong his defenses and walls, and from that hour Moses meditated his great plans of emancipation and deliverance.

His Vision of God.

"Now in life's school a third teacher meets Moses and makes his manhood—the vision of the one God, his guide through life and beyond it. For the greatness of this man was largely the greatness of God in him. At the end of his career he said that he had endured the troubles of his lot; had borne up under his heavy burdens; survived all sufferings, and turned his defeats into victory through the sense of God's personal presence. Men opposed him, but he believed in them. Men thwarted him, hated him, maligned him, but he struggled on. Why was it? he was a believer in God, and God's wings made a shelter and hid him from the strife. Gladstone's testimony, in extreme old age, seems to have been colored by that of Moses: 'The mainstay of civilization,' said the old statesman, 'is a living faith in a personal God. After sixty years of public life I hold more strongly than ever to this conviction, deepened and strengthened by long experience by the reality, the nearness and the personality of God.' And as this faith in God was the hero's support, it has also been one of the great forces in all the centuries. Before Moses came what a confusion of ideas—ideas polytheistic, ideas vicious and foolish. Men associated the river, the tree, the cloud, the storm, the beasts, with their ideas of deity. There is a legend that tells us how Moses came to feel his way through this mass of error into truth concerning the one God and moral governor. The young Hebrew and his Egyptian foster mother were journeying with a caravan to Damascus. One evening sitting in the tents an old priest pointed out Venus as the presiding god. While others slept Moses arose to pray unto that far-off deity, but when the youth had opened his eyes lo, the star had set, and he was conscious of the great disappointment and loss of faith. Another time a teacher pointed out the sun as the center of the divine power, but while Moses prostrated himself before the sun, a cloud wrapt the fire-god in darkness and obscurity. And then his heart went out to one who was above the stars and beyond the sun. And, oh, what a thought was that that entered his consciousness—the sense of God, the one mind that pervaded all scenes; one purpose that controlled all events; one heart full of mercy and love, pity and compassion, and he cried out: 'Before the mountains were brought forth, or hadst ever formed the earth and world; even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou are God.' What support came to him through the secret of God's constant presence. What a tower of strength; what a pavilion from the clatter of these hordes about him. Luther rested himself after his work with his violin; Cromwell, in the evening, refreshed his soul with the voice of singers; Sumner forgot the heat of the Senate chamber by turning to his books, as Gladstone did by his arts, china and pictures. But Moses, after days of tumult and anxiety, lifted his eyes unto the hills whence came his help. God became all, and all in all. The sense of God's presence lent unity to his life. The consciousness of God dwelt in his plans, in laws and in institutions; as warmth and color dwell in the sunbeam, as ripeness dwells in the fruit; as wisdom dwells in the scholar; as sweetness dwells in a song. Life was his school. God was his teacher. And, gazing into the face of this one God—the Father of mankind, the youth was transformed into a hero, and became the builder of states, and the keeper of civilization.

The School of Exile.

"Another teacher must be named Exile and Trouble that taught the man patience. We know that the hero was a strong man, but strength is ofttimes a peril. Niagara represents power, but recently the power of that awful cataract has been harnessed, and when it appears at that fever in the great fair at Buffalo, the energies of the falling waters reappear with the gentleness and restrained power of the light that lends a bright glow to the midnight itself. After long time Moses, with his keen intellect, his sense of power over men, his iron will, his ambition to rule and shape events and his fellows, is spoken of as the meekest of men because he had learned self control. We can never fully write the story of what has been wrought in this school of exile and solitude. Strange that Moses was exiled in the desert for forty years; that Dante was exiled from France that he may write his 'Paradise'; that the father of astronomy was sent in the desert for a score of years that in solitude he might search out the secret of the stars. Going apart, Paul in the desert of Arabia nourished his soul and grew great. Keeping his flocks, the years came and went, Moses matured one plan after another, and, lo, his plans fell like the autumn leaves, until forty summers and winters had swept over the earth. The Persian legend tells us that God was teaching the man patience. When Moses did not understand a strange companion joined himself to the Hebrew and took him upon a journey. By the seashore they saw a poor man's boat, and the angel broke a hole in the craft and passed on. Entering a city they saw an orphan boy digging in his father's garden, and the angel that night ruthlessly broke down the wall about the garden. They saw a father watching beside his sleeping son, and while the father slept the angel slew that son. Then Moses was stirred with indignation. Afterward this visitor reappeared to the Hebrew shepherd and said: 'You can work, but know not how to wait. A strong man was seizing boats for his campaign and, knowing that the fisherman could in an hour repair the hole I made in his craft, I injured it for an hour that the poor man might keep his craft for years. That orphan boy was digging in the garden for his dead father's hidden treasure. He was a righteous youth and I broke the wall down that I might expose the treasure hidden there. That father who loved his son was beseeching God for his son's moral recovery, but the boy's pure spirit was enmeshed in a diseased body and I freed his soul from his fleshly fetters that he might rise unto nobler spiritual heights.' It was in this school that God placed Moses and there he learned his sublime patience, self restraint, his courage, his magnanimity and developed those reserves that made him equal to any emergency—the school of responsibility.

Responsibility as a Teacher.

"Another teacher was temptation and responsibility. Like all our great men he learned strength by burden bearing. The youth was thrown upon his own responsibility and left to work out his own salvation. The true education is that which man gives himself; not that which is done for us, but that which we do for ourselves strengthens. When God took down the protecting hedges and allowed the full force of temptation to come in upon Adam and Eve He indicated the method of disciplining and culturing character. Would a man know how to ruin his son let him surround the youth with constant hedges and barriers named 'Thou shalt not do this and thou shalt not do that,' until the youth is one and twenty, and then once the restraints are removed and the boy will go straight over the precipice. Children are over-governed and ruined, clerks are over-governed and enfeebled, cities and nations are over-cared for and made feeble. When Genoa

suffered with the plague her ruler imposed laws and searched every boat that entered her harbor, and purified every package of goods, and cleansed every sailor, and the city was swept with the plague. Grown wiser, the rulers decided to take off all restrictions as to incoming ships, and begin with the city itself. They cleansed the streets; they purified their wells; they drained their yards; they made the town a center of wholesomeness and health, strong in their bodies within they easily resisted the weak germs that came from without. The city learned the secret of health and self preservation, and in those forty years of responsibility, isolation and toil, God made Moses master of himself. Moses learned how to keep the city of his own soul, mastered the laws of health for himself, and so worked out the laws of hygiene for his own people. For his own family and his shepherds he wrought out and tested the laws of a miniature state; laws economic, laws domestic, laws political, laws moral and spiritual. This long experience made it the easier to apply his principles and laws to the millions, having tested them with the hundreds.

Trouble as a Teacher.

"God sent the angel of sorrow as an instructor. Of Moses, if of any man, we may say that all the waves and billows passed over him. He was as unique in his adversity as in his early prosperity. He exchanged the palace for a cave in the desert. Having been master, he became himself as a servant. Pampered in the palace, he was compelled to endure the rigors of winter in the desert. He knew ingratitude, and the treachery of friends. He knew remorse, and the poison of his own sin. He wrestled with death, and wept above the graves that he digged in the desert. He was defeated at the last and died, never having seen the promised land. The forerunner of our martyred Lincoln and McKinley, who labored while others enter into their labors. Ah, trouble and disappointment have a strange minister! They do for the soul what drought does for the soil. Bewildered, the farmers of Missouri and Kansas, have this summer been searching for the secret of that fierce heat that dried up their rivers and streams, shriveled the apples into leather as they hung upon the boughs, left the meadows and pastures black and bare. But the scientists have noted the weakening effect upon the cells of the earth that comes from long continued moisture. In order to fruit and harvest it is necessary, every few years, that the sun expel all moisture from the cells, search out the weakend atoms, re-energize the soil, and restore the exhausted energies. And when the sunbeams, more powerful than the electrical current, have wrought out their healing minister, the rains return to bless the fields, and tell of future harvests. God's world is one world. The angel of trouble comes bearing gifts from God, only seems to take them away. Whom the Lord loves He chastens. Just here we remember the early adversity of our beloved President. The rude winds that assailed his frail barque. His days of poverty, his nights on the picket line, the struggles of the young attorney, the little graves that he digged in God's acre, the long years of invalidism for one who was the center and soul of his home, the misrepresentations of journalists who would misunderstand him, the maligning of his motives, the enmity of former friends. Verily, he walked through the fires. He, too, knew the Via Dolorosa. But one walked with him whose form was like the Son of God. He was made perfect through suffering, like his Master before him.

His Work Immortal.

"Taught by these life teachers, in God's school, at last Moses stood forth crowned with his supreme manhood. After years many and full of trouble, after wanderings long, at length the hero brought the pilgrim host into the borders of the promised land. But others saw that which he desired to behold. It was not given him to enter into the fruitage of his labor. His hand had sown, others reaped the harvest of happiness. His hand had planted; another generation sat under the vine and fig tree. Do you say that his life was a failure? That events were cruel in not allowing him to live in quietude and receive the plaudits of his people, and in a quiet old age enjoy to the full his honors? There is a cruelty that is kindness. Did not that cup of hemlock evoke the pity and love of the world for Socrates? If Savonarola could return would he not give special gratitude for that fire kindled in the market place that flashed his name and work over all the world? Did not that bullet lend Lincoln added power and influence and make his speed on? And now if the assassin's blow has again brought sorrow and shame to us, as a people, can we not see that for many days, in the providence of God, it lifted up the face of our beloved President before all nations, caused them to see what manner of man he was, made innumerable youth linger over his character and career, and placed him among the immortals whose influence will never pass away. His work is not dead. It is not necessary that patriot or parent or teacher should harvest his sowing. All truth is immortal. Good work survives. The right example lives and like a torch is passed from hand to hand. That which Moses did not see here he has seen from the heights beyond, and God has given him the reward for all his labors.

REV. DR. E. E. CHIVERS.

There was a large audience in the Sixth Avenue Baptist Church. Special music was furnished and the Shaw University Singers gave several selections. The pastor, the Rev. Dr. E. E. Chivers, preached from Luke vii:5: "He is worthy." He said:

"The verdict of the American people upon the life and character of William McKinley was writ large in the universal sorrow and the tender demonstrations of that sorrow which have marked the past week America was not alone in her mourning and her tribute. All round the world there flowed a deep, strong current of sympathy. The spectacle upon which the sun of Thursday shone was one that scarce has parallel, if at all, in the world's history.

"The name of our late President adds another to the illustrious roll of those who in this land have risen to highest prominence and renown by sterling quality of manhood and character. 'America is another name for opportunity.' He seized opportunity, filled out the measure of it and realized its rewards. There came to him by inheritance certain basal qualities that make for success. He came upon the stage of action at a time of crisis in the nation's history. It was a time for the making of stalwart men. He responded to the call and influences of the hour. In every position which he occupied he showed vision, judgment, alertness, energy, fidelity, and each post of duty became a stepping stone to advancement. His advance to highest place was secured, not by the trick of the demagogue or by questionable methods, but by sterling worth and commanding energy. And he bore his honors as modestly and worthily as he had won them honorably. It is not too much to say that never has occupant of the White House discharged the varied functions of his high office with more dignity, grace and fidelity, or with more honor in the eyes of the nations, than did President McKinley.

"No one whose judgment is not warped by prejudice can follow his career without recognizing in him a well disciplined mind, the habit of careful investigation, the patient mastery of facts, sagacity in judgment, sensitiveness to currents of thought and feeling, prudence in initiative, wisdom in the adaptation of means to end and high purpose. His administration will stand out in the clear light of history as a record of worthy achievement, for which the world will hold him in honor. The diplomatic triumphs of that administration have given to the United States a new place in the councils of the nations, and fitly crowned the insight, the sagacity, the statesmanship which, at home, fused factional elements into unity, quickened in the nation at large the consciousness of a common life, and kindled into new glow the fires of patriotism. The biting criticisms of the man and his work have in them a side of commendation, and when the buzzing of those who made them has long been silenced and forgotten his name will live as that of a great President, who always sought his nation's weal and who led her to highest honor.

"Tribute is due to the worthy character of the man as well as to his achievement. Character overtops and outlasts achievement; character gives to achievement its moral value. The man who leaves his name most deeply graven upon his day and generation, and who abides in immortality of fame, is the man of lofty character. The demonstration of sorrow made during the past week was not a state ceremonial or a thing of prescription; it was a spontaneous expression of esteem for a man who was as truly good as he was great. His character was striking not simply for this or that special excellence, but for its harmonious blending of many excellencies. It stands out in bold relief as a rounded, symmetrical orb. It may be that by reason of its symmetry and balance we have failed to appreciate it at its full value. We cannot take in an orb at one glance. Things that are true, pure, honest, just, lovely and of good report were found in him in rare measure and combined excellence. No stain of dishonor rests upon his name. Honesty and integrity in business, scrupluous regard for obligation, jealous guarding of name and reputation were characteristic of the man. With this strength of fiber was blended the grace of gentleness. His home life was almost ideal in its tenderness. This people will not soon forget the watchful, patient, thoughtful ministry of love to an invalid wife.

"His farewell words, taken together, furnish illustration and revelation of the character of the man. 'My wife; be careful about her; don't let her know.' This was the word of the loving husband. 'Let no one hurt him.' This was the word of the law-abiding citizen, who would protect his assailant from mob violence, and the plea of the wronged one who, like his Master, harbored no hate. 'I am sorry to have been a cause of trouble to the exposition.' This was the word of the gentleman, considerate of others. 'Goodby, all, goodby. It is God's way. His will be done, not ours.' This was the voice of the Christian, inspired by faith in God and by reverent submission to his will. Add to these the words of song, which have now taken on an added sacredness. 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' and in them all you have the revelation of the greatness, the goodness, the strength, the simplicity, the lovableness, the faith of the man. He was worthy.

"The manner of his taking off is the element of bitterness in our cup. We are brought face to face with the fact that in the cities of our land there are bands o. anarchists, atheistic, lawless, the sworn foes of law and order. To them there is no authority higher than that of the individual. The fundamental laws of society are to them intolerable oppression. Meeting in saloons or saloon attachments, they fan incendiary passions and hatch murderous purposes. We have dealt with them hitherto upon the theory that it is better to let them think aloud than to sap the foundations of things in secret. Must we give full license to men who avowedly array themselves against all social order, and openly advocate the use of dynamite and pistol and fire? Wisdom must indeed be exercised in the framing of repressive measures, and true liberty guarded, but is it not time that drastic measures of some kind be initiated? The avowed expenents of anarchy are not the only agents at work in fomenting the spirit whose final expression is anarchy and violence. There are journals claiming to be reputable which by their constant appeals to prejudice and passion and their defamation of public men are stirring the spirit of lawlessness. And if against the anarchist himself there should be repressive measures, is it not time for an outraged sense of propriety to withdraw all

support from an incendiary journalism. Vigorous discussion of public measures, in which blows are squarely given and taken, is one thing; scurrilous defamation of public men is another. The one is a condition of life and progress in a free republic; the other tends to beget contempt for all authority. There is already far too widespread a disposition in our land to treat authority lightly and spurn control. Witness the utter lawlessness of the saloon power. And where law is enforced there is too often an unjust discrimination in the enforcement of it. The present is a time for the quickening of the public conscience and for a renewed proclamation of the gospel of righteousness. Out of her baptism of sorrow the nation should rise with chastened heart and higher aspiration in the faith which believes that to-morrow will be better than to-day."

REV. DR. LINDSAY PARKER.

A congregation which filled the church passed through the draped doors of St. Peter's yesterday morning to attend the 11 o'clock service, which was in memory of President McKinley. The service opened with the processional, "Hark, Hark, My Lord." The service consisted simply of the litany. The hymns sung were, "Lead, Kindly Light" before the sermon, and immediately at its close "Nearer, My God, to Thee." After the singing of this hymn special prayers were offered for the country, the widow of President McKinley, and for President Roosevelt. A most impressive and affecting feature of the service was the rendering of the "Dead March" from "Saul," on the organ, by Professor Eskuche. The service closed with the recessional, "O, God, Our Help in Ages." The doors of the church and parish building were appropriately draped; also the chancel, lectern and pulpit.

The rector, the Rev. Dr. Lindsay Parker, preached a memorial sermon, his subject being, "William McKinley—a Man God-Fearing and Faithful." The text was chosen from Nehemiah vii:2: "He was a faithful man and feared God." Dr. Parker said in the course of his sermon:

"I can think of no more fitting words than these, my brethren, in which to describe the character and sum up the record of William McKinley. 'William McKinley.' I speak the name without any title of official dignity or station. He was not the ruler of the American people; he was their servant. Twice chief magistrate of our republic, he held his great office by no hereditary right, a plain man from among the common people of the land he loved, he was the nation's choice once and again to preside over its vast interests and shape its splendid destiny.

"Well matching such thought and speech concerning the man whose memory we honor to-day are these simple words which I have given you as my text. Here is no pompous phrasing of human hero worship, no eulogistic embellishment, no flourish of the extravagance of street or rostrum—just these plain, true words, setting forth the assured and deliberate judgment of those who would do him highest honor. 'He was a faithful man and feared God.' Less than this we cannot say of him; what more can be desired in the tribute, the nation's tribute, the tribute of all nations, to the memory of our martyred President, than this simple, thankful recognition of what he was in his character, life and work—a faithful, God-fearing man? And let us say it here with the emphasis of deep conviction—a faithful, because a God-fearing man.

"You cannot account for this man, you cannot rightly estimate his character, you cannot judge of his life and work without first of all recognizing the fact that he 'feared God.' Let us keep this in mind as we think of him from the time when he first appears before the public eye, down to that last tragic moment, when he fell at the post of duty by the dastard hand of the assassin. There is nothing to cause a moment's hesitation in the judgment of any fair-minded man as to William McKinley's sincere and constant desire and aim to please and serve his God.

"So, as I speak to you from this Christian pulpit of William McKinley, I claim from you the tribute of sincere respect and admiration for him as a man who feared God and was faithful to his beliefs, convictions and principles, as a professing Christian. Now it is at once instructive and inspiring to note that the distinctive characteristic of this God-fearing man—as he appeared in the public eye—was his life-long and enthusiastic patriotism, 'patriotism which,' as one of our leading journals has it, 'posterity may deem to have been as consistent as Lincoln's and as sublime as Washington's.' To some, possibly, this may now seem to savor of exaggeration, they stand too near the man to have the right perspective.

"There were men, aye, many of them, in Washington's day, men of his own way of thinking, too, who doubted and belittled him. Lincoln's great heart was well nigh broken by suspicion and detraction ere Booth's bullet stilled its beating. Yet to-day these are our greatest names, held in loving admiration and reverence by the mighty Republic which they helped to make. Men and brethren I dare to say that the day is coming when the American people will place the name of McKinley side by side with the names of Washington and Lincoln!

"I challenge any man to show spot, or flaw or failure in his patriotism from the day when, a mere lad, he joined Company E, Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers, to fight under his country's flag in the supreme crisis of the Republic's history, down to the hour when he stood before a great multitude of his fellow citizens to utter his last public words as the President who had given to his beloved America—and ours—her rightful place among the great nations of the earth. Patriotism, yes, consistent, unfailing, unflinching patriotism, as soldier, statesman, governor, chief magistrate.

"As soldier of the Union he leaped forth at his country's call to give his life for the flag he loved. In the political arena he bore himself ever as a man of one idea and aim, the nation's welfare, as he saw it, this first, last and all the time. The same high spirit ruled him as the people's choice for governor of his native state. And then at last, when by the will of Almighty God, the vote of the American people put him in the chair of Washington and Lincoln, ah! it was then that he proved himself to be indeed right royally partaker of their spirit, possessed by the same superb and splendid patriotism, high heaven's chosen instrument to inaugurate for this Republic a career of expansion and achievement, 'such as,' to quote from the pen of an English writer, 'Washington or Lincoln never dreamed of.'

"Believing, as I truly do, that the God of Nations has been behind and in this great expansion idea and movement, I cannot but believe and feel that William McKinley was indeed the Divinely ordained instrument to bring it to pass. Aye, and I doubt not that he himself with a strength of conviction by no means inconsistent with profoundest humility realizes this and, as the servant of the Most High, loyally and heroically rose to the great occasion and did the work assigned to him faithfully and in the fear of God, seeking at once the divine glory and the power and glory of America, as she advanced to take her destined place in the vanguard of the nations.

"Lincoln strode to the front in the tremendous crisis which made him the man of destiny for the threatened and imperilled Union. Do you sppose the nation's leader and hero was blind to the hand that beckoned him to his place at its head? Even so McKinley rose to his appointed place and faced his mighty task, feeling himself—I do verily believe it—a man called and sent of God, the man of destiny in his day to lead the great republic of the West as it entered upon its glorious forward movement for God and for humanity.

"And just as to-day we see the figure of Washington thrown out in bold relief by the great historic scenes of the revolution of the American colonies—just as the name of Lincoln will ever be linked with the titanic and terrible strife of the Civil War and owe its greatness and its luster to the crisis which made him what he was; so, in the coming time the Spanish War, what led to it, what has followed and is yet to follow it, will be the historic setting for the name which now we speak with the reverence of love and a growing, a prophetic sense of its coming greatness—the name of William McKinley, last and not least of the immortal triumvirate of the makers of America.

"Let me pass on to speak for a moment now of this man's hold upon the hearts of his countrymen. This was unmistakable. There never was a President, with the single exception of Abraham Lincoln, who was as near and dear to the popular heart as William McKinley. Lincoln, of course, was, in a sense, a man apart. He stood in his lot and did his work in tragic times. He, too, was a man of the people, and the beating of his mighty heart was felt against the heart of every lover of the Union in the dark day of its peril. His sad face was to the people the face of a fellow sufferer in the nation's travail and shame. His tender mercy and great compassion, again and again disclosed during the war, made his name a household word of love throughout the land. His tragic death, a martyr to the sacred cause of the Union he brought to pass, and the freedom he won for the enslaved and oppressed, has made his memory a sacred legacy which the American people will treasure as long as they cheer the Stars and Stripes.

"But next to Lincoln comes McKinley. He was beloved while he lived; more and more was he endearing himself to the people as they came to know him, his simplicity, his sincerity, his patriotism, his own deep, strong love for the people, the unstained purity of his character in private life, his stanch loyalty to his friends, his unselfishness, his chivalrous and beautiful tenderness toward the frail and sickly wife who so trustfully clung to him and loved him—all, all contributed to make William McKinley a man 'greatly beloved.'

"That he was universally respected and honored needs not be said in the hearing of any American to-day. By friend and foe alike—if he had a foe—he was believed in as a man of noble Christian character, of incorruptible integrity, of lofty ideals.

"This was true at home and abroad. I have but just come from among our kinsmen over the border, up yonder in the maritime province of New Brunswick, and I tell you, fellow citizens, my heart swelled with thankfulness and pride at the universal tribute paid to our President's moral worth and personal character by the subjects of King Edward. The newspapers, too, with one accord, paid homage to his character as a man and his record as President.

"So we rejoice to find it at home. Men of all parties unite to do him honor; our public prints of whatever political creed or bias do themselves credit by their recognition of the fine quality of the man, the purity of his motives and the faithfulness of his endeavor to do what he believed to be his duty. Yes, all this is true. But I am speaking now of a more intimate and tender feeling than respect or admiration. William McKinley, I say, won the hearts of the people. One and all had for him the kindliest feeling, the truest good will and affection.

"What did this mean? And what is the significance of the wonderful outpouring of love in the tribute paid to his memory now that he has been taken from us? Ah, my friends, does it not simply go to show that, after all, it is goodness that tells? This was a good man; a man whose character was sound, whose life was pure, whose religion was a reality; above all, a man who loved his fellow men. Aye, this is indeed 'above all.' William McKinley had caught the spirit of the Great Lover of mankind. The people might have believed in him, admired him, trusted him as a man of high character, blameless in life, righteous in all his ways, but he would never have won their hearts; they would never have given him their love as they have done if he had not shown them his great heart and given them its best love in life long devotion, in unwavering self-sacrifice, in patient, unwearying service for the common weal. It is the spirit of Jesus Christ that wins human hearts, and so wins its way in beautifying

human character and glorifying human life.

"O, brother men, I commend to you this kind of Christianity—Christ's kind, the kind that the world wants and is waiting for; the kind that thinks of others, that loves and sacrifices and serves. The kind that William McKinley possessed, and professed, and lived—the only kind that wins hearts to the spell and inspiration of the 'love divine, all love excelling'; the only kind that wins lives to the glad obedience of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us.

"And now let me speak to you for a moment of yet one more note of this man's Christian character which is altogether admirable and exemplary. I refer to Mr. McKinley's chivalrous and beautiful devotion to his wife. It appealed to and impressed the whole nation. It touched all hearts. The eyes of the people all over the land turned toward the White House as the scene of patient, self-forgetful and most tender service lovingly given by a brave man, himself bearing the heaviest of burdens, to a weak and sickly woman. In the relation of the President to his wife all who had eyes to see beheld the holy estate of marriage adorned and beautified in a way that most impressively and affectingly illustrated the sacredness of a bond too often dishonored among us. It is not too much to say that the home life of America, north, south, east and west, has been purified, sweetened hallowed by the influence of the home which our Chief Magistrate made home indeed, "home, sweet home," by his loyal love for his poor, ailing wife. Ever his heart's dearest, she was ever first in his thoughts.

"My brethren, we need in this dark and troublous time to pray for the faith that sustained our sainted martyr at the last. O, good Lord, our God, help us to say, believing it, feeling it, resting in it, as he did, 'It is God's way: His will be done.' God's way! That the dastard deed of that unknown, unhappy wretch should rob the nation of its most honored and most precious life! God's way that there should be in our midst—here in this land of asylum and liberty—creatures so inhuman, so fiendish as to plot in dark conspiracy and deliberately plan the murder of the noblest, kindest, gentlest of men—the dearly beloved! God's way that the forces of evil and mischief should triumph over law and order, and public confidence and peaceful progress, and plunge a great tyranny-hating, freedom-loving people into bewildered darkness and sorrow and shame! Ah! Lord God, if this be Thy way, then truly what Thou doest we know not now. Have pity on our ignorance we beseech Thee; help our unbelief.

"We pray for somewhat of the spirit of Thy servant, whom Thou hast taken away from his high place in our nation, though not from his honored place before our eyes as an example; not from his place in our hearts as one whom we loved while he was with us, and will lovingly remember now that he is gone. Fain would we say his prayer. O! for the faith and feeling which will make it the true prayer of our sad hearts to-day,

Nearer, My God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

REV. DR. FREDERICK BURGESS.

The Rev. Dr. Frederick Burgess, rector of Grace Church on the Heights, who returned from his vacation last week, resumed his ministrations yesterday and at morning service preached from the words of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done." In referring to the assassination of President McKinley Dr. Burgess said that anarchy is the twin brother of agnosticism and he questioned whether legislative measures simply for its repression or eradication could be made sufficiently effective to control the restless and dissatisfied spirits likely to be influenced by the recklessness which irreligion inspires. In his view, the greater spread of religious teaching, especially among children, would be more likely to prove corrective and uplifting of individual impulse and character and would root out the civil tendencies which agnosticism engenders and from which anarchy receives its inception. To the end which Dr. Burgess had in mind, he thought that religious instruction in the schools would lend considerable assistance.

REV. DR. H. P. DEWEY.

Dr. H. P. Dewey, pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, Henry and Remsen streets, was in his pulpit yesterday for the first time since vacation. He had a large congregation in the morning, when he preached on "Stewards of the Mysteries." He took his text from I Corinthians iv:1: "Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God." Dr. Dewey spoke as follows:

"Mystery invests all things. We meet it at every turn. Our horizon at the farthest is not distinct and it ever fades into mist, and all around lies the vast unknown. Indeed, the increase of knowledge seems to be attended by a deepening sense of the mysteriousness of things. And the more we know the more we wonder. Nature marshals her elements into various forms and shows something of her laws and processes, but the real secret at the heart of nature, what matter really is, she does not disclose. The inventor discovers that a ship may be spoken to at sea, through and by a message that speeds on a very unsubstantial pathway. He discovers that a current may be discharged through the water as a conductor to two bell buoys, twelve miles distant in different directions, and that the mariner hearing sounds by process of triangulation may determine where he is. And it may be that ere long we shall not only be able to speak with our friends a thousand miles distant, but that we shall have a picture before us of the scene which is being enacted at the other side of the wire.

"Yet, though electricity affords us benign privileges for our convenience and comfort we are not told what electricity itself really is. When we pass from the realm of nature to the realm of man the wonderment is only increased. 'Know thyself' was the dictum of the ancient philosopher, but he counseled us to a study which has no end. Herbert Spencer tells us what life is. The moral and mental psychologists give us some description of our spiritual machinery. But, notwithstanding this fuller knowledge, we are frequently made to marvel, and to say with awe and trembling: 'Lo, I am fearfully and wonderfully made.' Behind all phenomena we apprehend as the background of every mystery the Supreme Intelligence. We see His footprints, but He Himself eludes us. We are sensible of His nearness, yet we do not see His face. He covers Himself with light as with a garment, and His very brightness is a hiding of His power.

"This mystery of God is presented to us all. The little child apprehends it and asks questions which the philosopher cannot answer. The child questioning, asks: 'When was God born?' 'Who were His father and mother?' 'How can He see things before they happen?' 'How can He be here and there at the same time?' It is a metaphysical mystery which confounds the juvenile mind. And by and by the question takes a different direction, and as men pass into the deeper experiences of life they ask not so much about God's being, but about His character. 'Tell me thy name,' said Jacob, as he wrestled with the mighty one. We want to know that there is a wideness in God's mercy like the wideness of the sea. Like Philip of old amid the reverses and perplexities of life we say, 'Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.' Thus, the mystery is fraught with personal import. No one can escape it. We do wrong, and the mystery seems big and black, and conscience will not let us rest until we hear a voice out of the clouds saying: 'Thy sins be forgiven thee.' We meet reverses and life seems a disappointment. The only balance of compensation is in the fact that the times are in His hands, Who orders our experience with a far seeing eye of wisdom. What is it that throws light into the tragic experience of the past few weeks, that makes this robing of black, but a passing badge of grief? Is it that we are already beginning to see beneficial results from the experience? That we are inspired to better living by the noble character of the dead? That we are constrained to put a higher value upon the best things, upon chivalrous love, stainless integrity and unsullied purity? That we are resolved as never before to institute respect for law and order? That in our sorrow is a kind of fire which is burning up the dross in us? And that, reverently speaking, by the stripes of the dead President we are helped? This is a gain unmistakable. And yet, after all, it were no gain, could we not say with the stricken Chief: 'It is God's way.' Yes, God's way, and through storm and cloud, through man's obedience and man's rebellion goes marching on just the same. We stand at the grave, surrender our dead, try to console ourselves with hopes of immortality, and come away with a sickening fear. Ah, the question of the future is not to be answered by any secondary arguments of existence after death. The question of immortality is fundamentally the question of God. Is He a moral God? Does He rule in a moral existence? Is He a Father of man? Then, He has not given up dearest affections only to blight them, and our grasp on Him will keep our hold on those we love.

"To some this mystery brings confusion and bitterness. To some it comes as an invitation to investigation and search, and they pry into the mystery. They do not dispel it. But they gain confidence. The genuine Christian man is less positive and dogmatic as his experience unfolds. His creed shortens. He does not believe less. He believes more. He knows that it is at the foot of the Cross that one finds peace. He has lost his geography of heaven, but he tastes the powers of endless life. The mystery has grown the profounder, but the reality has become the surer. His certitude has not come by merely intellectual processes. It is the distinctive nature of Christianity that it shifts the basis of certainty from the intellectual to the moral and spiritual, from the reason to the conscience and will. 'My sheep hear my voice,' said Jesus. The pure in heart see God. 'The secret of the world is with them that fear me.' Nature is a revelation to those who commune with her. Music is a revelation to those who obey musical laws. And yet we wonder why God seems strange and vague. But one day you surrendered yourself without reserve and the clouds broke and you saw the eternal bloom, the secret of the Lord was yours.

"Now we are stewards of this mystery of God. The Bible is not the trustee of the faith. The church as an institution is not. Ye are the light. Ye are the witnesses. The written page must be confirmed by the living persons. If the church is to be the beacon light, it must burn and shine with the fidelity of its supporters. Life is light. Is it possible that we have accepted the stewardship and have received only the mystery, and not also the reality? Have we been silent because we did not have belief? Was there a hollow ring in our comfort because we ourselves were not at peace? Did we timidly point along the way, because we ourselves were not sure? Blind leaders of the blind, and both consigned to the ditch!

"Oh, what we need is a deeper personal experience and more thorough rightness of life, more preference for obedience, that we may believe by having realities, which we cannot doubt, the interior witness of the soul. If this is our position, then our stewardship has had exercise which will make the reality more and more real. Then, if we strike the shackles away from a sin bound soul we shall have assurance of our own forgiveness. If we heal another's wounds our own heart will gain in peace. If we point another out the shining way that leads into eternity the stars we see in the night of our own troubles will be pledge of the day. We must believe that better, because all along the way President McKinley was such an exemplar of unselfish service, that his faith never lost its simplicity and in his dying hour became the very substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen. It was John whose life was the very expression of interest in others who could say, 'We know that we have passed from death into life because we loved the brethren,' and who could write the supreme chapter of spiritual insight and consolation."

REV. DR. S. P. CADMAN.

The Rev. Dr. S. P. Cadman resumed his ministrations in the pulpit of the Central Congregational Church. The capacious edifice was filled with a deeply attentive congregation. At the close of the service the pastor received quite an ovation from his people by way of cordial welcome back from his trip over the sea. He selected as his text the first five verses of the third chapter of Exodus and spoke substantially as follows, his subject being, "Reverence for the God of Nations":

"The early romance of the young hero, Moses, ended with his first flight from Egypt. He subsided, not into the commonplace, but into the school where fiery impulse is ameliorated, the school of loneliness, self knowledge, meditation and fellowship with God.

"He there learned that true reforms are not in the hasty blow, that men must be grasped by the heart, not the throat, and that all beneficent masteries are essentially moral. The deep, calm, vital view emancipates; the outward clamor enslaves.

"Moses had been looking on the outside of things. Now he must estimate spiritual forces and values. He came to the climax of preparation at this mount of God, the sacred hill of Horeb, where the burning bush became a sanctuary of the Most High and from out of its lambent flames, as it flourished in the fire, proceeded the command to the servant of the Lord that he should bring forth from ancient tyranny and wrong the people whose career is the genesis of modern institutions, the tap root of Christian civilization.

"This scripture enjoins upon all the law of reverence. The God, who to this same Moses, from Sinai's thundering crest, gave the commandments which sum up the whole duty of man, here promulgates the law of the soul, that altitude of spirit which is the germ of worship, service and character. The sight was curious, but the place could not be familiar. Every appeal to man's reverence redeems him from vulgarity. And Moses rightly understood, he obeyed and hid his face with angelic gesture, for he feared to look upon God.

"The traditional interpretation of the burning bush tells us that it represents the persecuted church, expanding amid the fire of worldly wrath. The church of Scotland uses it as the official seal, with this meaning implied. Does it not rather teach us that God alone is essential and unsustained existence. Absolute being is in Him, who has for ever existed and will exist for ever more in the power of His own life.

"The eternal duration of moral and spiritual forces, as radiating from the One personality of the divine being, is thus set forth. The flame enwrapped the desert shrub, not to devour, but to illumine. And if Moses wrote the great pslam sometimes attributed to him, how significant this incident in his song, 'From everlasting to everlasting thou art God.'

"Reverse the symbol, and it depicts all finite existence, exhausted in the lapse of time. Burn it never so brightly, the radiance leaps and dies and smoulders into blackness and ashes. So the ever-living God says to high and lowly: 'Return, ye children of men.'

"We have felt the beating of death's sable wing in every place this broad land over. The strong man was bowed; our trusted, our beloved leader and the keepers of the house did tremble.

"But we remember that He who gave him keeps him still; that which drew out of the boundless deep has but returned home. Produced by forces we could not create, he is maintained forever by forces we cannot destroy. The earthly career is clothed upon with the illuminating light of God's glory, and over the bier where fall the tears of millions, we murmur, 'God alone is great,' yet in His gentleness are we made great. So does the bush burn and is not consumed.

"Such, then, is the chief significance of this incident, that the life of the blessed God depends on naught, and sums up all, 'Let us have grace to serve Him acceptably and with godly fear, for our God is also a consuming fire.' I need not dwell at length upon the bearing of this vision on the future of Moses, the statesman and leader. Its allurement never forsook him. He could not forget that sacred moment, when an unknown shepherd, he cast aside his sandals on the hill side and buried his face in the sands. In this solemn hour he became the friend of God, the lawgiver to men. Jehovah watched his dying couch and enfolded the silent form once quivering with adoration for its slumber on Nebo's crags.

"So was it with our martyr and President. The virtues we appreciate, the simple loveliness of character, whose loss we deplore; these were ensheathed in reverence, and under its protection kept from the rude touch of elementary types which bear ignoble fruit. He early bowed before his burning bush and was obedient to the heavenly vision. Awed, sublimed, chastened, by widening calls to public duty and responsibility, he was among the elect few whose sagacity knew how to use colossal power, without arrogance or blatancy, with gentleness and dignity, and unto the blessing of the state.

"It will be salutary if this terrible calamity checks the almost universal decay of reverence among us. The chief cause of this lack of a worthy attitude of soul is ignorance. A discriminating writer has called it spiritual color blindness, for it is ignorance of God, willful, assumed or careless neglect of the everlasting God. Because the sociological side of human life is in close sympathy with the religious, it behooves men who move among sacred things to revise much of their speech and some of their habits. It is not enough to impeach with impassioned word the foul and hellish deed that laid our President low. That can be done, it should be, though language staggers to describe this awful taking off. But every man who has forgotten the distance between himself and God is called upon to remember that the very Son of the Highest was heard even in Gethsemane's dark shade, because of 'His godly fear.' One of the chief tokens of a regenerated heart is a speech which sweetens public life, grave, dignified, just, kindly, discriminating, a speech invested with the sense of proportion.

"The methods of crude emotionalism, unrestrained by any adequate conception of the whole truth of life, have bred lawless mouths in sacred places. Men who to-day are in an unenviable position because of their rampant accusative tempers, not to be excused though employed in causes they hold morally vital, should consider that Moses' anger in a forgetful moment shut him out of the promised land. I deeply regret to say that some of the worst exhibitions of this denunciatory, gasconading disposition have disfigured the utterances of those whose office and calling should forbid uncharitable impatience. This argues a lack of faith, obedience and love.

"You may ask how these minor things stand related to so grim a tragedy as ours. The disease which to-day is a speck to-morrow is a leprosy, rotting the vital organs. An unlicensed fire sweeps away not only places deserving destruction, but the temple and the home. Let us put a ban upon gutter slang employed to proclaim the glorious gospel, upon coarse phraseology, and mere appeal to passion and to prejudice in urging the claims of ethical causes and political standards. Our religion demands the loftiest gifts, suffused and endued by the descending spirit of the living one. Our nation's leaders should keep a pure and reverent speech.

"Mr. Spurgeon once said that if all men's sins were divided into two bundles, half of them would be sins of the tongue. Truly, a nation's tendencies are mirrored in its language, this is a faithful reflex of the moral life of those who use it. There are ugly exuberances in many so called leaders of various religious and ethical and political movements which count nothing sacred, or worthy of reticence and charitable silence.

"Ignorant, fussy, distempered speech the man must sedulously avoid who would have clear views of God and truth.

"Wordsworth describes the solitude where the heavenly vision may perchance appear:

> For thus I live remote
> From evil speaking; rancour never sought,
> Comes to me not; malignant truth, or lie;
> Hence I have genial seasons, hence have I
> Smooth passions, smooth discourse and joyous thought:
> And thus from day to day my little boat
> Rocks in its harbor, lodging peaceably.

"If you summarize the first three commandments of the Decalogue they say to us: 'Think of God worthily, worship Him worthily, let His name be counted holy.' The halt throughout the land last Thursday while the tomb at Canton received the treasure committed to its trust was, indeed, a splendid pause, an object lesson to the evangelical familiarists, the paraders of catch titles for sermons and the little hearts that fume and fret over daily existence. It taught the inestimable value of dignity and sorrow and silence, it bade this nation uncover in the presence of Almighty God. Audacious flippancy is not confined to the religious and political world. What Mr. Hamerton called 'the desecrating light of modern criticism' has fallen upon objects our fathers reverenced. Some of these were false and degrading, but there is grave danger lest we now destroy the wheat with the tares. Superstitious veneration is the foe of intelligent awe, and of the sanctified knowledge which induces worship, but this is not more to be dreaded than the utter disregard of those things which have nourished the world in past ages. Coarse positive references, a cynical 'nil admirari' spirit, these have rested like a blight of hell upon hearts of men and fields of literature. Such rudeness is crude, the truly enlightened never sit in the seat of the scornful, nor can a man find truth at the goal, who does not practice childlike humility at the starting point.

"We must live in real joy and power of progress because we have something to love and something to reverence. The baseness, the misery, the undoing, that comes from disdain toward any man is beyond computation.

> Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell.

How then can we best secure His great benison?

"I find the answer in the attitude of Moses. I find it in the dying words of William McKinley. They sum up in a phrase our great need—a deeper consciousness of God.

"At the other extreme from the holo and corner sectarian and the religionists who flout the decent courtesies of intercourse stands the scientist who deals with the Being of God, and the primal beliefs of his fellows, in a ruthless fashion. Yet he is too open eyed not to see the decay of reverence and laments its departure. Beloved, his position is utterly inconsistent. When belief in a personal holy eternal God passes out of faith we shall of sequence despise our fellow men. What is wisdom, statesmanship, kingly art, literature, genius in any form, gray hairs and parentage, in comparison with the author of all that is? Herein is the beginning of good, the hate of ill, triumph of the truth and falsehood's overthrow, 'to know him, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom he has sent.' They that honor Him thus, He has pledged He will honor, but alas for they that despise Him, they shall be lightly esteemed. So the cry of our dying President, 'God's will be done,' the last hymn now invested for us with richer meaning, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' must be the plaint of this people as we follow him in prayer on the first Sabbath of his translation, and meditate on these things.

"Not in a solitary shrub on a desert eminence doth God manifest Himself to-day: He has widened the limits of consecration until all things and all places are holy unto the Lord. The earth and its nations are hallowed epiphanies. We shall fail to create this holy temple of reverence by any counterfeit methods. Subdued cadences and gothic columns and translucent colors from storied windows richly dight may hinder as well as help. Drawing room magic cannot please the King of Heaven. Sensuous indulgences,

however esthetically correct, are a poor substitute. The nations where they have been most in vogue are the breeding grounds of anarchy, the birthplaces of men who carry the destructive force of a cannon in a carpet bag.

"Heed not too much these purely artificial adornments of external life. This entire nation represents for us a glowing manifestation of God's government among men. The prominent names of its history are the syllables of victory. But we must not expect miracles to be wrought in our behalf, nor a supersession of the laws which govern character and destiny. Yet we can bring our individual and public life into closer communion with heaven, we can repeat, with our ascended chief, the words, 'Thy will be done.' We can say with St. Augustine, 'Give what Thou commandest and command what Thou wilt' and

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The soul replies, "I can."

"Nor need we despise the prosperity which, wrongly viewed, brings self confidence, subtle unbelief, hate and rancor and the lack of simplicity. These evil things have their source within a man, they reveal his spiritual poverty more than they condemn his material conditions. There is no necessary virtue in barbarism or poverty and the march of civilization is on the trackways laid by God. Dr. Dale left a sentence unfinished upon his desk which lay there after he was dead. Unworldiness is in the temper and the habit of living created by the vision of God, by constant fellowship with Him, by settled purposes to do His will always; then there comes in a peace with a great hope that there will be the joy of a fuller and loftier life lived in His immediate and eternal presence.

"Let us not despise the life that now is; let us woo it, win it, consecrate it. When these spiritual forces shall capture finance, diplomacy, journalism, capital and labor, we shall know how to render to the good God a vast anthem of daily praise from the current deeds of men. Till then, in season and out of season, be it ours, in high resolve and patient labor, to carry out the last prayer of our beloved leader,

Thy will be done. Nearer, my God, to Thee.

"Moses was not permitted to see the crown of his achievements. Joshua's monumental sword conquered Palestine, and when the hosts of Israel crossed the Jordan the giant who led them to its brink was sleeping on the mountain height above. With one long embrace Jehovah kissed his servant into slumber. So it is with us.

"William McKinley had strengthened the Union he has now cemented with his blood; he had safely conducted us through war and peace; he had lived a life lofty and noble and sacrificial, and the manner of his death was a fresh and inspiring evidence of the dignity and glory of the Christian faith. It was meet and right that two such princes of the race as Albert the Noble and Abraham Lincoln should work hand in hand and sink down together at last into the arms of God, and now the wife and queen and the soldier and successor of Lincoln pass also. But what a passing and what a cycle. From Alfred the Great to McKinley the Good. 'My father! my father! behold, the chariots and the horsemen!' We say of them all and of our own kinsfolk and loved ones:

For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be forever blest.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

The Rev. John White Chadwick, minister of the Second Unitarian Church, Clinton and Congress streets, returned from his vacation and was in his pulpit Sunday morning. He preached a strong sermon on "The Crime That Failed," reviewing the tragedy of the death of President McKinley and referring to anarchy and the remedy for it in an increase of righteousness.

REV. C. WOELFKIN.

In the Greene Avenue Baptist Church yesterday morning the Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, pastor, preached on "Dangers of Mixed Multitudes." He took as his text Deuteronomy xxi:8: "Our hands have not shed this blood, neither have our eyes seen it. Forgive, O Jehovah, Thy people Israel whom Thou hast redeemed and suffer not innocent blood to remain in the midst of Thy people." Mr. Woelfkin said among other things:

"Calamity has forced us into the gaze of the nations and made us the cynosure of the world's attention. Our days of mourning opened the fountain of unrestrained sympathy and some of our noblest national qualities have found vent. But now that the climax of our grief has spent itself, and we are recovering from the shock that plunged us into a conflict of emotions, we must soberly reflect upon the situation and deal with the causes of our woe, both those immediate and those remote. Naturally, we feel that we must first of all crush under heel that serpent of lawlessness that seeks to strike with death at our institutions.. In the outburst of resentment we are apt to darken counsel with words without knowledge. Passions roused to revenge have found spokesmen and cruelty torturing with pain have been suggested. But all such sentiment is foreign to the spirit of Him who prayed for His murderers.

"Much idle talk has demanded the immediate enactment of laws to prevent the recurrence of assassination. But lawmaking is no easy thing. Law is not the verdict of exasperated individuals, but the consensus of wisest, most patient and skillful judicial minds. The hasty utterances of undigested thought fashioned into a code of law would create a machine that would grind many of us to powder. We must leave all remedies within legal province to minds expert in judicial wisdom. Nor will mere law stamp out crime. All crime lives despite law, and anarchy will prove no exception.

"We are a nation of a mixed multitude. From every latitude and longitude, with every phase of temperament phlegmatic and erratic; aristocrat and plebeian; virtuous and vicious, we gather here. With such a heterogeneous people we cannot experiment with erratic nations, but must assimilate convictions about our tried and proven institutions. And what is the most cohesive force in any nation? Not its numbers, wealth, resources, system of education or form of government. These are all vital and integral factors. But the most potent force is the moral fiber that lives in a nation's religion. In proportion to the grip of religious truth upon the national conscience and conviction, is a nation's greatness. And it is no accident that the nations most reputed for evangelical Christianity are the mightiest nations of the world to-day. The custodian of evangelical Christianity in America is the church of God. Through her membership God must exercise the cohesive power of divine grace binding us in one. Christianity must be the salt of the earth and the agent of converting grace. When it fails of this, corruption and disintegration must ensue.

"In the present crisis we are face to face with ripened atheism. Anarchy is the deadly fruit, atheism the deadly root. Its logic is concise: no God; no authority; no accountability; no punishment; no law. Law is restraint and restraint is tyranny. As a philosophy it breaks everywhere. Beyond the destruction of law and government it has no plan or ideal. In practice it has no place for restraint, and conscience is dethroned. Free land, free wealth, free love, free beer are its cry and it strikes death at the foundations of home and society. It is insincere. Make its advocates rich and to-morrow they will demand the protection of the law which to-day they destroy. They violate the law with crime, then ask its protection from consequences.

"But there are remote causes for this lawlessness. We need to blush for the lawless visitation on lawlessness enacted within recent years. Cruelty and passion have delighted less in justice than exquisite torture in many recent lynchings. Unshriven the wretched criminals were sent to an account at God's tribunal to suffer the destiny of eternal punishment. But what cared the mob for that. There was no fear of God before their eyes. They acted with practical atheism, independent of God. The only excuse pled for such acts is the law's delays and defeats of judgment. Alas that it should be so. If the legal profession would refuse a retainer for every cause which they believe unrighteous, and refused to appeal where justice had made decisions, and repudiated the screening of wrong beneath technicalities and loop holes, our law would be a thousand fold more effective. As it is, many a criminal boldly gambles on the law's protection or weakness.

"But in how far are the words of Paul (Romans ii:17-24) applicable unto us? We mingle in all the affairs of men, in the social, business and political world.

"There are two kinds of skepticism in the world. One that is not sinful or destructive, but ultimately finds God. The other that is ruinous and deathly. With intellectual embarrassment that sometimes suggests the doubt of God's existence, knowledge or care God had no quarrel. Calamity, sorrow and disaster may confine the faculties of mind. Job, the Psalmist, Habbaknk, John had their hours of eclipsed faith. But there is an atheism of heart, not head, that rises out of desire. The fool that saith in his heart there is no God, let us break his bonds asunder, etc.; this is moral atheism that would not have a God. Practical atheism, this is real atheism. Not how do we say the creed, but how do we live the creed judges the issue of atheism. What force is a Christian society in the social life in the world? How much place has God in the decisions as to whom we shall fellowship as friends, whom we will choose as companions of life, whom we will admit to those intimacies that must exert an influence on us? How much do we reckon with God as to whether we shall be negative or positive in the world? leavening or being drawn away into worldliness? Do we not in all this act without God? There is no fear of God before their eyes.

"In the business world what place has God in the conduct of affairs? Oh, one can't be honest to-day and succeed? Is that true? Then it is a choice, and to choose success is atheism. God on Sunday, no God Monday. Men make partnerships without God and then cannot jointly ask God in crises. Men engage in lines where they cannot counsel with God. By so far as God is shut out in so far it is Godless, atheistic. 'There is no fear of God before their eyes.'

"What place has God to-day in the family life? That is at the foundation of state. Is there an altar in that citadel of the government? and what place has the closet at the fountain head? We can dispense with churches with more safety than the closet and family altar. Let them crumble and we decay at the core of life. Let us not rise against an individual or a small class however dangerous; with them we must deal. But we need more. Detective service, court decision, legal execution alone cannot save us. There must be the transforming power of divine love that makes man Godfearing. These men need conversion more than execution. And our hopelessness of such an issue is atheism itself. The power of the gospel can save all men.

"For the church, this is the day for us to put on sackcloth and ashes; to return unto the Lord for healing; to consecrate anew life, business and fellowship; to let God into all and make us the salt against corruption; to build the closet, the family altar and acknowledge the Lord in all our ways. To deny ungodliness and unholy lust, living soberly, righteously, we smite atheism at its root and the tree will decay and die."

REV. DR. L. M. CLARKE.

The Rev. Dr. L. M. Clarke, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Henry street, near Clark, was in his pulpit Sunday, September 22, for the first time since vacation. In the morning he took for his subject, "Deep Calleth Unto Deep." The text was from Psalm xlii:7: "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts." Dr. Clarke said:

"This is a portion of Scripture that needs a word of interpretation. The psalmist has been wandering about during a period of banishment from his home city of Jerusalem. In his goings and comings, however, he has not failed to bridge with his faith and love the wide interval that separates him from the temple of David. 'I remember thee,' he cried, 'whether from the land beyond the Jordan or from the hills of Hermon,' in the North. But more than this. He has seen the storm lashing the sea into fury. He has watched the tempest washing through the cedars of Lebanon. He has observed the sluggish and narrow brooks suddenly lifted into torrents under the downpour of the heavy clouds. He has seen the air grow black and felt the earth tremble in the power of a great convulsion, and in that moment of awful grandeur he has found a voice speaking to himself.

"The world without him in its tempest and blackness calls to the world within him. That which is terrible in nature speaks to that which is terrible in the soul. The external cries aloud to the spiritual. And when the floods come and the waterspouts upheave the sea, then deep calls unto deep, and the solemnities without speak in matchless majesty to the solemnities within.

"Now this morning I have ventured to take this expression of the psalmist for our text, because it seems to me so admirably to express the reality which we all have felt and are feeling yet. Almost on the eve of our return to this holy place we have seen an awful storm gather and burst over all the land. We have heard the floods lift up their voice, in a manner without parallel. We have felt the waves and the billows going over us. We have trembled and staggered in the power of the tempest.

"Oh, there is no language like that of Scripture to express with satisfying completeness the grandest emotions of the human soul.

"Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts. We have seen the deeps smitten before our eyes, and we have heard them call one to another and answer, in return. The noise of God's waterspouts has rolled around us. The foundations have been unbased in this fearful experience, and we have stood again, but never more impressively, in the presence of the Lord God of Hosts.

"Let me invite you, then, to think of what this means to us. In the first place, the mystery without has called to the mystery within. The utter inability of the human mind to explain the experience of these recent days is one of the most distinct feelings we have in reference to it. To begin with, there is the mystery of sin itself. That it is, we know full well, for we have seen its dreadful results. But what it is, whence it came, and why it was ever permitted to come are questions that still conceal their answers somewhere in the mystery of God and somewhere in the mystery of the human heart.

"How does it happen that a life made in the image of its Creator and made for fellowship with Him can change the divine into the demon? What is the nature of this subtle power called 'sin,' that it is able so to prevent and twist and destroy the very fabric of the soul. The mystery of sin! How deep calls to deep in the presence of this mighty torrent! How these floods sweep away our superficial philosophies, which laugh at sin as being only good in the making! No, we have looked again into our own hearts and have felt the mysterious grip of this invisible foe. We have been made conscious of the sense of guilt, and have felt the immeasurable need of a deliverer from this consciousness. We have seen the intricate network which sin has spread everywhere, and yet we ourselves have also been caught in its toils. What will you say to the mystery of human sin?

"And, then, there is the mystery of divine Providence? If God really rules and reigns, why does He permit these colossal tragedies? Does He really permit them, or is He simply helpless in the midst of the exercises of human volition? Is God our father, in deed and in truth, and is this experience sent upon us by a kind and loving Father? We preach the good will of God and is this an expression of the divine good will? Where in all this fierce storm is the evidence of God's much heralded tenderness and compassion? 'He will not suffer thee to be moved' is the language of scripture, but we have been shaken by a tempest. 'There shall no evil befall thee' is what the Christian says, and yet an illustrious Christian has been foully slain, the country has been upheaved, fear and alarm have gone around the world and men have stood aghast at the evil; the evil, I say, which has befallen. How the mystery of divine sovereignty calls out of the deeps of this experience to the deeps of our own faith!

"And, furthermore, there is the mystery of the human will! How could any one bring himself to perform such a deed as this, which has filled our hearts with grief? What senselessness! What a toppling over of reason and judgment! Could any act of which the mind can conceive be so certain to defeat the purpose of it as this? Is this the freedom of the will or is it the human will centered and mastered by a power stronger than itself?

"And there is the mystery of influence. Who can measure the forces playing, either remote or near, upon the immediate cause of all this tragedy? An inflammable word spoken here, firing a mind over there. An audacious and mad philosophy issuing from some obscure attic, nerving an ignorant hand for a task like this. Or the wide sown seed of a ribald press, scattered over the land, finds congenial soil in a poor wretch's passion, and the earth stands still in the contemplation of its sorrow.

"The mystery of influence, how it speaks out of the deep of this experience. Who of us has not been sobered as he has thought of the possible effect of careless words or defiant deeds or bad examples? Who of us has not felt again that no man liveth to himself? And then, on the brighter side, who of us has not stood in wondering silence as he has contemplated the influence for blessing and honor and glory and power that has issued in floods and torrents from the death of this distinguished President, and that will continue, in years to come, to descend upon the nation as rain upon the new mown grass, even as the winter rivers that flow into the sea also come back upon the meadows and mountains in the showers of the early spring. The mystery of sin, of providence, of human will and of human influence, this is one voice that calls out of the deeps of this experience to the deeps of our souls. The voice of mystery!

"But, in the second place; there is another cry that comes from such an experience, and it is a cry of dependence. We have thought ourselves very strong, and yet there has descended upon us such a consciousness of helplessness and such an acknowledgment of insufficiency as, I think, the world has rarely, if ever, known. You remember how thrilling it was, when during these brief days of hope, week before last, the desire was expressed in every part of the land for the appointment of a day of thanksgiving. Why was it so, except that the deepest emotions that come to men, whether joy or grief, whether victory or defeat, somehow call for God!

"However little men may seem to believe in the conventional forms of religion, when the deeps of life are laid bare, then they cry out, by native instinct, for the living and omnipotent God. But consider why it is. I beg you to see that this is not alone a question of fear. We have not been crowding into the presence of Jehovah as frightened cowards, who would give hostages to Omnipotence in the face of danger. We have not sought the house of God in this time of sorrow, simply because we desired to be on the side of safety. There may be those who think chiefly of God as One who is very strong and who have no use for Him until they themselves discover that they must get help from some power higher than themselves. Oh, that is the most trifling kind of dependence. That is superficial and shallow. No deep calls to deep in a thought like that.

"Here you are to-day, a strong and active man, and you go on without prayer and without fear in the calm confidence of your ability to meet the morrow, when suddenly the earthly house of your tabernacle begins to tremble in the grip of a hand more powerful than you, or the fabric of your fortune falls about your head, or your home is suddenly invaded by an enemy you cannot turn out, and then you cry to God for help, because you are too weak to make it possible for you to have your own way. You go to God, not because you want Him, but because you want His power to assist you for a little while, and then, having used it, once more you will stand ready to get on without it.

"If there were some one less than God who yet could make your sickness into health or your adversity into prosperity or your broken home complete once more, you would go to him as quickly as now you go to God. This is shallow and superficial. But see what I mean by the consciousness of dependence, where deep calls to deep. It has been manifested so wonderfully during these recent days.

"It is not fear alone that compels men to seek God in such times as these. Men have not been coming to Him as they might have come to some giant in whom all they had of interest was his strong right arm. No. We have gone with the multitude to the house of God, because we have felt that He alone could complete our lives. Whether the issue should be sorrow or joy, yet we needed God to sanctify the sorrow or hallow the joy. These emotions of our hearts do not compass their design, unless they lift us up to God. Human life is dependent upon the divine, not as slaves are dependent upon their masters, but as flowers depend upon the sun, as the river depends upon the ocean, as the blood depends upon the heart that beats it out, as a child depends upon the friendship and fellowship of his father!

"God completes us. God fulfills us. This is why we have felt, as this same Psalm expresses it, 'as the hart panteth after the water brook, so pants my soul after thee, oh, God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God.' It is such a message of dependence as this, that deep has been calling out to deep in the face of such a dreadful storm. Let me solemnly charge you to accept the truth, that your life is woefully incomplete without this consciousness of God and consecration to Him.

"But third. Deep has called to deep and still another voice has been heard above the roar of the tempest. It is a message about final values—a message concerning what is worth while—a message in regard to the transcendent preciousness of a white soul and a pure life, of dignity of character and splendor of high motives. If ever men have been inclined to doubt the reality of these spiritual treasures, it would seem incredible that they can doubt longer. If the world has not been made to see again the practical power and charming beauty of this faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, then one wonders what can make them see. Men who treat with disdain the culture of the heart as being inferior to the culture of the mind, have witnessed a most signal exhibition of the majesty of the heart, when that heart has been adorned with the grace of God's boundless love.

"And men who have surrendered the search for spiritual values in order to pursue more unrestrained the values that are material—have they not had a new and startling vision of the superiority of those things which the world can neither give nor take away? If the religion of Christ can furnish

men with calmness in the midst of danger, and unselfishness in the midst of agony—If it can make the victim forgive and pity the enemy whose victim he is, and plead for the law on behalf of him who defied and despised and outraged law, if the gospel of Christ can keep a man unsullied in the midst of temptations and hold him high minded and pure though low and unworthy aspirations pollute the atmosphere around him, then, I submit, the religion of Christ has proven again its splendid worth. Now we can see what the gospel means.

"Now we can discern again, and in fresh outlines, the large commission it bears. Why should we so frequently misunderstand it? If I ask a man to accept the gospel of Christ to him it means a certain narrow thing which he could only half believe. But now I put it in another way. I plead with him, I plead with you, to accept the inspiration which will make you stroug in danger; which will make you unselfish in agony; which will make you clean in the midst of pollution, and true though surrounded by temptation. I ask you to accept the love which will enable you to forgive your enemies and which will keep you in good will toward those who oppose you. I plead with you to receive that divine life which will bring your own life of mind and heart and conscience and will to their largest perfection and keep you sweet-hearted in the midst of bitterness. Believe what else you will, only believe in the power of the divine life in you. Believe what else you will, only believe that God is Love and that without Him you cannot live the supreme, the victorious, the eternal life. It is on this foundation I plead at the very opening of our new church year, for the acceptance and the re-acceptance of this gospel of Jesus Christ.

"But fourth and last. As the deeps have been calling to deeps, we have heard another voice speaking its message, proclaiming once more the sublimity and grandeur of death. I believe that death plays a glorious part in the evolution of the race and in the progress of the individual. The older thought that death is a curse stamped upon the world in consequence of sin, is a thought which, I believe, is giving place to a better and more Scriptural idea. 'Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone,' said Jesus, 'but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit.' Death all down the years has unlocked precious powers of inspirations which otherwise had been sealed. In nature, death is the condition of progress. In the history of human development, death marks the stages at which the new advances begin.

"How sublime and how grand then is the death of some splendid hero! Is it the end? No, it is the point of departure from which a far more glorious career shall take its start. Is it the exhaustion? No, it is the momentary pause while the spirit girds itself for another and more wonderful race. This is the intimation of the doctrine of development coming from the world without, and this I believe to be the teaching of the Scripture itself.

"Away with its horrors and its gloom. The deeps of God's truth speak to the deeps of our experience of death, and tell us that loss is gain, that defeat is triumph, and that the humiliation in the grave is the coronation in the skies. The other night I was speaking of Dean Alford of Canterbury, whose gravestone bears this quaint but beautiful inscription. 'The inn of a traveler on his way to Jerusalem.' And when they laid his body to rest, the Cathedral choir gathered around the open grave and sang his own glorious hymn:

> "Ten thousand times ten thousand,
> In sparkling raiments bright,
> The armies of the ransomed saints
> Throng up the streets of light.
> 'Tis finished, all is finished,
> Their fight with death and sin.
> Fling open wide the heavenly gates
> And let the victors in!

"Ah, there is something sublime and full of grandeur in it all. Deep calls unto deep! God help us to hear these voices above the roar of the outward storm. Mystery calling to us for a sturdier faith. Dependence calling upon us to complete our lives in God. The eternal worth of spiritual values, calling to us for the culture of the heart. The sublimity and grandeur of death, summoning us to make ready for its coming. Oh, my brethren, by the mercies of God all along, and by the wonders and amazements of these recent days, I do beseech you, be yo reconciled to God."

REV. W. R. FERRIS.

The Rev. Walter Rockwood Ferris, pastor of the Bay Ridge Presbyterian Church, preached Sunday morning, September 22, from the text, Philippians iii:13: "Forgetting the things which are behind."

"Apparent opposites are not necessarily contradictions. Did you ever watch a shuttle as it hurries from one side to the other in its work? It carrier a thread now to the right hand, now to the left, but the two rows are part of one and the same strand, and are united in one single and harmonious piece of work. So with many of the apparent contradictions in the teaching of the word of God. They seem to face in exactly opposite directions, yet are so woven by the mind of the spirit as to present the marvel of literature and of ethics, the Bible. For instance, remembering and forgetting. One is aiming to underscore the impressions written on these minds of ours: the other is trying to wash the slate clean of its random marks.

"At first blush there seems no room for anything but the remembering. The word 'remember' seems a command which is the backbone on which the whole book of Deuteronomy is articulated. It is the motif which ran through that mass of folk lore, songs and stories, which was passed down from generation to generation as the mother sang to the babe in her arms or the old man droned to the children who would listen of the earlier days. It is the transmitter through which a current of patriotic zeal and enthusiasm was flashed from one age to the succeeding. It is the burden of the Psalter. It is the message of the priests. It is the exhortation of the prophets. It is the glory of Israel to remember that the hand of God had been reached to earth, giving it the possibility of a little heaven, and that the heart of God had touched the heart of man that he might know Him, and Israel's glory is to be Israel's trust—remember.

"That message does not stop there. He who reads the Master's words cannot fail to see how He binds the present to the past: 'I came not to destroy, but to fulfill,' and it would need no other illustration than the pathos and power of the words He puts into the mouth of Abraham in the parable of the rich man: 'Son, remember!' to show where Christ stood on this point. What right, then, has Paul to place as one of his fundamental ideas, as one of his main plans in his ideal, this forgetting of the past? Yet here he does not stand alone, for his Master had been speaking of work one day, and had said that no man who put a hand to the plough and looked back was fit for the kingdom of God. Pretty near to Paul's idea, isn't it? Evidently, here is another place where Ecclesiastes might have looked, thought and added: 'There is a time for judging and a time for acting; a time for considering and a time for contesting; a time for remembering, and a time for forgetting.' For that, I take it, is the kernel of meaning here. The present day poet grasps a great essential of his nation's life, and cries, 'Lest we forget!' Paul, looking at the great essential in his life, cries of the other smaller things, 'Let us forget!' and the two cries blend and harmonize to our ears, unless, as fools, we shut them, to the tone, and read but the letter of the words.

"Look, then, at the meaning as we catch it from the surroundings. The writer starts in, 'Rejoice in the Lord,' and to his mind at once flashes the thought 'what else could we glory in?' And to his memory comes all of the old Jewish love of race; his escutcheon was bright; no bar-sinister upon his shield; his lineage such that he could look a king in the face. It does not matter whether he thought proudly of all this or regretfully as he recognized himself, disinherited and cut off by the leaders of the Jews; the pride or the regret was swept aside in an all-absorbing, agonizing effort onward and upward. Can you look back on loss that way? One of our legacies as men is suffering, and each heart bears its scar or its scars; you have had the cares of business or the sorrows of home burned into your heart. But your life lies ahead, not back of you; and the success of the future depends on your living it with every ounce of power and intensity which God gives to you; that means living in the deed, not in the dead; in the now, not in the then. An intensely active business man, who had seen two fortunes slip from him because of treachery and faithless friends, said to me some years ago: 'I believe in God and know that the best things are ahead; never mind the past.' As he has steadily risen he has taught me a lesson wider than that of business success or failure, the lesson of the power of a life concentrated on the future as it flows into the present, and not wasted on the past as it glides back into the distance.

"This does not mean that the past is to us as though it had never been. We are men and women and the events and experiences of the past have been chiseled into our lives in a way to affect, if not to mold our characters. That dear one whom you laid away, back in the years, is more than a memory to you; the loss taught you the need of a kindliness which you did not know before. That anxiety which ate at your heart and kept your mind in unrest for months and years is not a thing of the past. You, to-day, in your greater care, and your wider forethought and judgment, are the product of that lesson. If living means learning, and it must to men and women who think; we need not turn back to yesterday—yesterday is with us in everything which touched us. To illustrate: That young man is at work on a problem in trigonometry, and he fills a paper with formulae which look to you and me like the alphabet mixed up, playing at arithmetic. He solves it and puts the book away. Now watch him as he faces that engineering difficulty and grapples with it: it shows that same old formula, but he does not see the old book or his old solution. The lettered symbols are lost sight of in this angle, that curve, or the resultant strain. Yesterday's lesson is to-day's power. He may well forget the lesson and its surroundings, for he is the lesson. He has forgotten the past in the wrestle of the present. Then, there must have been something of mistake in the past which Paul wanted to forget in that same way. If God offered to remember his sins no more, was Paul foolish or wrong in wanting to forget them? Yet those same sins had made their imprint upon him and must ever be part of him. They had been sins masquerading as virtues, and his pride and intolerance had been hit hard on that day when he learned that he had been intolerant of God in human form; that day and its lesson had made of Saul of Tarsus Paul the apostle. Yet he would not brood over that mistake; it had reached and changed him, and in the stress of present duty he would turn from the mistakes of the past, even though he might himself be their product.

"But under the term 'conservatism' lurks many a thing which might well be forgotten. Error doth frequently borrow the halo of age to bedeck itself and beguile the unwary. We are to reverence age—in whatever is right and true; age only adds a greater weight of condemnation and a greater need for destruction to that which is false and harmful. Many a church stands still because anchored to belief and methods of a bygone day. The retiring President of the Pan-Presbyterian convention of a few years ago was speaking on the subject, 'Non-church-going' and he met the issue fairly and honestly and wisely at the very outset as he said: 'Gentlemen, the main reason for

non-church-going is a non-going church.' The lessons of the past must be in the strength of the present; the stimulus of the innumerable cloud of witnesses must be in the zeal of the present workers; the power of Pentecost must be in to-day's work, else we sit as old men, whose work is done and who, at the setting of their day's sun, are looking back at a strong and active noonday, from a quiet, dying twilight.

"Still more deadly is that conservatism which creeps into each life, making us live a life in which that which always has been must always be—there can be nothing new under the sun. As soon as you have seen the shame of your never having spoken a word for your Master, Christian; as soon as you have realized the faithlessness in your being slow to help those who need, Christian; as soon as you have learned that lesson and have pleaded for forgiveness on your knees, Christian, in God's name forget that habit and break loose from it! There's a man who never knew the Lord except in curses; forget the past inactivity of your life and introduce him to your Master! There's a family in need, and the wail of that infant is a prayer to the Almighty: in His name forget that you have always been slow to give to one of the least of these His brethren, and answer the prayer of that wail! Wherever there is in your life a habit which bids you stand aloof where God's world calls for help, which bids you stand still when the cause of God goes forward, which binds your tongue when one of God's people, wandering in the darkness, needs a guiding word, let Paul bring his scalpel and cut that habit out, that, forgetting these things you may press on to something nobler and more Godlike.

"There is also something very pertinent to the present situation of our country in this thought; so much of the dark past to be forgotten, that the bright future may be made glorious. There are times when the historian of a nation sleeps over years: there are times when in a flash he must write volumes because of great issues defined and great needs brought to mind by crushing blows and cruel anguish. Please God the latter shall be the case in these days of mourning. Beneath the surface lie great wrongs which need to be righted: more than that, at our very hands are abuses which call for our most careful and energetic action. Shall the man occupying the highest office at the disposal of this country, shall the office itself and the authority it should exert, be pilloried upon the ridicule and hatred of any irresponsible and contemptible paper—or its irresponsible and contemptible proprietor? Shall 'the land of the free and the home of the brave' define freedom as the wildest license and bravery as the treacherous slaying of the country's best friend? Can our land with its power and its reserve of justice and intelligence, afford to permit misgovernment within its boundaries to go unchallenged or good government to be hounded? These are questions of the hour, yet vital to the future, and the prosperity and perpetuity of our country will depend in no slight measure upon the way in which by the help of God we learn our lesson, incorporate it into the national life and turning from the past press on to a new mark, which shall see this land Immanuel's land and shall know the answer to that prayer, 'Thy will be done.'

REV. DANIEL H. OVERTON.

The Rev. Daniel H. Overton preached Sunday evening in Greene Avenue Presbyterian Church on "God in Cloud and Calamity—Religious Results of Our President's Death," taking for his text Exodus xix: 9: "And the Lord said unto Moses: Lo, I come unto thee in a thick cloud that the people may hear when I speak with thee, and may also believe thee forever." Part of the sermon follows:

"It is a thick cloud that is over us. At first we could only see its thickness and its blackness. We saw only one form and face in the cloud and that the form and face of the demon who did the deed and brought the cloud upon us. We heard the shot which, like the shot on Sumter, was heard around the world. We saw the demon face in the cloud. We heard the words, 'I am an anarchist, and I have done my duty.' We saw our President stricken down and then we felt this thick black cloud that was over us. The cloud lighted up with the light of hope for a little and then settled upon us with the darkness of death, and gloom and sorrow and weeping were over the nation and over the world. The cloud still hangs and will not lift for many a day or year, but I am sure we must see as we look at it now other faces in that cloud and hear other voices.

"The first is the face of our beloved President, but illumined now by the light of heaven, against the dark background of the cloud of death. And I hear his voice from the cloud speaking the words that have echoed and will echo around the world. Listen—from that face illumined and from those close set lips now parted in speech for the last time on earth and from that heart that warmed with love for every man come the words that will be treasured and powerful as long as memory lasts, as long as history is read, as long as our nation lives, 'Let no one hurt him.' The forgiveness of the Christ is in those words.

"Listen again: 'My wife; be careful about her; don't let her know.' Oh, the tenderness of that great heart! the thoughtfulness and care learned through the years in the sick room and beside that loving though invalid wife. I tell you, brothers, those words speak to you and to me and to every married man. They are like the words of Christ on the cross: 'Woman, behold thy Son; Son, behold thy mother.'

"Listen again: 'I am sorry to have been a cause of trouble to the exposition.' You, a cause of trouble! Oh you great unselfish soul! ever thoughtful of others, ever mindful of their welfare and the welfare of the institutions of this land. We will do well to give to our institutions his devotion.

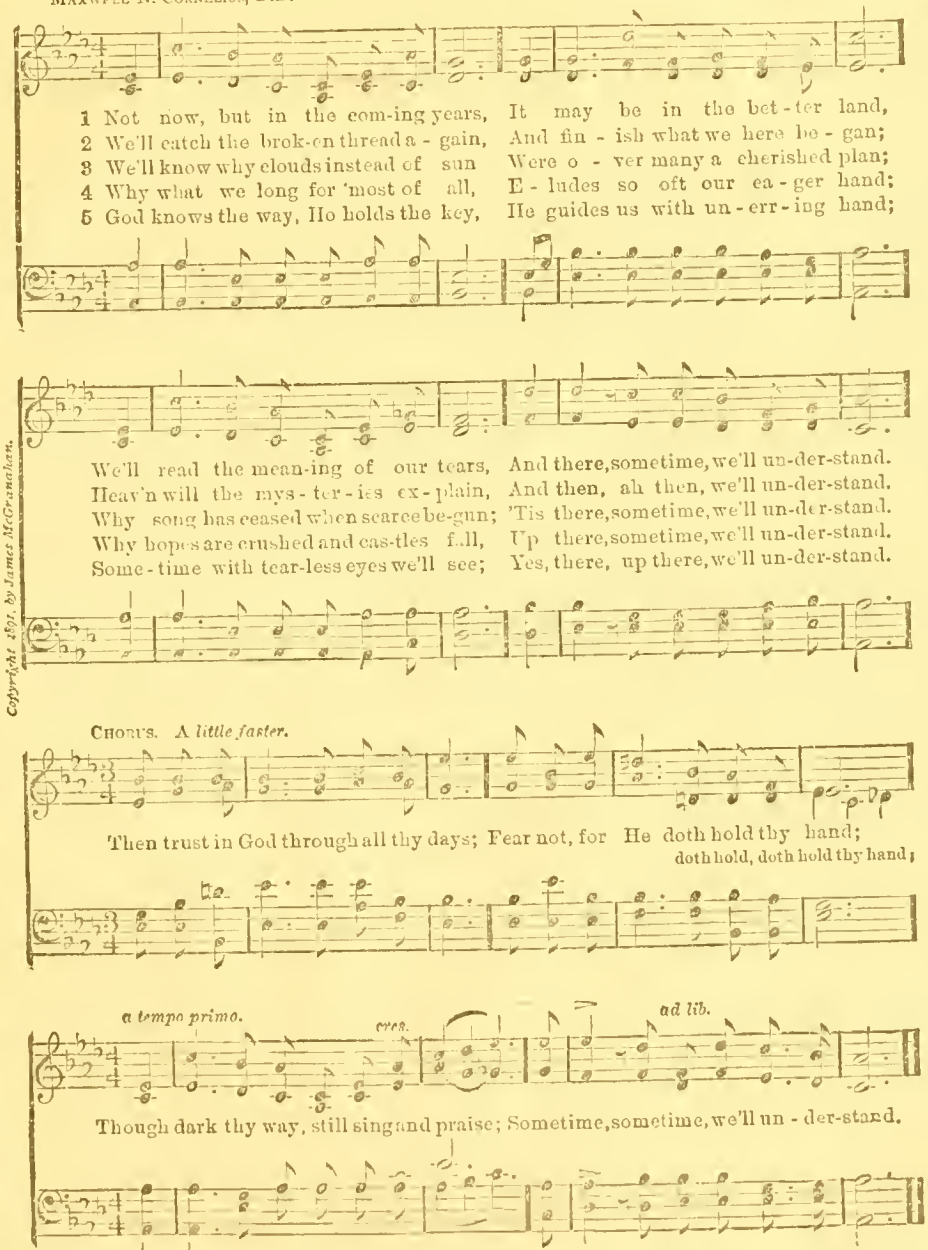
"Listen yet again to the words that seem to come out from the very heart of God and from the spirit of Christ, and from a most sublime faith: 'Goodby all, goodby. It is God's way; His will be done.' What a sublime faith they do declare! What resignation! And out of the cloud and resounding in all these words I hear the angel refrain: 'Nearer, My God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee.' And these words from the clouds have brought us nearer to God—they must. They lead us to see another face in the cloud and to hear another voice speaking from it. It is none other than the face and voice of God Himself. What is the purpose of the cloud and of the face and of the voice? They are 'That the people may hear when I speak.' God has been speaking to us all the time, but we have not heard Him out of the clear sky. His voice was drowned by the voice of business, and commerce, and greed, and gold, and we needed the cloud to make us hear. We do not love this land and its institutions as we ought and care for them as we should. We buy yellow journals and laugh at their gibes and jokes and cartoons against our President and our government, when we ought to have wept and prayed, and liberty has turned to license, and license to lust, and lust to anarchy and murder. And our people have gone their selfish way away from God and from His church, and they haven't loved God as they ought nor supported His institutions as they should, and we have needed the cloud to emphasize the voice of God.

"Will we now hear? Will the nation hear? Will the people hear? I do believe we ought to have, in the light of this cloud and in view of this awful calamity, and hearing these voices speaking to us as they do from it, a great revival of real, true, manly, McKinley, Christian religion. Shall we or shall we not? It depends upon us whether we shall make of this a passing sentiment or a permanent religious resultant in all the land. Oh! I tell you, friends, there is only one choice for us to make. We must choose God or anarchy. There is no safe middle ground. The voice from the cloud proclaims it."

Sometime we'll Understand.

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."—John 13: 7

MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS, D.D. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


1 Not now, but in the com-ing years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
2 We'll catch the brok-en thread a-gain, And fin-ish what we here be-gan;
3 We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o-ver many a cherished plan;
4 Why what we long for 'most of all, E-ludes so oft our ea-ger hand;
5 God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un-err-ing hand;
We'll read the mean-ing of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
Heav'n will the mys-ter-ies ex-plain, And then, ah then, we'll un-der-stand.
Why song has ceased when scarce be-gun; 'Tis there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
Why hopes are crushed and cas-tles fall, Up there, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.
Some-time with tear-less eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll un-der-stand.
CHORUS. A little faster.
Then trust in God through all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
doth hold, doth hold thy hand;
a tempo primo.
cres.
ad lib.
Though dark thy way, still sing and praise; Sometime, sometime, we'll un-der-stand.

Copyright 1891, by James McGranahan.

(By Permission of the Biglow & Main Co.)

Eulogy by Stephen V. White.

PEERLESS CAREER OF THE LATE PRESIDENT OUTLINED BY AN INTIMATE FRIEND.

The services in Plymouth Church Sunday night, September 22, were a special memorial to the late President McKinley, the address being delivered by S. V. White, who was a fellow Congressman with Mr. McKinley in the Fiftieth Congress. He dealt with the late President's personal and public relations. The mourning decorations about the pulpit and platform were marked for their beautiful simplicity. They were Grecian in their general design, and the few small American flags with which the black monotony was broken proved very effective. At the base of the pulpit stand were placed a cluster of purple asters and white roses. The general design of the mourning emblems was by Mr. White, who superintended the work.

General Horatio C. King presided at the organ and played Chopin's "Funeral March" as a prelude, the postlude being an improvisation. The offertory, composed by General King, was "Light and Dark," and was sung by Miss Helen Shearman Gue, contralto, aided by Mrs. Emma King Gray, soprano; Leon Morris, tenor, and A. M. Best, bass.

In his prayer Dr. Hillis referred to the bereavement that had befallen the country, and in introducing Mr. White, Dr. Hillis said that the strongest eulogies delivered over the late President had been made by his associates in Congress, who knew him personally. Among those most intimate with him was Mr. White, who had been with him in the Fiftieth Congress, and had associated with him enough to appreciate his private character, which formed his public life, and would speak of it.

Dr. Hillis read a cablegram from Wolverhampton Chapel extending to Plymouth Church their sincere sympathy and condolence in the loss the country had sustained in the death of President McKinley. Dr. Hillis said that with the permission of the church he would, with the aid of the trustees, answer the cablegram.

Mr. White made his address in an easy, natural way, though toward the last he was noticedably overcome by his feelings. He emphasized Mr. McKinley's fidelity to every interest entrusted to him, and said that was the keynote to his success. He spoke in substance as follows:

Mr. White's Address.

"My friends and neighbors—It is no less a sad privilege than it is my sacred duty to appear before you to-night to speak of one with whom my relations for a dozen years were cordial and for two years were close and intimate. A great grief has befallen us. That grief has furnished an inspiration for the young men of the country and of the world, to build with nobler purposes, to aim for higher planes in business ethics and in political life than they had before this sad bereavement fell upon us.

"My acquaintance with Mr. McKinley began in December, 1887. He was only Citizen McKinley then. He was filling his fifth term in Congress and I came in to fill my first and only term.

"Mr. McKinley was a large hearted man. He realized that there was room enough for him and for every other man in the world who might be looking for honorable achievement in honorable pursuits. Although we were personally unknown to each other when I went there we became acquainted the first day of the first session of the Fiftieth Congress. Thanks to you, my friends of Plymouth Church, I went into those halls accredited with the honor which attaches to the name of Plymouth Church. I had been brevetted 'Deacon,' and although I grieve to say the brevet was not conferred upon me for any good word or work performed in this church, for, indeed, the title came to me amid words of bitterness spoken by a competitor in business, yet wherever I went at that time, and from that time to now, I have had the good name of Plymouth Church associated with me.

First Acquaintance With McKinley.

"At the time that my acquaintance began with Mr. McKinley he had been and was a great student of finance on the broad principles governing international commerce. He was not a man familiar with any of the actual business activities of the world. He could impart information and broaden the scope and views of almost any man with whom he might converse as to the great basic principles of raising revenue and protecting industries, from the national standpoint, and it was a privilege and pleasure often enjoyed on my part to take in, as far as my mind would, the very large views which he entertained and which he could state as forcefully, perhaps, as any man who ever discussed those problems either on the stump or in the halls of national debate. Mr. McKinley longed to know the details of actual business in the great money center from which I was accredited and on many an occasion I felt a thrill of joy in the belief that I was able to give him a view of the world of finance in its active operation in Wall street in return for the wise statement which he made of measures leading up to national prosperity, whereby there should be achieved the highest national greatness.

"I feel that I have already spent too much time in the minor details of my personal acquaintance with Mr. McKinley. We were together the two years. He was returned to the Fifty-first Congress and I returned to my business in New York. From that time onward I have known him as you have known him—by his achievements. In that Fifty-first Congress he passed the great tariff bill which bore his name and which became a law October 6, 1890. In the year 1890 he was defeated for Congress, and in 1891 was elected Governor of the State of Ohio, to which office he was again returned in 1893. With what favor the voters of Ohio regarded him may be best inferred from the fact that in the first campaign for the governorship he was elected by less than 22,000 majority, and in 1893 he was elected by over 80,000. This result was achieved after he had visited 85 out of 88 counties in his state and traveled over 16,000 miles and spoken 371 times, to fully two millions of people.

"The McKinley bill had received no fair trial at the hands of the country. In 1890 the Democrats again swept the country and in 1895 the McKinley tariff law was superseded by the tariff law passed under the direction of Wilson of West Virginia. Business throughout the whole length and breadth of the land was paralyzed by an unsettled condition in regard to the free coinage of silver and over the continual coinage of silver under the purchasing law in respect to silver bullion, which was then in force. The year 1892 brought a Democratic executive into power, and while that continued there was no possibility of passing a protective measure. And, as stated, the McKinley law was repealed.

"The year 1896 came, and with it Mr. McKinley closed his term of office as Governor of the State of Ohio. The boys had never ceased to make the pun on words of the McKinley bill and 'Bill' McKinley, and Mr. McKinley entered the Republican convention with great possibilities in his favor, and was nomiuated for the first office in the gift of the people, amid the plaudits of assembled thousands. He was elected.

"A tariff bill upon the general outlines always favored by Mr. McKinley was enacted, and then began a transformation in American prosperity such as the world has never seen or of which no dreamer had ever dreamed. The silver heresy was killed. All the money of the land was the best money, and the commercial importance which the United States should have assumed among the nations of the world sprang into full power. The transformation was beyond the power of mind to conceive. In the four fiscal years of the United States beginning with July 1, 1897, and ending with June 30, 1901, the exports of merchandise from this country exceeded the imports from other countries by the sum of $2,354,757,388. During the whole 120 years preceding Mr. McKinley's administration all the exports of the United States had not exceeded the imports by so much as $1,000,000,000, or on an average about $8,000,000 per year. In those four years, under the combined marvelous impulses of Mr. McKinley's policy and of honest money, the influx of commercial wealth from other nations was greater by 135 per cent. than all

the prior influx in the history of the country, and averaged about $590,000,000 per year.

McKinley's Little Experience With Commercial Problem.

"I have said that Mr. McKinley had had no experience in grappling with the actual commercial problems of the merchant or banker. I remember how he used to inquire about the method of payment of stocks, and when I told him that an active house would pay for from two to five millions of dollars worth of stocks per day, and pay for them in money, day after day, he seemed lost in amazement at the magnitude of the transactions; but he had that within his brain and heart at that time in the way of work for his country which should bring to America from the other nations during four years of his administration an honest treasure, honestly won, by combined toil and enterprise, of more than $1,600,000 every day, including Sundays and holidays.

"But that great man, in whose heart there was abounding love for all and malice toward none, was called upon to administer the affairs of this country in complications which were sudden and grave, wrought with bitter anxiety and vain attempts to avert the shedding of blood. You all know the history of the terrible three years which followed hard upon the sinking of the Maine. You know how Cuba had been the theater of oppression and outrage and injustice unknown almost among the nations of the world in the history of the century. You remember how the voices of starving women and children called across the waters from Cuba to our shores for redress. You know the feeling of sympathy which led many wise and good men to believe that forbearance much longer would be a sin against humanity. And with this condition of affairs in Cuba, and this anxiety and sympathy in the minds of good Americans, on one fateful night the Maine, a friendly ship making a friendly visit in the port of a nation with which we were at peace, was sunk by hidden torpedoes over which she was anchored in Havana harbor. You remember that the American people waited only until it should be determined that the vessel was surely blown up by torpedoes treacherously placed and exploded, carrying down a noble ship and still nobler lives of American citizens, when the voice of the people demanded the punishment of Spain and the liberation of Cuba. You know how Mr. McKinley, who had himself witnessed the horrors of war, vainly strove to avert the shedding of blood in a war with Spain. You remember that the people and the Congress would not wait. And so without any adequate preparation war was declared, and Mr. McKinley, the commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, was confronted with conditions more grave than ever had confronted a President, save only the martyred Lincoln.

"Profoundly impressed with the awfulness of the situation, Mr. McKinley took up the sword and set the forces by land and sea in array against the forces of Spain.

The Opening of the War With Spain.

"The responsibility for the commencement of hostilities rested on the American people; the responsibility for the conduct of the war rested on President McKinley.

"Do you ask me who it was that sent the forces of the American Navy, then in the Asiatic squadron, into Manila Bay? I answer it was William McKinley, Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States.

"Do you ask me who it was that on May 1, 1898, whelmed the fleet in Manila Bay and sunk it. I answer, giving all credit to the brave Admiral who commanded in the action, and the brave men who manned the guns which sunk the fleet, that the act was the act of William McKinley, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States.

"Do you ask me who it was that landed our brave boys in blue and scaled the San Juan hill, compelling the capitulation of the Spanish forces in all of Eastern Cuba? I answer that while the due meed of praise must be rendered to every brave boy who rushed up that hill, carrying our colors to victory, from the Colonel of the Rough Riders down to the youngest drummer boy in the list, still the act was the act of William McKinley, Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States.

"The conduct of the war from start to finish devolved upon Mr. McKinley. He took it up sorrowfully because it involved the sacrifice of human life, the good and the bad suffering alike in the horrible holocaust of war. You will turn to the pages of history and look through them in vain to find an example of military achievement which shall equal the achievements of Mr. McKinley as he carried on to a successful termination this campaign by land and sea.

"Spain capitulated and sued for peace. Commissioners were appointed who met in Paris to consult as to the terms of surrender and the penalty which should be imposed upon the vanquished nation. They arrived at a determination satisfactory to Spain and satisfactory to the United States. The mailed hand was strong enough, as everybody knew, to have exacted all the territory over which the flag of the United States had been advanced, without the payment of a cent. President McKinley was in constant touch with the Commissioners. He desired that the vengeance of war should be tempered with mercy and with kindness to the aggressive and defeated Spaniard. With this concurrence the Commissioners decided that we should retain Porto Rico and the Philippines, Porto Rico being given as the penalty for the wrong and injury inflicted by Spain, and the Philippines being paid for at a fair market value for the territory over which the government of Spain had been withdrawn and the government of the United States had been substituted by an act of war. This payment to Spain was an act of sorrowful magnanimity toward a fallen and bankrupt foe. Twenty millions of dollars paid into the coffers of Spain to relieve the embarrassments brought on by misgovernment and by a disastrous war were like draughts of water to a famishing man. The magnanimity was realized and accepted by Spain in the great spirit in which it was given. And thus matters stood when the Senate of the United States convened in December, 1898. The treaty had been ratified by Spain. To become effective it must be ratified by the Senate of the United States.

The Opposition to the Peace Treaty.

"And now the sorrowing President, who had been upborne, as I believe, by a Divine hand during the suffering and horrors of war while that war raged, was confronted with sorrows yet greater and farther reaching than any that had befallen him before. There sprung up throughout the country and in the Senate of the United States an opposition to the ratification of this treaty. If it had received immediate consideration and ratification I believe as firmly as I believe any fact not susceptible of demonstration that the entire body of the Philippine inhabitants would have accepted the government of the United States with the same hearty acceptance which the people of Porto Rico bestowed. Its passage was delayed in the United States Senate, in which there is no cloture rule, and therefore no means of forcing a vote. Days lengthened into weeks and weeks into months before it was ratified.

"In the meantime Aguinaldo had conceived the plan of seizing the government of the Philippines and establishing himself as dictator, or emperor, or ruler of some kind. He did not hesitate to form plans of aggression against the United States government which put that territory in rebellion.

"He did not stop at the ordinary bounds of civilized warfare, but formulated the plan to cut off, root and branch, all foreigners that might be domiciled in the Philippine Islands, both European and American. Mr. McKinley was confronted with a solemn duty under the obligations of international law to protect those inhabitants. The Army and Navy, under his direction had destroyed the established forms of government, had driven out the Spanish rulers, and there were tens of thousands of foreigners, for the most part European, engaged in trade in Manila and other islands. Having broken down the form of government which had been the protection of these citizens of other countries he was bound by the unwritten code of international diplomacy to protect the citizens from about whom he had withdrawn the guarantees of civilization. The treaty was ratified after rebellion had been inaugurated, and the Army and Navy of the United States had the added task given to them of suppressing rebellion and maintaining the honor and dignity of the American flag.

"And then came added sorrows to Mr. McKinley. The allies and accomplices of Aguinaldo and his rebel supporters in the United States set up a hue and cry against a war of conquest and against a government without the consent of the governed. And they furnished all the aid and comfort possible to strengthen the hands of the rebellion in the islands. This was bad enough, but where they were mere accomplices, while they impeded the President in his policy, they did not wound him at heart. But Mr. McKinley was called upon to feel 'how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is' to have his own personal and party friends, who, in the days preceding the Spanish War had been his friends and advisers, turn against him and his policy, criticising not only his methods but his motives. He never spoke a word of unkindness in retaliation against those who misconstrued him, and, let us hope, unintentionally maligned him, and I shall not. Let these men alone with their consciences before God. It shall be as far from my purpose as it was from Mr. McKinley's to pass judgment on the motives and hearts of men who through long lives had given evidences of patriotism and philanthropy.

The Second Campaign.

"And then came, before the rebellion was subdued, another Presidential campaign, with the party cry of imperialism raised by ward politicians, by party heelers, and all the usual opponents of a competing party, backed by the exclusiveness of Harvard College icy culture and the hair splitting constitutional commentators of some of our law schools. All these things were speedily seized upon and enlarged by men, in many instances by good men who seemed to be suffering from fatty enlargement of the conscience. Sensational newspapers called to their aid the ablest and worst caricaturists, and the sweet face of Mr. McKinley was distorted into the lineaments of a Nero, with crown on head and mingled brutal sensuality and inane stupidity vailing his features.

"The golden stream of prosperity which had flowed unbroken into American coffers under the benign influences of Mr. McKinley's policies in caring for American industry and in securing the soundest currency had made the American people rich beyond the dream of avarice. This treasure thus brought to the most favored people which history has ever known had furnished capital for organizations larger than any in which other peoples had ever embarked, and commercial enterprises gigantic in extent, in which Mr. McKinley had no more interest than the humblest citizen now within the sound of my voice, were formed and put in successful operation. Even this fortunate condition of the American people was used to turn to ridicule the great mind which had contributed so largely to bring to us our national prosperity.

Yellow Journals and Anarchy.

"Our prosperity was depicted by a colossal, obese figure, and our President bore the lineaments of a half witted, prematurely old child, and the whole was labeled 'Willie and His Papa.' Mr. McKinley was far too great to be affected by such scurrilous and malignant attacks. I dislike much to make any comparison which should place that great loving heart in a category with anything that preys upon any other created thing. But the comparison is so apposite in the other branch of the simile that I cannot refrain from stating here that those cartoons did not affect him any more than would so many mon-

grel curs baying at a sleeping Bengal tiger. But they had their effect in the muffled hand and the death dealing pistol which rung out on that 6th of September when the treacherous viper, holding out his hand in the grasp of friendship, struck down the President.

"Mr. McKinley's statesmanship was many sided. Thus far I have spoken only of the good he wrought for his own country. But as a diplomat through the most trying times of modern history his voice, expressed through our officers of state and our foreign ambassadors, transferred America from a power of third rate influence to the front rank of the nations of the world. Let us never forget that in that troubled country in the far East, when all representatives of foreign governments, together with all the Christian missionaries of Peking, were shut inside of beleaguered walls, when the consensus of the world was that they had already been cut off, it was Mr. McKinley who tried a forlorn hope in having the State Department send a message to our ambassador at Peking which should disclose whether they were still alive. With the co-operation of that honored ambassador from China, Mr. Wu, he sent a dispatch and received an answer from our minister showing that they were still alive. Some of our home papers, and the foreign papers almost universally, scoffed at the idea that America had achieved this great undertaking. But the word was flashed from every capital on the globe through to Tientsin to 'press on; our ambassadors are still alive.' With the bravery which belongs to education and culture in whatever nation they may be found the column swept on irresistibly from Tientsin to Peking, and arrived when the supply of mule meat was down to almost the last scanty morsel, and the Stars and Stripes and the cross of St. Andrew and St. George and the tricolor of France and the ensigns of Italy and Russia and Germany spread the protecting aegis of the civilized world over those men and women and gave them back to country and to family and to the service of God.

"These facts may have been forgotten in the hurry and bustle of our business lives, but every civilized government knows them and will remember them, and history will record them and transmit them down through the ages to the last syllable of recorded time.

McKinley and the Chinese Trouble.

"The diplomacy of Mr. McKinley in the Chinese embroglio did not end with this signal service to mankind. His was the American voice, and the American voice was in favor of leniency and forgiveness and the perpetuation of Chinese autonomy as one of the governments of the world. And as the years shall pass by, and commerce shall spread her sails and drop her anchors at the open door down through the generations, the influence of America will have been made a perpetual blessing to civilization and to humanity.

"Mr. McKinley's statesmanship was not rounded out alone by the benign prosperity which his administration brought nor by the foreign diplomacy to which I have referred.

"Mr. McKinley as a boy only 18 years of age had gone to the front as a common soldier. For more than four full years he had tried conclusions with his fellow countrymen in the South in the terrible arbitrament of war. Fifteen years later, when he had entered the halls of Congress, he faced the men who had worn the gray in the committee room and on the floors of Congress as he had faced them before on the battlefield. He knew them to be brave; he knew them to be honest; he knew them to be honorable and faithful to a trust. He knew that they had been misguided in placing state rights above federal government, and he yearned to bring together the solidarity of this country in truth and in fact as it was in name. The opportunity was afforded him early in the Spanish War. The sons of Southern veterans vied in the race with the sons of the Northern veterans to offer their services in upholding the country's flag. Mr. McKinley, with the great mind to grasp and the great heart to feel his opportunity, said to men tried in battle on the Confederate side in our great conflict: 'Help me with your counsels in this war,' and he commissioned Fighting Joe Wheeler, and Fitz Hugh Lee, and others distinguished by their services to the Confederate states, and said to the War Department: 'Give opportunity on merit for every brave man from Texas, from Virginia, from New York, from Ohio, from everywhere, to strike for his country's honor.' It melted all America and forged the bands which shall bind together each state with every other state in this Union till never again can fraternal strife burst those bands.

"I should be unworthy of the privilege of speaking from this platform if I permitted the lesson of McKinley's life and McKinley's death to pass by without a word to the young men who may be present this evening and to those who may read my words hereafter.

A Peerless Career.

"To my mind, Mr. McKinley's career, taken as a whole, is peerless among the examples of American manhood. He was the child of humble parentage. Early in life he became a widow's son. Early in life the call to arms for the upholding of the national honor and the national integrity and the national flag rang out, and without hesitation, boy as he was, he went to the front. He was too young then to hold positions of responsibility, although not too young to spend days in forced marches and nights on the picket line, doing with fidelity the duty that was present with him. Oh wonderful transformation that was to come simply from the continued performances of present duty! Did that lonely boy, guarding the picket line and exchanging shots in the darkness with the opposing picket guard, ever in his vigils in the weary hours have a presentiment of the day when he should be the commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the most powerful nation on the globe? Oh, young men of America, remember the precept

"See'st thou a man diligent in his business; he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.

"It is not necessary, nor sensible for any young man to set his heart and mind on becoming a President, or a Governor of a state. Let him do present duty faithfully, honorably, honestly, and the reward shall come to every one according to his environment and his ability; in the confidence of neighbors, in trusts imposed and faithfully discharged, in a voice potent for good in the sphere in which he may be called to act. And when the summons comes to such an one, even though a whole nation may not know and mourn for his death, yet his name shall live for his influence for God and humanity, shall extend on and on through successors who imbibe his spirit in life, and the successors of his successors who imbibe theirs.

McKinley in the Church.

"President McKinley, in the church relations of his eminent Christian life, was a Methodist. Has it occurred to you since he has gone hence, that his death was the alembic in which was fused that Christian unity of which dreamers have dreamed and prophets have longed for and dimly foretold? Our President was a Protestant of Protestants, but first among the religious demonstrations throughout the world came the message of sympathy from the Pope, and prayers were ordained and directed and celebrated by every archbishop throughout the broad domain of the Church of Rome. The President was an humble follower of the religious precepts of John Wesley, that arch dissenter from the Church of England; but on his funeral day, by order of the prelates of the English Church, services were not only ordained for the day, but they were held back to the hour and the minute when the services should be held in America. So that the prayers of shouting Methodists in the groves and on the prairies of the American frontier were made to mingle with the stately services of the Litany in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral in a chorus of mourning and prayers for forgiveness; and then as it were for the first time the portals of Heaven at the same second of recorded time resounded with the petitions of pious men and women throughout the world, no longer divided by tenets of faith, or forms of belief.

"But I must hasten to a close. No one of you, in thinking of Mr. McKinley's life, can fail to have present with you the loving tenderness which was ever present with him for his partner in domestic life. That life was so conspicuous in the husband's unselfish devotion to one upon whom sickness had laid its grievous hand, that to attempt to describe it would detract from the appreciation in which every true and noble mind now holds it. Let it alone, wreathed in the halo of its own spotless purity.

"Of Mr. McKinley's death I cannot speak. A French essayist put on record the statement that 'Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God.' I can only say of Mr. McKinley's death that he died as died the Saviour of the world—blessing them that wrought his death, and praying that the Father's will be done.

"May I close by giving expression to a single thought which has been borne in on me with irresistible force as I have read and thought of his tragic end.

"He was a man who had sounded all the heights and depths of human activity and of human honor. As a child he knew a life of toil. As a youth he knew the hardsips of warfare as he drank from the 'common canteen of the soldier.' As a student he had felt the anxieties for success in a coming profession. As a legislator he had striven for position, and had met both defeat and success. As a statesman he had heard the plaudits of enthusiastic supporters when he had reached the goal of his ambition. For more than four years and a half he had held honors greater than which the world cannot offer.

"In his high estate he was struck down and brought face to face with the grim destroyer. He felt the chill of death steal over his frame and freeze his blood. With failing earthly vision he saw the grandeur of this world vanishing. Then turning from the greatness of earth to the bliss beyond he softly murmured 'Nearer, My God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee,' and his lifework was ended."

Tributes in Verse.

THOU WHO ART LEFT TO WAIT.

Why dost thou weep that Death came unto him,
  Who walked beside thee on the path of Life?
Let tears of thankfulness thy heart o'erbrim,
  That his loyal soul awaits thee where no strife
May enter. Death struck wisely in an hour
  When multitudes of fellowmen might see
How one with all the pride of earthly Power
  Could strong and reverent bow to Destiny!
Take pride and comfort in thy hero's death!
  Teaching God's mercy to each living soul—
Teaching God's strength with the last fainting breath
  Vouchsafed him ere he passed into the Goal!
He lived for thee: he died that All might know
  What will await when the last hour draws near;
God's blessing on the souls that seek Him so,
  Sublime in faith, absolved of doubt and fear!
O weep no more, thou who art left to wait!
  In patience bear the burden God hath laid
Upon thy tender soul, until His Gate
  Swings inward to admit thee unafraid!

GERALD RUTLEDGE.

SPARE NOT THY TEARS.

Columbia, bow thy head, spare not of tears,
  Nor call of duty nor the trump of fame
  Nor wail of sorrow nor the charge of blame
Can now avail, the chief no longer hears,
Thy son, twice honored of a nation's peers,
  Lies cold and silent; softly breathe his name,
  While on thy visage rests a cloud of shame,
One so should pass whom history's page endears.

Mourn, fair Columbia, since there is cause
  For all the depth and passion of thy grief;
    Toll, toll the bells, while in the sacred glow
Of choir and chancel distant kindreds pause
  And join thy departed chief,
    In sympathy of peoples with thy woe.

M. A. CUMING.

WILLIAM MC KINLEY.

When bad men die, we grieve that they should go
On journeys ending in such certain woe;
When good men die, we sorrow scarcely less
That earth their presence may no longer bless.
But grief or tears change not God's simple plan—
Two homes awaiting only choice of man;
Two gates that open to a ceaseless throng—
An endless sorrow or eternal song.
But even though our vision may be dim
With tears that gather as we think of him
Whose simple virtues not one life may span—
The honored statesman and the Christian man—
Welcomed we see him, love encompassed, stand,
A better Christian in a better land.

S. B. LEVERICH.

MC KINLEY LIVES!

McKinley dead! And do we dream or rave?
What hath he done, forsooth, tell me who can,
That he should die, this Brother of his Land?
Hath Death no modesty toward such a man?
But yesterday his smile was kindly bent,
But yesterday his grasp was warmly lent,
But yesterday his voice was firm and clear,
To-day we stand, awe-stricken, by his bier.

McKinley dead! Bring forth the sable plume,
And rear his funeral-car Olympus high;
Spread wide the waving palm, with tears bedewed,
From East to West and distant Luzon's sky;
Deep drape the flag on every stately tower,
And let the music of this tragic hour
Be cannon-throated thunders from afar—
The pledge of peace, the memory of war.

McKinley dead! Rejoice for fame he won,
And mingle with the oak the laurel spray;
Encompass him with wreaths that wither not,
Though centuries wane and dynasties decay;
Carve broad and beautiful a lasting shrine,
Where grandeur and simplicity combine—
Meet symbol of his great and gentle soul,
Who made the Country's Good his perfect whole.

McKinley dead! Ah, no! His life sublime
A glorious immortality assures;
Enthroned in love within the nation's heart,
With Washington and Lincoln he endures;
And ages yet unborn shall waft his name
To further ages, and his worth proclaim.
McKinley lives! Repeat the gladsome cry—
He lives! He lives! Nor can he ever die.

MILO DEYO.

IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

"Light! More light!"
Prayed the illustrious Goethe when he died.
And some believe those words implied:
His soul was groping in the gloom of night,
When from its broken clay
It was to wing its way.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee!"
Sweet parting words to hear
From one your heart holds dear!
Oh, happy soul, who ere it soars away
Discerns the light of everlasting day!
How blessed and sweet,
When called to meet
Eternity's dread mystery,
Your soul can whisper with serenity:
"Nearer, My God, to Thee!"

JOHN VOLK.

President McKinley's Last Speech.

DELIVERED IN THE ESPLANADE AT THE EXPOSITION IN BUFFALO —— TRADE EXPANSION. GREATER MERCHANT MARINE —— A BROAD AMERICAN POLICY.

On being introduced by President Milburn, President McKinley said:

President Milburn, Director General Buchanan, Commissioners, Ladies and Gentlemen—I am glad to again be in the City of Buffalo and exchange greetings with her people, to whose generous hospitality I am not a stranger, and with whose good will I have been repeatedly and signally honored. To-day I have additional satisfaction in meeting and giving welcome to the foreign representatives assembled here, whose presence and participation in this exposition have contributed in so marked a degree to its interest and success. To the Commissioners of the Dominion of Canada and the British Colonies, the French Colonies, the republics of Mexico and of Central and South America, and the Commissioners of Cuba and Porto Rico, who share with us in this undertaking, we give the hand of fellowship and felicitate with them upon the triumphs of art, science, education and manufacture, which the old has bequeathed to the new century.

Expositions are the timekeepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise and intellect of the people, and quicken human genius. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of the people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student. Every exposition, great or small, has helped to some onward step.

Comparison of ideas is always educational, and as such instructs the brain and hand of men. Friendly rivalry follows, which is the spur to industrial improvement, the inspiration to useful invention and to high endeavor in all departments of human activity. It exacts a study of the wants, comforts, and even the whims of the people, and recognizes the efficacy of high quality and low prices to win their favor. The quest for trade is an incentive to men of business to devise, invent, improve, and economize in the cost of production. Business life, whether among ourselves or with other peoples, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less so in the future. Without competition we would be clinging to the clumsy and antiquated processes of farming and manufacture, and the methods of business of long ago, and the twentieth would be no further advanced than the eighteenth century. But though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be.

The Pan-American Exposition has done its work thoroughly, presenting in its exhibits evidences of the highest skill and illustrating the progress of the human family in the western hemisphere. This portion of the earth has no cause for humiliation for the part it has performed in the march of civilization. It has not accomplished everything; far from it. It has simply done its best, and without vanity or boastfulness, and recognizing the manifold achievements of others, it invites the friendly rivalry of all the Powers in the peaceful pursuits of trade and commerce, and will co-operate with all in advancing the highest and best interests of humanity. The wisdom and energy of all the nations are none too great for the world's work. The success of art, science, industry, and invention is an international asset, and a common glory.

After all, how near one to the other is every part of the world. Modern inventions have brought into close relation widely separated peoples and made them better acquainted. Geographic and political divisions will continue to exist, but distances have been effaced. Swift ships and fast trains are becoming cosmopolitan. They invade fields which a few years ago were impenetrable. The world's products are exchanged as never before and with increasing transportation facilities come increasing knowledge and larger trade. Prices are fixed with mathematical precision by supply and demand. The world's selling prices are regulated by market and crop reports. We travel greater distances in a shorter space of time and with more ease than was ever dreamed of by the fathers. Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, the same day in all Christendom.

The telegraph keeps us advised of what is occurring everywhere, and the press foreshadows, with more or less accuracy, the plans and purposes of the nations. Market prices of products and of securities are hourly known in every commercial mart, and the investments of the people extend beyond their own national boundaries into the remotest parts of the earth. Vast transactions are conducted and international exchanges are made by the tick of the cable. Every event of interest is immediately bulletined. The quick gathering and transmission of news, like rapid transit, are of recent origin, and are only made possible by the genius of the inventor and the courage of the investor. It took a special messenger of the Government, with every facility known at the time for rapid travel, nineteen days to go from the City of Washington to New Orleans with a message to General Jackson that the war with England had ceased and a treaty of peace had been signed. How different now. We reached General Miles, in Porto Rico, and he was able through the military telegraph to stop his army on the firing line with the message that the United States and Spain had signed a protocol suspending hostilities. We knew almost instantly of the first shots fired at Santiago, and the subsequent surrender of the Spanish forces was known at Washington within less than an hour of its consummation. The first ship of Cervera's fleet had hardly emerged from that historic harbor when the fact was flashed to our Capitol, and the swift destruction that followed was announced immediately through the wonderful medium of telegraphy.

So accustomed are we to safe and easy communication with distant lands that its temporary interruption, even in ordinary times, results in loss and inconvenience. We shall never forget the days of anxious waiting and suspense when no information was permitted to be sent from Peking, and the diplomatic representatives of the nations in China, cut off from all communication, inside and outside of the walled capital, were surrounded by an angry and misguided mob that threatened their lives; nor the joy that thrilled the world when a single message from the Government of the United States brought through our Minister the first news of the safety of the besieged diplomats.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe; now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph; now we have a vast mileage traversing all lands and all seas. God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other, the less occasion is there for misunderstandings, and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the court of arbitration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

My fellow citizens, trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. They show that we are utilizing our fields and forests and mines, and that we are furnishing profitable employment to the millions of workingmen throughout the United States, bringing comfort and happiness to their homes, and making it possible to lay by savings for old age and disability. That all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every American community and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings banks. Our duty in the care and security of these deposits and their safe investment demands the highest integrity and the best business

capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings.

We have a vast and intricate business, built up through years of toil and struggle, in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect or of undue selfishness. No narrow, sordid policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom on the part of manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it. Our industrial enterprises, which have grown to such great proportions, affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established.

What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not. If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad? Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamships have already been put in commission between the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the western coast of the United States and South American ports. One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the conveyance to carry it to the buyer. We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense; they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go.

We must build the Isthmian Canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed. In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. This exposition would have touched the heart of that American statesman whose mind was ever alert and thought ever constant for a larger commerce and a truer fraternity of the republics of the New World. His broad American spirit is felt and manifested here. He needs no identification to an assemblage of Americans anywhere, for the name of Blaine is inseparably associated with the Pan-American movement which finds here practical and substantial expression, and which we all hope will be firmly advanced by the Pan-American Congress that assembles this autumn in the capital of Mexico. The good work will go on. It cannot be stopped. These buildings will disappear; this creation of art and beauty and industry will perish from sight, but their influence will remain to "make it live beyond its too short living with praises and thanksgiving." Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired and the high achievements that will be wrought through this exposition?

Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence and friendship which will deepen and endure. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.

(Eagle, Friday, September 6, 1901.)

McKinley's National Programme.

President McKinley set forth the affirmative Republican programme in his speech at the Pan-American show in Buffalo on Thursday. He faced the future and declared what must be done to insure a continuance of national growth. And it must be admitted that this programme contains the things which the people want, whether they be Republicans or Democrats. We have entered upon a period of unparalleled prosperity and we have been looking about for ways to make its continuance reasonably certain. And everyone has concluded that we must have freer access to the markets of the world.

There is general agreement that the mitigation of the protective tariff system by reciprocity treaties will help us in our foreign trade. What objection to such arrangements there is comes from the protected manufacturers and their representatives, who are afraid that they cannot compete in the home markets with the foreign producers if the tariff rates are lowered. But there is in Republicanism a large and growing faction, headed by the President, which believes in reciprocity. Indeed, the members of this faction hold that protection has done its perfect work in the development of the home industries to such a point that they cannot only supply the home market, but have a large surplus for sale abroad. They believe that such industries have outgrown the necessity of protection and that the tariff levied on their products should be for revenue only. They maintain, and with considerable justification, that reciprocity and a revenue tariff are the legitimate successors of the protective policy and that the new tariff should be levied not to protect our home industries, but to enlarge our foreign markets and to foster our foreign trade. This wing of Republicanism has only a little way to go before it meets the tariff reform Democrats.

Now, the demand that our products should be carried in our own ships is about as general as the sentiment in favor of reciprocity. The Republican party has pronounced in favor of subsidies for the development of the merchant marine, while the Democracy has opposed subsidies as bad in principle and demoralizing in practice. Theoretically, the Democratic position is sound. But, to use President Cleveland's form of words, it is a condition and not a theory which confronts the government. It is the duty of the opponents of the subsidy system to propose something better, or to show that without subsidies our shipping will revive. The President said that we must encourage our merchant marine, but he did not mention subsidies by name. In the opinion of the Eagle liberal laws for the admission of American owned ships to American registry regardless of the place in which they were built, would do as much for the enlargement of American shipping as the subsidy system. We can build as good ships as anybody, and our capitalists do not care where they buy their vessels so long as they get the worth of their money. Without subsidies the big transportation corporations are already planning to run steamships across both the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans in connection with their railroads across the continent, and there will be such a division of the income between the railroads and the ships as seems fitting. Unless the subsidy bill gets through the Congress pretty soon it looks as if the transportation companies would prove that it was unnecessary. But the merchant marine must be developed.

No one doubts the importance of a canal across the Isthmus, unless it be the railroad companies; and everyone agrees to the need of a Pacific cable. Our trade with the far East and our political interest in the Philippines have made these two things necessary. But in the cable question, in the canal, in the development of the merchant marine and in reciprocity, there are the seeds of much discord, because the advocates of this or that method will insist that if they cannot have their own way nothing shall be done. Yet in spite of this it is expected that the President will repeat his recommendations made in Buffalo when he sends his annual message to the Congress in December, and that the party which he leads will strive in good faith to carry out the programme.

The Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

EDITORIAL TRIBUTES TO THE RECORD OF WILLIAM McKINLEY——RUNNING COMMENTARY UPON THE CONDITION OF THE ASSASSIN'S VICTIM AND THE MEDICAL TREATMENT OF HIS CASE.

From day to day, from the time that President McKinley was shot until that of his death, the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, not only carried the record of the distinguished patient's condition, and the state of public feeling in regard thereto, but the subject was treated also in the editorial columns, in a manner befitting the importance of the case.

Although it was designed to preserve the contributions referred to in this Memorial, many requests have been made by Eagle readers that the book be thus enriched. The articles are arranged in the order of date of publication.

(Eagle, Saturday, September 7, 1901.)

Yellow Journalism and Yellow Oratory.

The journalism of anarchy shares responsibility for the attack on President McKinley. It did not mean that he should be shot.

It only wished to sell more papers by commenting on and cartooning him as "a tyrant reddening his hands in the blood of the poor and filling his pockets and those of others with dollars coined out of the sweat and tears and hunger of helpless strikers, their wan wives and their starving children."

That sort of stuff did sell more papers. It was on a par with the platform harangues on "McKinley, with his merciless and cowardly heart, raising his blood-stained hands to heaven in hypocritical prayer."

That language was used here, not as an intended plea to kill the President, by painting him as unfit to live, but as an "argument" why one man should be elected Sheriff and another should not, in 1899.

Yellow oratory fairly divides dishonors with yellow journalism to-day.

To-day, the journalism or the oratory which may have inspired Leon Czolgosz to his deed is the most tearful, sympathetic and grief-stricken journalism or oratory in America. It editorializes "interviews" and moralizes on the lovableness of the man whom it lately and long and habitually portrayed as a monster, a despot and a coward. It is very scared, very sorry—or very politic, or would like to seem to be so.

Let us hope it is really sorry. Then let us hope that its sorrow will last long enough to persuade it that the selling of more papers or the getting of more votes is not the chief end of journalism or of oratory, when it leads one to defamation as a delight, to vilification as an industry, and to printed, pictorial or platform blackguardism as a trade.

Leon Czolgosz *did* what these folk *said* with pen, pencil or tongue. The latest report is that *he* has shown neither fear, nor regret, nor remorse! He has more nerve than those of whom he made himself an understudy in "The Propaganda of Deed."

(Eagle, Saturday, September 7, 1901.)

Anarchy Must Go!

A good man, a great politician, an able statesman, an illustrious President has been stricken by a miscreant hand. He did no evil. He injured no one. He felt no enmity, he excited none, and he deserves none. By no enemy was he shot. He was shot by a stranger to him—the picked person of a school of opinion which rates the killing of rulers as part of its system. The annihilation of governments and the terrorizing of peoples comprise the purposes of that system. That work is called "The Propaganda of Deed."

Anarchy shot William McKinley. The man it employed was as really an instrument as the pistol he used. Anarchy is the criminal. Anarchists who applaud the deed are as guilty as the man who was allotted to its performance. Anarchy the American people must educate or stamp out of existence. The law will deal with the tool. The people must deal with the abomination which shaped and chose the tool. The character of the act, the source of it, the instigation of it, the purpose of it raises the suffering of the President to martyrdom. He impersonates law. He represents government. The killing of both was the object of the assault on his life. Toward him the wretch could have felt no personal animosity. "I am an Anarchist and I have done my duty," were his words. He exhibits his credentials signed by Anarchy and he implies his designation by Anarchy. The President stood for authority and order, which could be hit only over his body. The President was assailed so that what he stood for could be jarred. "The fellow hath no feeling in his business"—none either of hate or of love for his victim—none at all of any sort.

His savagery was against a system. The President was between the system and him. The criminal is Anarchy. The Anarchist is but an agent. The President is the martyr of a cause more vital to mankind than the Freedom and Union which Lincoln personified, and by a hater of which he was killed. Without Freedom, men can be safe and do learn to be content. Union is but power in partnership. Better than either and before both is Order. Order is Heaven's first law and man's paramount need. Government is man's means of getting and

keeping that need. Order and Government have been attacked so furiously that William McKinley, who survived the open and honest dangers of war, has been shot down, in most cowardly way, amid the securities of peace.

The act is a challenge. The challenge will be accepted. Nothing for vengeance but everything for security must be done. What can be is the limit of what should be. A people that have given to Anarchy the contempt of indifference and the fleer of conscious strength find that it made our domain the plotting-ground of the murder of the monarch of a friendly kingdom, here picking and hence sending its agent to that work. That was much. This is more. Now it is our President whose slaughter is planned next to illustrate the passionless and deliberate course of "The Propaganda of Deed." That is what comes home. Hitherto this country has rated the murders of heads of governments as political offenses. Hitherto this country has made itself asylum for those who have perpetrated or attempted such murders. Other countries have in vain asked ours to rate such men as enemies of the race. One answer given here has been police protection to meetings called to celebrate and justify the slaughter of rulers.

Time has come to make every land on earth the ward of an infinite preserve, in which to hunt these men down and out, or the ward of an infinite prison, in which to pen them in. Liberty may be a little less, but righteousness will be a deal more, and security also. Liberty for a while may have to avenge the crimes committed in its name by suffering an abridgment of the conditions which afflict and affiliate it with license. This Republic has given the least excuse and the largest leave to Anarchy. The soil of America which is Freedom to every slave should become flame to every advocate or exponent of the murder of government.

Of course, the Anarchist is a fool. Presidents die, Kings die. Government dies not. The instinct of self-preservation in peoples is that of which government is the expression. And never comes that expression to finer form than when this great people bows, but staggers not, under sorrow, weeps, but despairs not, under grief, and prays uncovered, but fears not, in the presence of a scene which holds in solution the joy of recovery or the calamity of death. Presidents die. The Presidency but passes to another chosen under law to accede to it. "God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives." Better yet, the Government in the heart of every true citizen of this or of other lands still lives and can never die. That sense of Government, that instinct of Government, that love and habit of Government has in it more than the immortality of the race. It has in it the immortality of the Creator of man, Who made man in His Own image, and Who, in so making man, set in him the instinct of Order and of Rule which came from heaven to earth and which can no more be exterminated in one place than in the other.

The challenge will be accepted. Government will not go, but Anarchy must!

(Eagle, Sunday, September 8, 1901.)

The Nation's Three Tragic Ordeals.

At this writing the life of the President is in the balance. The latest news on other pages of this issue may dispel doubt or confirm apprehension. They must be referred to for that. But be that as it may, the sanity, the steadiness and the strength of the nation have been satisfying and gratifying to believers in human nature and in popular institutions. The third tragic experience of our people reveals them to be braver and better and finer than the other two found them, or made them, or left them. There has been a clear gain in fortitude and in intelligence.

When Abraham Lincoln was slain the sacrifice seemed to make military success a mockery, established nationality a satire and assured emancipation a sarcasm, compared with the stupendous loss of the man in whom they were all personified. Before he was shot, the heart of the North turned toward love and the heart of the South toward hope. The one recognized in Lincoln her wisest and gentlest leader, and the other in him her least censorious and most considerate friend. The armies of the North were preparing to return home to centers of undiminished population and of restimulated energy, with no thoughts of vengeance in their minds. The hosts of the South were already going back to shattered roof trees and to idle acres, hillocked only with graves and fertile only in memories wet by tears. Yet they were not returning with any sense of despair. There was a Lost Cause, but there was a new and a nobler Opportunity.

The slaughter of Lincoln, for a time, had a most awful effect of change. Demagogues or zealots in the North said that a too tender-hearted man had been providentially removed, to give way to a man of Blood and of Iron, who would make treason odious and traitors pendent. That gospel of the Pit had many followers, and there was apparent justification in the record of the acceding President for the predictions made of him. The shuddering South well knew what a poor white, made President by murder, could do, with all the war powers of a victorious nation, to revenge on a beaten society its slights and jeers and scorn and ostracism of his and of him.

The dominant mind or mood of the North did not change, though, ironically enough, it was Andrew Johnson who tried to change it. "He went over" to what, he always said, was the policy left to him by Lincoln, but to what, his opponents declared, was the side of the master against the slave. That resultant of the friction between him and his party called Reconstruction occurred. It had its sanctions in the War Amendments, its basis in negro suffrage, its defense in the plea of justice and security and its intention, or object, in the purposes of the permanent Republicanization of the South. States became satrapies, governments military bureaus, major generals governors, only to be followed by predatory thieves, the President was impeached and almost convicted, civilization was put upon its little end, the bottom was on top, and there was no hereafter.

Compare that condition with now. Not a War Amendment has been repealed—or is enforced, negro suffrage is obsolete, or a commodity. The descendants of the master class are in the saddle, and, to avert negro dominancy, have given aid and comfort to every successive form of economic heresy that could be put upon four legs, the better and the sooner to run itself to death. The convulsion through which the two sections went, consequent upon the assassination of Lincoln, qualified Johnson's place in history, brutalized politics for more than a decade, and was followed by white supremacy in the South, with the sullen or indifferent consent of the commercial North. The nation's survival of the ordeal was so wonderful that its inconsistencies under it have been condoned by history.

Then came the assassination of Garfield. Fierceness of party spirit had elected him. Fierceness of factional appetite and of factional anger created the conditions which touched the all too little brain of the canting wretch who slew him. If civil war and party politics had a relation to the killing of Lincoln, factionalism within party had sole relation to the killing of Garfield. But how much better the nation met the second situation than the first! The unexpected occurred. Though not always the case, the unexpected, in this instance, was morally beautiful and benign. In the person of Chester Alan Arthur, the most partisan of politicians, became the least partisan of Presidents. His administration brought dignity to rule, impartiality to policy, patriotism to purpose, cleanliness to official conduct, content to the people, peace to the land, surprise to the world and honor to history. The recovery of his party from the shock of its own factionism was slower than that of the people and of the government from the second assassination of an American President. But that was the blame of the party and of its bosses, not the blame of the statesman whom power touched only to refine and in whom responsibility revealed a spirit and a capacity commensurate with the best ideals and standards of his great office. Here was scored a magnificent advance in sanity, serenity and moral power made by the nation in the second ordeal of tragedy to which it had been called.

Twenty years have passed since then. Johnson has gone into the silences with Lincoln, and Arthur with Garfield. Probably the last of the Presidents, com-

mendable and available to his countrymen by the baptism of the war for Liberty and the Union, has a second time been chosen to the Chief Magistracy of the Republic. He, too, has been shot down, but the powder owed none of its heat to the flame of civil war, or to the fire of party factionism. Nothing in his policy divided or angered the people. Nothing in his success incensed his rivals or lost him the respect and regard of his opponents. Nothing in his character offended, bewildered or shocked his countrymen. The personal love of Democracy and of Populism for him was not exceeded by that of his own party.

Distressing as his condition is, vile and cruel as the attack on him is, compensation is not wanting in the fact that Americans can truthfully say there was nothing American in the causes and there is nothing American in the agent of them. Both are exotics, as infamous as foreign, and as incapable of American germination as they are longer of American tolerance. Slavery was the cause of the Civil War, and cost Lincoln his life. Slavery is no more. The spoils system slew Garfield, and it has been so curtailed by his successors that the dominance of law and of merit is now the rule, with caprice as the exception, in office filling. Neither of the root causes of the two former attacks on the lives of our Presidents has relation to the root cause of this attack.

The root cause here is Anarchy. That can be dealt with. No Anglo-Saxon country was ever ruined by reptiles, though such countries have more than once been too lenient with them. There is little danger of extended or excessive leniency toward them here now. Anarchy seemed academic, though horrible, so long as monarchs far away were its victims. But howling, hot and hissing in America, it has discharged its shaft at our noble President. And the nation, when hoping for the salvation of his life, unmistakably decreed its death. This people will soon reach its causes.

Meanwhile, they are dealing with that which has warmed it and fed it and fostered it—the demagogy of journalism, oratory and politics. With them an aroused, an angered, a steady and a determined people can be trusted remorselessly to deal. They do not mean to regard these infernal reproaches with indifference. They mean to make the practice of them infamous and to put the practitioners of them in pillory. The past may be forgiven. But for the present, and in the present, the practitioners of these infamies must give bonds for the future, or their occupation will be gone, and they will be sent after it. The sowers of violence will do well to be glad that others have reaped what they sowed. They will do well to suspend their sowing of it, lest their own be returned unto them with usury. That which shames civilization and brings a blush to the cheek of every decent man and woman, that which makes too much in our collective life indefensible and intolerable, cannot here longer find in journalism its parade ground or its profit, or in oratory its medium, or in politics its theater. The reaction from the Buffalo crime will be felt throughout the land as truly as the shots fired at Buffalo were heard around the world. That reaction will signalize as great an advance in the conduct of the people, in the third tragic ordeal to which they have been called, as their conduct in the second was an advance upon theirs in the first.

The American nation improves. The heart of the people refines and enlarges. The mind of the people grows better and stronger. A supreme answer is rendered to every supreme demand upon that heart and mind. And, while each answer is superlative in its time and of its kind, the kind is richer and truer and nobler, every successive time. In this is the compensation of calamity, and in this is the certainty that it will be endured, survived and turned to good account. The ministry of suffering to which Lincoln was called and Garfield summoned now adds McKinley to its roll. What love and science and care report, to-day of him to prayer and to hope, to patriotism and to grief, our columns of news will tell. What the response of the nation will be, whether to news that blasts or to news that blesses, is known already. It will be a response not merely worthy of our past but worthy as well of the spirituality, of the humanity, and of the civilization of our present—a response commensurate with the decency, the dignity, the fortitude and the faith of a great people—a people greater than any or than all of their greatest men.

(Eagle, Monday, September 9, 1901.)

President's Case To-day.

The temperature of the President shows a slightly nearer approach to normal, which is 98½. The pulsation—which at normal would be about 76—continues too high for satisfaction, but daily shows a slight decrease, being 120 at morning advices.

The temperature, so long as it does not rise above 100 or fall below 98, is not a serious consideration. It is very probably dependent upon the pulsation, which is the significant factor and which continues to be alarming. The downward tendency of the pulsation, though slight, is noticeable. If it keeps on going down, encouragement and hope will be justified. Should the temperature approximate normal and the pulsation register 90, or below, by Wednesday, hope of recovery will be justified, barring unforeseen and unlikely complications.

Much depends upon to what the high pulsation may be found to be due. Of course, it is due to inflammation. But that may be a temporary inflammation, caused by the scratching wound which grazed the breastbone without harm, in which case it is not important. It may be due to an irritation where the bullet, which has not yet been discovered, is abiding. In that case, there is little reason for alarm. The temperature will near normal and the pulsation will fall to 90, or below that, in case the inflammation is due to either or to both of the minor causes mentioned.

Should the high pulsation be due to incipient, diffused inflammation of the abdominal depository, that is, should it be due to the beginnings of general peritonitis, neither temperature nor pulsation may be expected to decrease, but rather to increase, and the situation of the President in such an event will indeed be serious. Recovery from general peritonitis could not be expected.

Not until Wednesday can a positively hopeful or a justifiably serious prediction be advisedly made. No apprehension of collapse or of sudden death need be felt. Neither could occur, except by an embolism of which there are no signs and which in such cases as this does not occur once in half a thousand times. Surprises need not be looked for. If the President is to recover, conditions, after Wednesday, will plainly point that way. If conditions, however, then point the other way, dissolution will be gradual and life may be maintained for several days or even weeks.

The question of nourishment is immaterial. The President could do without any with safety for four or five days from his injury. Enough is being artificially administered to maintain in him an adequate degree of strength. The bulletins would be more intelligent, if they reported no distention of the abdomen and the fact of natural movements of the bowels. Their omission to report them may not be significant, and the absence of distention, with the fact of natural movements, may be covered under the general statement of "no unfavorable symptoms."

The President is in great danger still. The chances are less than even for him. Nevertheless, the percentage of chances for him shows slight increase and gives ground for hope that the moiety of them will soon be in his favor. But that balance should be shown not later than Wednesday, or grave apprehensions will be warranted. Ordinarily, temperature approaches normal and pulsation correspondingly decreases, within forty-eight hours after gunshot wounds of this kind, in cases of progressive recovery. In this case recovery has not been progressive. There have been no setbacks, but there has been a suspension of evidences either for or against recovery, with the natural result of hopefulness, born of desire, both in the minds of physicians and of the people at large.

Mr. McKinley's weight is very slightly against him. His age is not against him in any sense whatever. So far as known there is no organic trouble, unless it be a functional heart weakness, which without the injury, would not be of significance, and which, with the injury, may not prove to be of significance, under the

treatment so fortunately and so quickly applied.

The bulletins should be both trusted and discounted. They are perfectly honest and they are intelligent, but the tendency of friends and even that of physicians is to build more on them than they may ultimately warrant. They are a truthful index of outside conditions. They cannot be an infallible indication of inside conditions. They are both honest and more intelligent than were the bulletins in the case of Garfield, which constantly spoke of recovery as probable or possible, when it was impossible, at any stage, from the very first. But surgery is now more advanced and efficient, and medical practitioners are now more candid, so to speak, than the case was in 1881.

The hopeful signs are the slight decrease of temperature and pulsation, the assurance of a naturally bodily action, and the growing hopefulness of medical attendants. The discouraging signs are to be found in the persistence of pulsation at higher figures at the close of the third day after the injury than the majority of like cases have shown in which recovery has occurred. The nation must wait as patiently as possible, until after Wednesday,* for particulars which can justify either confidence or apprehension.

*"After Wednesday"—on Thursday—began the appearance of gangrenous conditions. Saturday, 2:15 A. M., he died.—Ed. Eagle.

(Eagle, Monday, September 9, 1901.)

Enforcement of Existing Laws Enough

It has been suggested that assault upon the President be punished more severely than assault upon an unofficial citizen. There has been talk of making such assault treason, or of the passage of a federal statute applying specifically to crimes of violence against the head or other officers of the government. Such a law as this would necessarily have to be broad enough to include assault upon the Vice President, the Secretary of State and the rest of the six officials in the line of Presidential succession. And it cannot even be introduced, let alone passed, until the acuteness of the popular indignation has been spent and something like a normal state of sentiment has been reached. Remedies suggested now must be those which the people will be likely to favor when the nation grows calmer.

We must recall that no such law could be passed without the consent of the President himself. The moment he should appear willing to be hedged about by a peculiar sanctity, he would be criticised by many men in his own party and by the whole opposition. The notion, homely and somewhat demagogic, is pretty firmly rooted that "the President is but the servant of the people," and that he is no better and no worse than those whom he serves. He is "chosen from the ranks," and, when his term expires, he retires to the ranks again. Then, beside the personal support of the President himself, such a law would require the support of the party to which he belonged. And any party that advocated making a crime against the President more grave than a crime against any other man would expose itself to the charge of "monarchical tendencies" by nearly every crank or fool in the country. No party would be willing deliberately to enter alone on a course which involved the slightest deviation from the old established custom of democracy. The recoil from the Alien and Seditions laws is not yet forgotten. It ought to be evident that no law for the protection of the President, as President, could be passed, unless it were unanimously demanded by all parties, and the patriotism or intelligence to do that is improbable.

We are also likely to realize before December that, while Czolgosz thought he directed his blow "at government" his bullet fell far short of that. No President of the United States can say: "The government: it is I." Here as well as in every other nation with a constitution government is administered by individuals, but it has enough of them in line to make its continuance not at all dependent upon their continuance. The President is simply the chief, chosen to carry out the will of the majority. If William McKinley should die, government would go right on here. His office would be filled by Vice President Roosevelt. And the Vice President would be succeeded, in turn, by Secretary of State John Hay, and he by Secretary of the Treasury Lyman J. Gage, and he by Secretary of War Elihu Root, and he by Attorney General Philander Knox, and he by Postmaster General Charles Emory Smith, and he by Secretary of the Navy John D. Long, and he by Secretary of the Interior Ethan A. Hitchcock. There are eight men ready to follow one another into the President's office, as fast as a vacancy occurs in the term for which William McKinley was elected. Regardless of what may happen to the incumbent of the office, the Presidency goes right on.

A sound and a sane public opinion is a surer preventive of such crimes than any statutes. And such opinion will make Anarchy so disreputable that even its "academic" adherents will be ashamed to declare their views. We do not need new law so much as we need sanity in the consideration of social problems. The immigration laws and the naturalization laws are not seriously defective. Any judge has the power to admit to citizenship such men as seem to him capable of making good citizens. He has a wide discretion also in denying citizenship to whom he pleases. One judge may admit the man whom another judge has shut out. But the tendency is toward a stricter interpretation of the statutes. People in Brooklyn who have read the reports of the hearing before Judge Aspinall, in the County Court, and Judge Thomas, in the Federal Court, know this. These judges have declined to admit to citizenship men who were clearly incapable or grossly ignorant. There is a wide discretion, too, in the enforcement of the immigration laws, and undesirable people can be kept out, including those with a criminal record as well as those who for any reason are liable to become a public charge or public enemies. Public sentiment behind the present laws can keep much anarchy out of the United States without any further tinkering with them.

Indeed, for the matter of that, Congress could prohibit all immigration to the United States, indefinitely or for a fixed period, if it thought well to do so. Of course, such an extreme power would never be exercised. It would provoke too much retaliation. It would be incompatible with the right of free ingress and egress, for temporary purposes, secured by treaties with foreign countries to our people in them or to their people with us. But the Chinese are not by any means the only persons whom Congress could forbid to settle here. It could forbid all "dangerous classes," white, black, yellow or pea green, and it could make itself the judge of what classes are "dangerous," and of what makes them "dangerous," their opinions, for instance, and their opinions touching anarchy included.

Moreover, Congress has the power to deport from the United States, as public enemies, all classes not yet admitted to citizenship here, whom it chooses to regard as "public enemies." The enunciation of such a power is improbable, because it would be roundly abused by zealots or proscriptionists and, whether it was or not, it would be open to the charges of abuse, by everybody seeking votes and by everybody looking for votes and a market. Still, we broadly state the power of Congress to show that in our republican system resides as absolute facilities for protection as could be imagined of any government, though, happily, in our public opinion, resides the tempering influences which have never invoked, and would barely sustain, recourse to those powers.

What we may call the medical tendency in politics, in times of emergency, is one to be resisted. It is a tendency to prescribe new law for unusual conditions, instead of awakening the powers of existing law; it is a tendency to believe that, by commanding things or by prohibiting things, results can be reached or averted, when the real remedy will be found in powers already in hand and when consideration must be given, not to what people favor, when they are hot, but to what they will "stand" when they are cool.

The Eagle expects more circumspect traveling and more careful guarding of Presidents, to follow from what has lately occurred. It expects a saner and cleaner journalism with the responsibility of papers, and not the mere sale of them, held in the mind as the important thing. It expects an oratory in press and pulpit that will take the dignity of

speech, the importance of the state and the commendability of what is said to truth, instead of to mere sensation, into account. It expects a long and desirable sobriety of thought and action, and a recurrence to sound standards, instead of to cheap, shallow and nasty ones. It expects the intelligent and not the wabbling, the uniform and not the varied enforcement of existing laws of naturalization and of immigration to be secured, and it expects a general appreciation of the superiority of liberty to license, and of the grave difference between them, as well as a destructive contempt for the appeals to classes, on the one hand, or to masses, on the other, with which the constitutional right of free printing has been disgraced, and the divine gift of speech been made foul by ignorance, or infamous by criminal intent.

(Eagle, Tuesday, September 10, 1901.)

Plain Words Are Best.

The rich are getting richer, the poor are getting less and less poor. The folk in middling circumstances are getting into better circumstances. Every one's lot is improving.

These are facts.

Elections have proved that there is defeat in asserting the contrary.

Being proved to be facts, they should be accepted as facts.

Assertion to the contrary having lost elections, such assertions should have ceased.

But such assertions were persistently kept up long after election by Bryan and Company and the crack-brained or the criminal kept on accepting them.

Lately one of the crack-brained acted on them and shot the President, whom Bryan and Company had persisted in portraying as a monster, instead of one of the kindest and most just of men; as a monster responsible for evils that do not exist!

The shooting of the President has jarred the preachers of the gospel of Bryanism, with its errors, lies and dodges. Being jarred, they are very sorry or very scared. They regret, they say, the result of their own rot, as truly and as profoundly as if they had never issued it.

They regret the result—of course. At least, they say they do. They have not said they regret or retract or recant or renounce or repudiate the stuff which was the cause in part of that result.

Till they do, folks will keep on thinking. When they do, folks will make a note on it.

Leaving them to their own memories and in the embarrassments of their own making, the duty of all the people is plain. It is to require that the rot which in part at least wrought this result shall cease in journalism, in "oratory" and in the pulpit—for even the pulpit to a degree is responsible for it. The future **must** be made better than the past. Then the past may be forgotten and forgiven, but not otherwise. There is no necessity for denunciation. The people are taking care of the case. There is just need for improvement. Cease to do evil. Learn to do well.

Nor need there be very much trouble about anarchy. What anarchy has fed on is mainly responsible for anarchy. Anarchy would have starved to death long ago, but for what it fed on.

It fed on blackguard journalism, blackguard cartoons, blackguard speeches and demagogic platforms and nominations. It fed on appeals to class hates, to sectional savagery and to the poor against the rich, to the idle against the diligent, to the incapable against the capable. That and worse was what it fed on. Take away the fodder of froth, filth and phrensy and anarchy would soon starve to death.

A hue and cry against anarchy will do no harm. A man hunt against it will do no harm. An international policy against it will do no harm. But there is something else will do more good. Doom anarchy to moral and mental starvation. Deprive it of its food in journalism and politics. Show it that there is no journalism and there is no politics that will fool, feed, foster or warm it any more. That done, the loud hue and cry and the merry man hunt can go on, too, but the monster will die, if those who have been feeding him cut off his supplies or their supplies to him. They could not have meant the consequences they brought about. But the consequences are plain and the necessity of shutting them off by ceasing from the plying of the causes, is plain.

When William McKinley is restored to enough of his former strength to serve his countrymen, he should be consoled by the consciousness that the bullet he may carry in his body to his grave represents not merely the final, but, please God, the futile effort of rabid and reactionary and defamatory and demagogic barbarism in the journalism and politics of America.

(Eagle, Friday, September 13, 1901.)

The President.

With crushing force came the announcement early this morning that the President was possibly if not probably a dying man. Though these terms were unused, it could hardly be otherwise interpreted. It came in savage contrast, so reassuring had been the news from Buffalo. It came as part of the policy of good faith established at the beginning and conscientiously adhered to. It has prepared the country for the worst in response to the universal demand for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And, the never failing optimism of the surgeons to the contrary notwithstanding, the country has not failed to realize that skill was fighting for a life far from out of danger. It remembered Garfield. It remembered that almost until the final moment the surgeons foresaw nothing but the beneficent that they kept their faces turned away from death—that they could not or would not see the hand of fate.

All causes, all theories, are overshadowed by the momentous effect that seems to be impending. The irony of it is that thoughts were centered on the case as a triumph for physicians. The irony of it is that the specialists, with fingers on the pulse of the patient, were sending their case into history as practically closed. Nor did there seem to be much warrant for uncertainty. One of the sources of their confidence was the splendid courage of the wounded man. None of his thoughts appeared to be subjective. None of his anxieties appeared to have a significance personal to himself. His concern for others was greater than his solicitude for his own welfare. His regrets were that gloom should have followed festivity so closely. And far above all other considerations were those appealing to him as a husband. Not often is it given to physicians to have such a patient on their hands.

There were other factors. So far as could be ascertained but one vital organ was involved, and it was fortunately accessible. The escape of others looked almost like an interposition of Providence. To further fortify the apprehensive, great operators were within immediate call. It was as though they had been assembled for just such a purpose. It was as though they had been summoned to give to the world promise of a limit to the sacrifice. But in the nation's heart of hearts was the fear that it was not to be. It was there to stay. It was embedded deep as the undiscovered bullet. Bulletins could not get at it. They came and went and left it there. It found vent in whispers everywhere. It find warrant in the developments now contributing to the history of the United States, now adding a chapter menaced by the dread drapery of death. For at the time of writing there is little left but hope, and of that hope but little.

Never in the history of the world had murder, strange, foul and unnatural, so much to shrink from. Never in the history of the world was point blank more shocking, short range more repellant. And not often in the history of the world has a man had more to live for. He has reaped a rich harvest of fulfillment, but much remained for him to do. The helm could have had no steadier hand. The life in jeopardy is of priceless value. It has been an answer to every accusation. It has made yellow the color of shame, a thing to nauseate. It has turned malignance back upon itself to fester if anywhere in the hands of its creator. No bullet was needed to lift it into gracious relief, but the missile has made clearer what even malevolence itself was conscious of before it found expression at the mouth of a revolver. The shot has sharpened outlines. It has sent the President so far beyond the reach of calumny that the barb is divested of its

poison, except so much of it as taints the hand that holds it. And the hand has lost its power to strike—to better purpose dogs may bay the moon.

The shadow is not yet impenetrable. Such, however, are the conditions by which a newspaper is restricted, that what is stated here as some slight stimulant to courage, may be reversed where the latest news is printed. The things that are will be faced as they are. There are limits to the softening power of language and there are times when nothing but absolute veracity of thought and statement can have precedence. It has been deemed advisable at Buffalo to hold nothing back. The best that can be said there is that the President has a chance for life. That speaks for itself. It means that the President is in the valley of the shadow. It means that at any moment the nation may be in deeper mourning. The transition from hope to dismay has been almost as swift as the grim messenger that so profoundly stirred the country a week ago. The chance is but one of many. To a higher power as the custodian of its dearest hope the country turns its face.

(Eagle, Saturday, September 14, 1901.)

McKinley in History.

The President of the United States, William McKinley, died in Buffalo, N. Y., at 2:15 o'clock this morning, from wounds inflicted by an assassin on the afternoon of September 6, while the Chief Magistrate was the guest of thousands of citizens who were gathered to do to him honor. A week of suffering was marked by hopeful signs of recovery, only to be closed with the proofs that they were without foundation. The time was also marked by evidences of the sympathy of all the other nations with this Republic, by the attestation of esteem and affection for the President and his wife from every portion of the country and of the world and by a coming together in thought, in grief and in courage of the hearts of all good people everywhere. The week set a long duration to a tragic ordeal from which the sufferer has passed out of pain into peace and from which a solemnized and purified humanity has received a new baptism of faith in popular institutions and of fortitude under supreme strain and sorrow.

The experience is the third of the kind through which the American people have passed. The first two were accountable by the penultimate frenzies of expiring war, in the one instance, and by the shock of a factional feud on a canting and cross-cut mind, in the other instance. The causes in both cases were peculiar in their application to home conditions. The extreme to which they went make the recurrence of those identical conditions well nigh impossible.

The third instance is chargeable to causes in which the whole world realizes a common peril, feels a common shock and shares a common responsibility. The prevalence and tolerance of false teaching concerning liberty, property and government is the cause, in this latest instance, of the deed at which all stand aghast. In each of the three cases a brain equally weak, equally wicked and equally vain was the pervert-instrument of evil forces and of evil men who sought to turn those forces to the profit of their own hates or pockets. Sectional savagery culminated and ended in Lincoln's murder. Factional fury culminated and was exhausted in Garfield's murder. The wickedness of stimulating class hatreds, to win unfit votes for unfit men and to sell unfit papers in largest possible numbers, comes to its ultimate, let us hope, in McKinley's murder. There may be other political assassinations in America, but sectionalism, party rancor and anarchy should be able to score no more to their credit. Recoil from the effect should carry in it cure of the cause.

There never was a gentler or finer man than the illustrious victim of influences that should henceforth be as forbidden as abhorrent here. Mr. McKinley was almost unique in his preparation for the presidency. He was one of Lincoln's soldier boys. A youth of 18, on enlistment, a man of 22 on muster-out, he began his career of arms as a private and left the forces of Union and freedom as a major. Those creative years established a character that all the world came to respect. He rose from minor political service in his country to a membership of Congress for fourteen years, and to a governorship of his state for four years. He was the leader of the House when he ceased from Congress. He was the exponent of Protection when it seemed the issue. He was named by his party for President, as its free choice, after he had twice refused to be its candidate, when the satisfaction of his ambition would have involved the suspicion of perfidy to pledges to other men. Service in the Congressional opposition and service with the Congressional majority fell to him for about an equal number of years. His service in the governorship coincided with the growth in national politics of the principle which he especialy impersonated. The principle was Protection—an emergent, temporary, exigent, incidental matter, meant alike wisely to slow yet surely eventually to accomplish the movement of the world toward freedom of trade.

Now mark the reversals of purposes and programmes. In the Presidency of this protectionist, protection played a subordinate part. In his campaign of 1896 the Gold Standard was the commanding cry. In that of 1900, the retention in peace and for liberty of the territories won by war was the controlling consideration. And the last public words of his were those in which he spoke of the loosening of tariffs and of far freer trade through reciprocity. His campaigns threw on him and on his party issues not made in the purposes or platforms which politicians foresaw or preferred. He owed his election, the first time, to a wholly different question from the one to which he owed his nomination then. He owed his election, the second time, to causes which his first Administration was never expected or created to shape or make or denote. This is not more wonderful than was his readiness for the surprises sprung on the government and the world. That to which he had served an apprenticeship was superseded by that to which he had served none. The intruding issues made his Presidency illustrious, when the expected one had in it only the power to make that Presidency commonplace. But the legislative and gubernatorial education of the man, which apparently only qualified him for a known role, made him pre-eminently adequate to utterly unapprehended responsibilities. He will rank as a great President. His greatness was in the things in which he was not expected or supposed to be great. Hardly before Lincoln came more novel, more sudden, more strange and more startling complications. Like Lincoln, he was equal to them. Unlike Lincoln, he served long enough to see them put beyond reversibility. Lincoln died on the threshold of unfulfilled intentions. McKinley stepped into the skies from the summit points of accomplished finalities.

Yet in another view the good genius of America was only carrying on the progressive mission of America, with a new, a needed and an admirable agent. The party rancor which the personality of Washington stilled, and the elements of which he fused into unity for the solidarity and permanence of the infant republic, fell to the lowest temperature of passion and rose to the highest expression of a common patriotism under William McKinley attained by it in modern times. The issue-less and stupid "era of good feeling" under Monroe is no more to be compared with the contemporary patriotism of peace than is sleep to be compared with life. The desire of Lincoln for a union of hearts and of hands among brothers whom civil war had set in conflict, was accomplished by William McKinley in his masterly management of the war to make the bounds of freedom larger yet than Lincoln foresaw or dreamed. The North and the South in Cuba and in Porto Rico, at Santiago and in the Philippines united under a single flag, in the making of a better America, the valor and genius they had shown against oneanother on fields of fratricide. The initiative of Jefferson, the premier expansionist, in more than doubling the area of the nation which Washington by arms carried beyond the Ohio and by treaty to the lakes, was resumed by McKinley, his later understudy, till the isles of the sea were set in the diadem that adorns the forehead of the world's most beautiful and benign republic. And the fight of Jackson for honesty in dollars was won under McKinley against the cohorts of repudiation that stole the livery

of the party of Jackson, the better to deceive the unwary and to help on the cause of bad morals in money and of bad faith in policy in the world. The man, dead to-day, who came to apparent surprises, only found that they were new husks of old heresies which he was fighting, and in fighting them he had the courage, the company, the honor, the inspiration and the example of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln to help him to a success as signal as their own. Through the darkness he walked, and he now treads the plains of light with them.

How greatly his nature as well as his experience assisted him all can see in the retrospect of his life. He had strong passions. He learned to master them. The ability was acquired in the school of sorrow and in service of love rendered to suffering. He was so devoted to his wife that her constant invalidism bred in him a self-control that nothing in politics or government could disestablish. In the sick room were learned and strengthened the self-poise, the patience, the silence, the fortitude, the serenity and the spiritual refinement that made him, as Mr. Hoar said, the best-beloved of our Presidents. He charmed support. He disarmed opposition. Nor were his abilities inferior to the qualities which adorned them. His was always the wisest, least imprudent and most convincing voice of his party. His was the clearest and most conciliatory counsel. He was not the most original or aggressive, but he was the most effective of Republican Presidents, since Lincoln. He did things and he secured the doing of things. His reasons were outwrought into results. The chieftains of his party grounded their arms at his feet in life as sincerely and whole heartedly as they mingled their tears round those feet in his death. But his singular success in influencing legislation, in guiding administration and in persuading the people bred in him neither vanity nor self-confidence nor arrogance. He was modest, grateful, self-effacing and almost diffident in his bearing. He rejoiced in truthful estimate of his motive. He disrelished fulsome tributes to his talents or skill. He loved the simplicities and the realities, home, music, song, friendship, fresh air, flowers, the sunlight, trees, sky, birds and little children. Station in nothing warped or perverted the purity of the boy and the sincerity of the ingenuous youth in the man of cares and in the ruler of peoples. To the lowly he was as courteous as to the great and to both absolutely sincere. The forgiveness he breathed for his murderer, the love he expressed for his wife, the prayer he uttered for his country and the faith he expressed in God, in his dying hours, indicated to their extremes the exquisite union and balance of the great and the tender and the true in his fine and fragrant character.

There must be no weakness in the recall of his virtues and of his deeds. As he drew from duty, country and opportunity inspiration and capacity, so must America draw capacity and inspiration from his career. The word of God to the sons of men is Forward! Thankfulness that we have had him must stimulate resolve to keep our lives and our government on the lines he laid down. That will unite tribute and obligation. That will be his countrymen's answer to his prayer to the Power That guards our country and That has taken our servant into the silences. The man who succeeds him in law and by the ordination of suffrage is, like McKinley, a soldier, a statesman, a patriot, an exemplar of religion and a gentleman, experienced in varied fields of affairs. To minor things he has shown constitutional or temperamental irritation or impulsiveness. Confronting great things he has never failed in great qualities. The record and the benediction of the man gone will abide with and influence the man who takes up his work. His will be an inherited work, an inherited policy, a devolved duty. He is entitled to the confidence and co-operation of his countrymen. He has risked his life for their causes. He accedes to the tasks bequeathed to him by one who sacrificed his life in their service. The hooded Providence which has ever protected and guided our people and which has never failed in its requisition of men for emergencies or of fit forces for fit functions has the nation in charge still. Theodore Roosevelt will be as obedient unto the heavenly vision of duty as William McKinley was, for each was born and each by events was made American to the core, and the American people not only carry in themselves the power to do the things the world needs to have done, but they also carry in them the power to make their Presidents equal to the doing of those things, in their name, as they are presented for estimate and for action in the ordinary or in the extraordinary occasions of our national life.

(Eagle, Saturday, September 14, 1901.)

The President's Surgeons.

A chorus of fault finding with Mr. McKinley's surgeons will doubtless be heard to-day—loudest in rural districts and the provinces. Editors of village weeklies, who do not know quinine from a tourniquet, and who would have sent the local granny to Buffalo to cure the wounded man with mullein lotion and catnip tea, will explain just what course ought to have been adopted, and how the President would have gone back to Washington in health if only his attendants had done thus and so. Cocksureness is often in the inverse ratio to experience and understanding. In medical matters the assertiveness of the amateur is almost impressive. If they could have their way some non-practitioners would introduce here the alleged system of China, whereby the physician is paid only when he succeeds, and loses his head if his patient dies. We may be sure that the medical attendants of Mr. McKinley did all they could for him. Nothing was attempted that his condition did not appear to call for, and there was no experimentation. Every means for rest, security and comfort was at his disposal—the whole of the Milburn house, with all its furniture and appointments; physicians, nurses, attendants, the diversion of traffic from the street, the posting of a military guard to prevent the encroachment of a throng. The operations called for were prompt and not unduly protracted. Great caution was used in administering nourishment, and if it is found that the taking of a little solid food—a piece of toast only—into the lacerated stomach, caused acute or dangerous indigestion, the question comes up as to whether the weakness due to lack of adequate food would not have been equally or more quickly fatal.

The declaration that physicians, instead of surgeons, should have been employed, is odd, inasmuch as surgeons are physicians. They make a specialty of surgery, yet their training is needfully that of the physician, and it will not be claimed, for an instant, that a medical specialist should have been employed to operate for shot wounds. The medical specialist was there, but his effort to save the patient was futile. For it is to be borne in mind that Mr. McKinley, in spite of his robust constitution and temperate life, had passed the meridian, and had arrived at years where vitality does not endure large drains upon it, where the repair of injuries is slow, where all bodily functions have moderated the activity of youth, and it is possible that his heart may have been affected by his smoking habit. The real mischief of the bullet will not be known till the post mortem has been made, and it may be found that the hurt was of such a nature as to forbid the possibility of recovery under the best of nursing, surgery and medication.

No, there is nothing to arouse a national compunction as to the surgical treatment of the President. His attendants did what they believed for the best, and what undoubtedly was for the best. They did it, moreover, with a loving kindness that was medicine in itself, and they took the whole American people into their confidence, as was that people's right. For what they did to save a life of value to the nation they deserve sincerest praise, not blame.

(Eagle, Saturday, September 14, 1901.)

The Stricken Wife.

The sorrowing woman in Buffalo has the sympathy of the nation to-day. The beautiful relations which existed between the dead husband and the bereaved wife have been known of all men. And as the result of this, among other things, William McKinley was regarded with a popular affection which it has been the lot of few men to inspire. And so there is intense sympathy with the stricken wife.

And there is hope that the death of the husband will not kill her also. Even though it was only about three months ago that Mrs. McKinley was near death and had faced the thought that she must part from her husband the shock is still a terrible one. And in the grief over the national bereavement there is still tender thought of the living woman. May the hopeful prayer that she be strong and brave not be offered in vain.

(Eagle, Monday, September 16, 1901.)

These Are Words of Life.

The church rose to the occasion yesterday. Confronted by a great tragedy in which the very spirit of evil had reared its head the pulpit proclaimed its message of life. It is not necessary to particularize and to say that in this church or that the obligations of religion were fittingly set forth. They all, practically without exception, seemed to understand that a crisis like this was the proper time to declare the gospel and its power of transforming the hearts of men as the hope of the world not only for rooting out anarchy, but all other kinds of evil.

We know the message of the church, but it is forgotten too often. Even the church at times seems to be ignorant of the great truth intrusted to it, and it advocates human medicament for social ills. It says that we must pass this law or that to compel men to turn men from their wickedness and live. But that is because of the weakness of human nature. We want to see the reign of righteousness dawn at once, and cannot wait for the slow processes of spiritual growth. But the church has quickly seen the futility of any statute dealing with the assailant of law and order. Politicians are talking about revising the immigration laws and about putting greater safeguards around the person of the President. But in their hearts they know that their prescriptions would cure nothing. They know that so long as there is the spirit of assassination here law cannot prevent it from executing its purpose. But in our impatience with anarchy we grasp at the first remedy which suggests itself, and are called back to our senses by the voice of the church, which declares that there is only one way under heaven and among men by which society can be saved.

The preachers used many of their set phrases and formulas, but there was a new meaning in them yesterday. They became vital. When one man said we should have more faith in God, and another that anarchy was atheism their words meant much to their hearers. "Atheism" carries with it a denial of all moral obligation and a contempt for moral law. God is law and denial of Him is denial of law. The church preaches not only an overruling but a ruling Providence, and it holds men to individual responsibility for their acts and denies to them the right to judge the acts of others. Czolgosz may charitably be supposed to have thought the world was out of joint. But the trouble was with him. He believed in the gospel of the devil and he has done its perfect work. Had he believed in the gospel of righteousness he would have been willing to lay down his own life to save that of another, instead of deliberately taking life in the stupid effort to destroy government. Never was the supreme folly of evil better illustrated than in this case and seldom has the beauty of righteousness been better shown than in the way in which the President died. And the nation may take hope for the future when it sees that the church has noted these things and proclaimed its message concerning them.

(Eagle, Tuesday, September 17, 1901.)

The Procession Moves On.

The body of ex-President McKinley was tenderly borne from Buffalo to Washington on Monday. Monday night, his mortal remains were placed in the Executive Mansion. This morning, they were carried with every evidence of sorrow, reverence and love, to the Capitol. Within the rotunda, to-day, amid a distinguished throng, the services of religion were conducted around the bier, and to-night, the body of the man beloved will be taken to his Ohio home, where afterward, they will be laid at rest, awaiting the resurrection of the just.

The evidence is cumulative from all parts of the land and from all parts of the world that the death of no man has so profoundly affected and prostrated the human race since that of Lincoln or of Washington. The personal element in the grief is its most pronounced quality. So good was the man, that hundreds of millions who never saw his face nor heard his voice, mourn him as a friend, much more than they deplore the death of him as a President or the demise of him as a statesman.

To those who never spoke or thought evil of him, their omission of malevolence and their superiority to wrongful measurement constitute a great comfort in these awful hours. To those who unintentionally misinterpreted him the disclosure which death has made of his worth and work and the revelation of heroic gentleness, signalized by his conduct in the exchange of worlds, afford opportunity to-day for a rectification of estimates which carries the justice of the mind and the reparation of the heart well nigh to the sublime. Those who maligned him can be forgotten or forgiven. He forgave them, and he remembered them only in the prayers on which his serene soul ascended into the waiting and welcoming heavens.

To-day the nation weeps. To-day the world uncovers its head as the stately procession of the humble and the great, of the lowly and of the exalted, all lovers of him and all loved by him, moves on, and on. The spectacle is impressive, most impressive because sincere. The sorrow is profound and acute—profound, because it reaches to the very bottom of the sensibilities of mankind; acute, because the tragedy touches the heartstrings of the race.

The United States can claim only priority of grief, paramountcy of bereavement, and personal asset in the greatness and goodness gone. Every nation in the world moves to the side of the stricken republic, with conscious right to a share in the honors paid, confessing a sense of common loss and baring its heart to an universal grief. The cause for which this man died is the cause of government among men. The wickedness which struck its shaft through him had for its objective the order it would disestablish, the rights it would destroy, and the regulated freedom it would displace with moral and political chaos. The crime committed was homicide. The crime designed was liberticide. All the sane realize that order remains, that rights are secure, that government of the people, for the people and by the people is unimpaired, and that the blood of the martyr will be the seed of governed freedom and honored righteousness for generations to come.

To-day thought also goes from the dead to the living. It goes from the pale and sacred clay of William McKinley to her toward whom went out his last thoughts, and for whom went up his last prayers. All will hope that unto her may be vouchsafed the supports of her religion, the consolations of her Gospel, the fortitudes of her faith, and the uplift of his love for her and of her love for him, through the days of deprivation, through the months of memory, through the years of waiting, till God's love sets her by his side again.

The mystery and the mission of this dispensation will be made plain. The nation is to-day dominated by its grief. But it has overcome its fears. It is proceeding in orderly way to the grave of him who was sacrificed in its service. In due and decent time it will resume the duties which by common consent have been deferred. It will resume them with a chastened spirit, but with an unfaltering and clarified purpose. It will resume them with a sense of dedication to the right, under the baptism of a supreme sorrow, with loyalty to constituted authority and to enacted law, and with the consciousness and confidence that the Ruler of nations and of men will order the destiny and denote the duty of the government founded by those who revered Him, saved by those who worshiped Him and by them bequeathed to a people that can humbly and sincerely say—as the man called home did humbly and sincerely say—"Thy will, not ours, be done!"

(Eagle, Thursday, September 19, 1901.)

Meaning of His Life.

To-day has been committed back to nature all that is mortal of William McKinley. His body will rest until the Resurrection in the soil of his native state and in the community which he called his home during all the years of his civic life. A funeral orderly in all its arrangements, impressive in all its stages, as expeditious as comported with the dignities and the decencies of procedure, began in Buffalo on Sunday, and came to an end in Canton this afternoon. Nothing was done to evoke, to stimulate or to capitalize public feeling. Nothing spectacular, dramatic, artificial or ulterior has marked the progress to sepulture. The ceremonies have been as simple as those of the Wesleyan faith in which the departed lived and died. The addresses and the prayers enlisted the service only of the clergy from whom he received the ordinary ministrations of religion. Just enough of pageantry to combine protection with the suggestion of his late headship of our government was allowed. Exemplary in his life, exemplary in his death, this man has been the subject of obsequies that should be exemplary for sincerity and simplicity in their lesson to all who are called to pass under the ordination of sorrow.

How genuine, how cumulative, how increasingly oppressive the sense of loss, every heart attests to itself and attests to every other heart. Friends meet with a handclasp, a wan face looks into a wan face, not a word is exchanged, only a pressure, and they pass on. Or perfect strangers to one another, on cars or streets, or in marts, fall to talking with the tenderness of intimacy, in the hushed utterance which proximity to suffering prescribes. And their talk is about their common sorrow. It is impossible to bring any other subject into the mind. The mind repels any other subject. The nation is a single mourner. The millions are melted into the unity of a grief at once personal and universal. Well that the funeral has been expedited. The strain on feeling has been and is so great that the prolongation of it would be perilous to the balances of strength and even of sanity, in numberless instances.

As said, nothing has been done to evoke this. The event alone has evoked it. But that event will divide eminence in history with the response of the hearts of the peoples of the whole world to it. To-day, from Luzon to Porto Rico, from Mount Desert to San Antonio, from Alaska to Key West, and at all points, within our dominion, between those extremes, there is the mourning suggestive of that of Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they are not. The sadness is so profound, the sorrow is so supreme, the numbers uniting in it are so great, the area over which they are diffused is so vast that the methods taken to denote the feeling are inadequate to do so.

Yet those methods have never had parallel in the annals of emotional expression. The flags of the nations of the world at half staff throughout every land and on every sea are signally symbolic of the oneness of humanity under suffering. The thronged cathedrals, synagogues, mosques, temples, churches and chapels of every faith which has a God to worship to-day resound with the tones of music, of prayer or of eulogy, sorrow, consolation and sympathy, all elicited because a man that was is no more. At a set time to-day, every form of energy which science has taught man to employ in travel or in commerce or in production was simultaneously arrested for a fixed period. The homage of the suspension of action has been unknown before. It will hereafter take its place in the category of tribute and of love. We are seeing to-day and we are doing to-day what was never seen and what was never done in this world before. Though the fact is startling, it does not startle. It but seems to be normal and appropriate. There is not a suggestion of extravagance or excess carried by it. Character never commanded honor equal to this in the past. Had man the power, he would supplement the suspension of his own activity with the suspension of the processes of nature herself, to make the expression absolute.

Nothing can happen in vain. Less than two weeks dead, William McKinley has already in death and by death done for the unity of nations, for the strengthening of the foundations of government, for the revival of the love of order, for the quickening of the securities of society, for the coronation of conscience in public service, more than he was enabled to do for a party, or for a people, or for a republic, in war or in peace, in the whole of his diligent, effective and extraordinary life. And as by death and through death this has been done, so by and through the monumental tributes which his life has received, in his death, will yet other stupendous things be done. Already the exterior hunt for the causes to account for his sacrifice is giving way to the better employment of personal heart-searching in the case of every one of us, that we may find out in what degree we are blamable, by commission or by omission of act, for any of the conditions which made that sacrifice possible. We all know that the outside offenses of reckless writing, reckless picturing, reckless speech and reckless demonstration were reprehensible—and have become abhorrent. We all know that appeals to sectional jealousy, to class hatred and to general distrust were wrong — and are condemned. But do we all know that our very condemnation of them may not have been marked by as bad a spirit against their practitioners as was the spirit of those practitioners against him? Do we all know that, as friends of order, upholders of authority, advocates of honesty, as preachers of our beliefs, we have been free from malice, hatred, uncharitableness and any evil speaking? The beam in our own eye should be more our solicitude than the beam in the eye of our brother. We should judge not, if we would not be judged, for with what judgment we judge we shall be judged, and with what measure we mete it shall be measured unto us again. This is or should be the hour of inside examination, not of outside inquest. He Who, when reviled, reviled not again, was the Ideal of the man who is dead. All the friends of that man have not followed him who in adhesion to that rule tried to follow Christ. Not a few of us have advocated against Anarchy that which, if named, should be called in the name of Anarchy itself.

There must be punishment for guilt. There must be ascertainment of direct and of indirect responsibility for guilt. But there must be no perversion of that pursuit to vindictiveness, to injustice, to barbarism, and to false accusation. There must be oblivion of former differences and there must be amnesty for former errors. To that oblivion every candid man would contribute not a few of the methods, not a few of the words, and not a small portion of the conduct marking his own participation in the battles of affairs. Of that amnesty for errors every such man would be a partaker. Not reprisal, but reform, not wrath, but repentance, not hate, but help, is the need of this testing time. The act of Anarchy should cause no transfer of its diabolical temper from the few to the many. Those who honor McKinley would only dishonor him and themselves by hospitality in their hearts to the spirit of McKinley's murderer. Such as have unwittingly yielded, if but for a moment, to that spirit, under the unsteadying shock of horror and sorrow, should remember that spirituality expelled savagery from the breast of the late President — and should expel it from the breasts of all his countrymen.

We are sure that the man who is dead would have his fellowmen made better, and not worse, by his death, and would have them make themselves so. We are sure that he would counsel brotherhood, not acrimony; that he would preach faith, and not suspicion; that he would have our parties exemplify patriotism, and not pessimism; that he would have our statesmanship inspired by humanity, and not by hardness; that he would have capitalism realize that the rule of gold should be the Golden Rule, and labor realize that one for all and all for one should never be perverted into all against any, or into any against all; that he would have our journalism, which has adhered to ideals, adhere to them more and more faithfully and zealously, and our journalism that has abandoned them, or that never was marked by them, make ideals their standard instead of the barbarism of sensationalism, and the

sordidity of deviltry. There has been too much of cynicism, of uncharitableness, and of the glorification of materialistic power and of frivolous pleasure. There has been too much attribution of unworthy motives and too much imputation against good ones. There has been too much catering to the classes, and too much truckling and coddling meant for the masses. The moral tone of society, of politics and of debate has been too lowering. The development of America to its highest possibilities has not been the purpose in too many instances.

And there must be a return to religion. Not to the religion of sectarianism, but to any faith which man finds will relign or realign or relignature or religion his soul back to God. For Anarchy and Atheism differ in spelling only. Not all atheists are anarchists, but all anarchists are avowedly atheists, their only God, themselves; their only law, their will; their only desire, to act their will on what and whom they hate, and their only hate directed against the principle of God in the world and of God in the heart, the principle which underlies all government and all worship, and of which all government and all worship is the expression, however imperfect the denotement, however bad the outworking of it, however lamentable the disparities incident to it.

Not necessarily the opinions of McKinley need be or remain the creed of his countrymen. Not necessarily the achievements of McKinley need cease to divide his countrymen. He claimed no finality for his views. He demanded no unanimity of thought on his deeds. But he was patient, just, tender, forgiving, unselfish, charitable, considerate, pure, chivalrous and loving. His magnanimity was complete. His longanimity was absolute. He learned in suffering what he wrought and taught in service. His spirit translated into conduct makes a character worthy and certain of immortality. On the highest plane of earthly observation, in the grandest employment given to man, he illustrated that character. It is that character which was his best possession and is our best heritage. It is by making over our characters into likeness to his that we can as a nation and as individuals prove our title to any right in his deathless fame. Of religion, of belief in God, of fear and of love of God that character was the product, and the product prescribes as well as commends its cause to the heart of a world made richer and better by his life—and poorer by his death to-day.

(Eagle, Thursday, September 19, 1901.)

England's Sympathy.

In this dark hour the sympathy of England is consoling, and the manner of it is surprising. Usually the mourning for the death of a foreign ruler or representative is perfunctory, and consists in the passing of a few resolutions of condolence and in the half masting of the flags for a day. In this case it seems as if the English were outdoing ourselves in the show of interest and the expressions of regret. The newspapers are giving more space to the funeral and the progress of the train to Canton than they recently gave to the news of all America. Editorial comments on the event and on the character of the President have been of a kind that might with equal fitness have been printed in the American papers. In three great churches, St. Paul's, Westminister and the Temple, funeral services are nearly coincident with those in Canton. Several official functions have been deferred, several societies have adjourned their meetings, the American theaters are closed, there is a display of half masted flags and mourning draperies, even business has been temporarily suspended in some quarters, and society is grave and silent, for the nonce.

It is agreed that the death of no person, not an Englishman, has called forth such a remarkable expression in England as that of Mr. McKinley. It occurred at about the time of the millennial celebration of the death of Alfred the Great, and it emphasizes the race continuity of the Saxon, the dominance of the cool and righteous law that he founded, the persistence of Saxon energy and progress, and the fealty of all members of the brotherhood, though parted by continents and seas, though living under kings or presidents. Everywhere in the world, that it more and more dominates, the standards of morals, conduct, thought and social life pertain, against the weak aggressions of Latins, Slavs and barbarians. Wherever flies the American or English flag there will be justice and liberty. If it is claimed that in the formation of new governments in colonies harsh measures are needfully used, it is that milder ones may be secure when the time comes for their installation. We are excelled in arts by the South Europeans; they know better than we the means for softening the asperities of life; but the forces that move the world have their centers in North Europe and the United States, and the incidents in England promise that those forces shall work the surer, because they will work in unison.

President Theodore Roosevelt.

CEREMONY OF INDUCTING WILLIAM McKINLEY'S SUCCESSOR.

Soon after the arrival of Vice President Theodore Roosevelt at Buffalo, from the Adirondacks, he was called upon, in view of the sad situation, and in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution, to assume his obligations and responsibilities as the President of the United States. The ceremony took place on Saturday afternoon, September 14, in the Wilcox mansion.

The Vice President stood on the south side of the room, with his back to a small window, and the members of the Cabinet and the men present stood in a circle facing him. For some time Mr. Roosevelt talked in whispers with Secretary Root, his arm over the Secretary's shoulder. Then Secretary Root stepped back a few paces, and the Vice President stood motionless by the side of Judge Hazel. There was a dead silence of several seconds, and then Secretary Root said:

"Mr. Vice President, I have been requested by all of the members of the Cabinet of the late President McKinley who are present in the City of Buffalo, being all except two, to request that for reasons of weight affecting the administration of the government you shall proceed without delay to take the constitutional oath of office as President of the United States."

Judge Hazel stepped forward and stood beside Secretary Root, facing Mr. Roosevelt. The new President reached up and took hold of the lapel of the frock coat which he were, and after one or two quick efforts to control himself began speaking. He, too, had difficulty in governing his voice and in keeping down his emotion. He spoke very slowly. He said:

"I shall take the oath at once in response to your request; and in this hour of deep and terrible national bereavement I wish to state that it shall be my aim to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace and prosperity of our beloved country."

The Oath Administered.

Mr. Roosevelt stepped back into the recess of the window and Judge Hazel advanced toward him. In the judge's hand was an engrossed copy of the oath.

"Please raise your right hand and repeat after me," said Judge Hazel. Mr. Roosevelt raised his hand. Judge Hazel read the oath clause by clause and phrase by phrase, and at each pause, President Roosevelt, with an intense earnestness which has always characterized him when speaking, repeated the words.

"I, Theodore Roosevelt, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute," said the new President, and then the oath continued, "the office of President of the United States and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

"And thus I swear," added the new President after a pause before he dropped his hand to his side. His head was bowed on his breast. There were sounds which told that he was not the only one who had not been able to maintain his composure. It was fully three minutes before he raised his head and spoke.

"Mr. President," said Judge Hazel, handing the engrossed oath to him, "please attach your signature."

The President turned to a table near the window and wrote near the bottom of the document in the homely characters which have always distinguished his handwriting, "Theodore Roosevelt."

After signing the document he turned to the others in the room and said:

"I should like to see the members of the Cabinet for a few moments after the others have retired." Then, with the traces of the feeling he had shown while accepting and assuming the office, still discoverable by his voice, he advanced gravely to the members of the Cabinet.

"I should gladly shake hands with you all," he said.

He shook hands with every one in the room, and then all except the members of the Cabinet filed out.

President Roosevelt's first Cabinet meeting was held in the same room in which he had been sworn in. It lasted for nearly an hour. It was agreed in the consultation that the first and most important step was the retention in office of all the members of President McKinley's Cabinet.

The members of the Cabinet were urged to retain their portfolios, even at the expense to themselves of some personal sacrifice. Having received satisfactory assurances to this effect the President declared the meeting adjourned.

President Roosevelt's Policy Outlined.

President Roosevelt took early occasion to make a statement of the outline of his policy, which is as follows:

A more liberal and extensive reciprocity in the purchase and sale of commodities, so that the overproduction of this country can be satisfactorily disposed of by fair and equitable arrangements with foreign countries.

The abolition entirely of commercial war with other countries and the adoption of reciprocity treaties.

The abolition of such tariffs on foreign goods as are no longer needed for revenue, if such abolition can be had without harm to this country's industries and labor.

Direct commercial lines to be established between the eastern coast of the United States and the ports in South America, and the Pacific coast ports and Mexico, Central America and South America.

The encouraging of the merchant marine and the building of ships which shall carry the American flag and be owned and controlled by Americans and American capital.

The building and completion as soon as is possible of the isthmian canal, so as to give direct water communication with the coasts of Central America, South America and Mexico.

The construction of a cable, owned by the government, connecting the mainland of the United States with foreign possessions, notably Hawaii and the Philippines.

The use of conciliatory methods of arbitra-

tion in all disputes with foreign nations so as to avoid armed strife.

The protection of the savings of the people in banks and in other forms of investments by the preservation of the commercial prosperity of the country and the placing in positions of trust men of only the highest integrity.

(Eagle, Sunday, September 15, 1901.)

President Theodore Roosevelt.

Theodore Roosevelt has become President of the United States. He was chosen to become President of the United States, in the event of the disqualification of William McKinley, for any cause covered by the Constitution, to fill the office. He was thus contingently chosen to the Chief Magistracy. But the contingency was not apprehended or borne in mind by the generality of voters. He was nominated as an Eastern man with Western qualities, to be the running mate of a Western man with Eastern qualities, and to add to the ticket the touch of originality, audacity and enthusiasm which would be effective in all parts of the country and especially in those portions in which Roosevelt qualities are at a premium.

That he strengthened the ticket is unquestionable. That, when William McKinley was in health, Theodore Roosevelt was more likely than any other man to be nominated in 1904, as his successor, was apparent to every one who realized that the purposes of the masses of a party are stronger than the plans or plots of managers or of lesser politicians. "Everybody's Friend," in the person of Mr. Fairbanks, plainly "had hopes." There were thrifty servitors who pushed the nomination toward Mr. Hanna, or sought to push him toward it, unmindful of the fact that the American people never have named a party manager for President, and of the further fact that the control of nominations is more important to Mr. Hanna, and would perhaps be more beneficial to his party, than would be the selection of him as the nominee. Mr. Roosevelt would have had the Northwestern States, beginning with Illinois, all the commonwealths beyond the Rocky Mountains, and five of the six New England States in his support, to say nothing of at least some of the districts of New York State, had politics and events maintained a normal and expected course without the intervention of tragedy, and the precipitation of executive responsibilities upon him.

That is how matters stood before the foul attack on Mr. McKinley. They are gravely altered now. Mr. Roosevelt is President of the United States. He will, for nearly three and one-half years, be the Chief Magistrate. His term will be longer than that of Fillmore or of Arthur, but shorter than that of Tyler or of Johnson, who, as Vice Presidents, were advanced by the death of Chief Magistrates to the Executive office. The accession of Mr. Roosevelt follows precedent. Not until the elected Executive was dead, did any one of our Vice Presidents qualify as President. The expectation is warranted that no physical disability of the President will be accepted by any Vice President as a reason for assuming the office, except at the written request of the disabled President or of his Cabinet. And as such a request has never been made, it is unlikely that it ever will be.

It is passingly noteworthy that no Democratic President ever died in office. Two Whig Chief Magistrates, William Henry Harrison and Zachary Taylor, died in office by disease. Three Republican Chief Magistrates, Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, died in office as the result of assassination. The two Republican Vice Presidents who became Presidents supplied very different administrations. That of Andrew Johnson put him at odds with his party, and nearly cost him impeachment. Their quarrel resembled and exceeded that between the Whig party and John Tyler. The presidency of Chester A. Arthur tended toward decorum, conciliation and justice. A faction of his party was chilled toward him, because he respected the mandate or impress which suffrage had put upon the Presidency, in the election of Garfield, and because he refused to repay in kind the reprisals which Blaine and Garfield were charged with intending to wage on the stalwart wing of Republicanism. President Arthur is remembered with respect and affection, President Johnson with divided feelings, President Fillmore with indifference and President Tyler well nigh with contempt. These are the examples presented to the observation of President Roosevelt. There is no question as to which can be well avoided and which well followed. The Arthur presidency brought so much honor to its incumbent, so much tranquillity and satisfaction to the country and shines with such respect in history as to make the spirit of it mandatory, at least on Republican Vice Presidents transferred by tragedy to the Presidency itself.

Moreover, we all have President Roosevelt's estimate of President Arthur's administration. He recorded it in the Republican State Convention of New York in 1881, and in the Republican National Convention of the same year. In both he voted for the nomination of President Arthur to be his own successor. In both he voted against the nomination of Mr. Blaine for the Presidency, but he accepted the result and supported Mr Blaine on the stump and at the polls. Here we have proof that President Theodore Roosevelt thought that President Arthur deserved a nomination on his own account, because of the kind of President he made, when transferred from the Vice Presidential office to the Chief Magistracy. That is a fact to remember. It has contemporary and prophetic as well as historical significance. It is something from which the country can draw reassurance. The unexpected and the inconsistent must occur to rebut the presumption which the fact presents.

Mr. McKinley was elected not merely to do certain things and to continue certain things, but to stamp on the conduct of the government itself his own character and temperament, so to speak. The character and temperament of Mr. Roosevelt are different from those of Mr. McKinley, and he will not be expected even to try to part with them, in his own Presidency. If he tried, he would fail, and any seeming success, even of imitation, would be shallow, insincere, ineffective and unsatisfactory. But he can be trusted to bring to bear upon his work the stamp of the McKinley policy. That is a sacred obligation, a party pledge and a public mandate. It is also in consonance with Mr. Roosevelt's entire record. Honest Money, Expansion, the paramountcy of Federal law, the maintenance of order, dignified administration, an adequate Army, a constantly augmenting Navy, the prestige of the flag abroad and at home, the transformation by education and authority of our colonial dependencies into fitness for a reasonable degree of self government, the treatment of the tariff as a means and not an end, the impartial recognition of the equal right of capital and of labor to combine, and of both to resent the oppressions of combination, with other principles and policies which commend and suggest themselves, will be as characteristic of President Roosevelt as they were of his lamented predecessor.

We think what we may call the velocity of administration will be greater under President Roosevelt than it was under almost any preceding President. He has genius. For better or worse, genius can be written against none of our Presidents but Jefferson and Lincoln. Talents of high order have marked some great Presidents, and strength of purpose has marked even some of our mediocre Presidents. But the sentient, initiatory, creative and original quality of genius has been exceptional among Presidents, and the American people have been indisposed to vest the Presidency in candidates that have had it. The failure of Blaine and of Clay to be elected has been explained by that reluctance, and Mr. Bryan would very much like to have his own failure attributed to the same cause. Frankly, we do not know whether talent, plus genius, is best in the Presidency, or talent without the more brilliant quality, in times of ordinary import, as now. Frankly, we are not afraid of the experiment, though experiment we recognize it to be.

Theodore Roosevelt as Governor of New York filled the most important executive office in the land, saving the one which he now holds. As Governor, he did the things, the continuance of which has brought praise to his successor, and

he refused to do the things, the renewed refusal of his successor to do which has likewise covered the latter with honor. He passed reform laws no party will ever dare repeal, and the emasculation of which in administration will discredit any man and defeat any party attempting it. He also made removals of men, the refusal to reinstate whom has won admiration for Governor Odell. And he appointed men, the reappointment of whom by Governor Odell has brought distinguished credit to the present state executive. And, while Mr. Roosevelt consulted with the machine, he refnsed its demands more often than he accepted them and he forced on it his own demands much more frequently than it would like in the open to admit. Besides which, the machine remembers with respect and with regard that he never deceived it and never sought to make capital for himself by its ostentatious humiliation. The truth-teller and the truth-worker in our Governorship is likely to be the same in that larger Governorship called the Presidency of the United States.

That the best of these predictions and propositions will be realized is apparent from the solemn words of the new President on taking the oath of office in Buffalo, Saturday afternoon. He said:

"In this hour of deep and national bereavement, I wish to state that it shall be my aim to continue absolutely and without variance the policy of President McKinley for the peace, prosperity and honor of our beloved country."

Those are few words, but fit. The faith of the man is registered in them and pledged to them. The faith of the country in the man is such that they believe he will do all he can to keep his pledge. His party will do well to govern itself accordingly. Its chieftains and managers and machines will do well to take notice of his words. The words leave to himself adequate initiative of methods and adequate freedom of choice in the selection of Cabinet agents and of all other instruments. But they hold him with bonds of honor to the substantiality of McKinleyism in government, and their effect upon the public heart, the public mind and the public hope will be all that could be desired.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 013 788 286 3